...1827

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.

669

A

LITERARY ALBUM.

745

EDITED BY

745

THOMAS K. HERVEY.

Each minstrel's tributary lay
Paid homage to the festal day.

LORD OF THE ISLES.

LONDON:

LUPTON RELFE, 13, CORNHILL.

1827.

TO THE KING'S

MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY,

This Volume

IS,

WITH PERMISSION,

MOST

HUMBLY INSCRIBED.

745

PREFACE.

The publication of the "Friendship's Offering," for 1827, affords an opportunity of returning the warmest acknowledgements, alike to the Contributors, whose taste and talents have enriched the work,—to the Critics, whose flattering testimony so materially assisted its success,—and to the Public, whose favour has so greatly enhanced its circulation.

Their patronage has not been bestowed in vain; and though appearing under unexpected disadvantages, it is presumed that the Literary portion of the present volume will be found to equal, and could scarcely be hoped to exceed, the merits of the preceding. No efforts have been spared to render the Embellishments, taken (from original Pictures,) superior to anything that has yet appeared of the kind; and, until public opinion shall finally decide, it is submitted that the names of the Artists engaged, afford the best earnest for a well-grounded confidence.

To avoid the possibility of any unauthorized insertions, it must be distinctly stated that every article in the volume has been received directly from its author.

A material delay in the progress of the present work has arisen from its being latterly deprived of the talents of its ostensible Editor, in whose absence some omissions and neglect unfortunately, but unintentionally, originated, and require in excuse the plea of a long indisposition. The ready kindness which, from so many quarters, obviated the difficulty as soon as it was declared, cannot be too gratefully recorded, and will account for the high literary names that grace the latter pages,—the valued labourers at the eleventh hour. The interval, however, was one of compulsory exertion, and the advanced state of the sheets, afterwards rendered some part of the assistance unavailable.

In offering once more a general tribute of thanks to avowed Contributors, as well as to those whose talents alone can betray their names, a tedious enumeration is avoided. Every acknowledgement is likewise due to the favourable notices of the

periodical press, and the kindness of contemporaries; and if amongst the latter a single exception, of uncalled-for asperity, can be found, it shall pass in silence: the Public be the judge;—ours is the rivalry of emulation, not of envy.

B. E. P.

LIST OF EMBELLISHMENTS.

Illustrated Title; from a design by H. CORBOULD, engraved by J. W. COOKE.

Bower Scene; from a Picture by W. M. WRIGHT, engraved by C. HEATH. . . . . to face the Title.

Brigand Chief and his Wife; by EASTLAKE, engraved by W. HUMPHREYS . . . . . page 36.

The Precipice, a Norwegian Mountain Scene; from an original Painting by DANBY, engraved by ROMNEY . page 75.

An Alpine Scene; from a Drawing by W. HARDING, engraved by E. FINDEN . . . . . page 109.

Fading Flowers; from a Picture by W. M. WRIGHT, engraved by E. FINDEN . . . . . page 145.

The Lyrist; from a picture by W. HAINES, engraved by J. W. COOKE . . . . page 181.

Meeting of Alexander and Diogenes; after a Painting by MARTIN, engraved by E. FINDEN . . . page 217.

The Contadina, dictating a love-letter to a wandering Scribe in the Streets of Rome; by DAVIS, engraved by W. HUMPHREYS. page 253.

A View of the Castle of Monaco, on the Shore of the Mediterranean; painted by W. HARDING, engraved by E. FINDEN. page 289.

Coquette between Gaiety and Gravity; from a Picture by W. M. WRIGHT, engraved by C. HEATH . . page 325.

CONTENTS.

Page.

PREFACE iii

The Spirit and the Angel of Death. By L. E. L. . . 1

Agatha: a Fragment of the Life of an Enthusiast. By the Author of "Gilbert Earle." 5

Floranthe. By T. K. HERVEY, Esq. 16

The Bower. By the Author of "Abbassah." . . . 21

The Last of the Family. By W. H. HARRISON, Esq. . . 23

The Brigand Leader and his Wife. By Mrs. HEMANS . 36

The Rosicrucian. By the Author of "Sir John Chiverton." 38

A Father's Grief. By the Rev. THOMAS DALE . . 64

Stanzas. By BERNARD BARTON, Esq. 66

Hope and Memory. By ROSA 68

The Dying Brigand. By J. BIRD, Esq. 70

A Discovery. By the Rev. T. J. JUDKIN . . . 72

The Broken Gold. By Mrs. C. B. WILSON . . . 73

The Precipice. By the Author of "Gilbert Earle." . . 75

Stanzas: from a MS. Drama. By HENRY NEELE, Esq. . 88

To Ellen, weeping. By T. K. HERVEY, Esq. . . 90

Page.
Judith. By James Montgomery, Esq. 92
The Love of Sorrow. By Bernard Barton, Esq. . 93
What is Life? By Henry Neele, Esq. 95
Ballad, from the Spanish of Gongora. By W. . . 96
Song, from the German. By H. S. Van Dyk, Esq. . . 101
Retrospection 103
Last Rites. By Mrs. Hemans 105
Flowers. By T. Hood, Esq., Author of "Whims and Oddities." 107
The Glow-Worm. By J. Bowring, Esq. 108
A View of the Alps. By the Author of "Abbassah." . 109
The Painter of Munich. By Miss Emma Roberts . 110
First Love. By Horatio Smith, Esq. 132
Song. By Miss M. G. Lewis 133
Letrilla: from tbe Spanish of Gongora. By W. . . 134
Written in a Pocket Book 135
To a Butterfly 136
Which things are a Shadow. By Bernard Barton, Esq. 137
Birds Drinking. By H. S. Van Dyk, Esq. . . . 138
The Owl. By Thomas Hood, Esq. Author of "Whims and Oddities." 139
Anacreontic. By Thomas Gent, Esq. 144
Fading Flowers. By Mrs. Hemans 145
Inscription for a Monument at Arroyo, in Molina. By Robert Southey, Esq. Poet Laureate 147
The Zambra: or Moorish Dance. By the Right Hon. Lord Porchester 149
Hay-Carrying: a Village Story. By Miss Mitford . .160
For an Infant's Album. By James Montgomery, Esq. . 177
Song. By L. E. L. 180
The Lyrist. By L. E. L. 181

	Page.
Winter Quarters: a Tale of the late War. By the Author of "The Subaltern."	184
Constancy. By THOMAS GENT, Esq.	210
Monody on C. M. Von Weber. By H. S. VAN DYK, Esq.	211
Epigram from Claudian. By the Rev. R. POLWHELE	214
The Sympathizing Zephyr. By the Rev. R. POLWHELE	ib.
Ballad. By THOMAS HOOD, Esq., Author of "Whims and Oddities."	215
Sonnet. By D. L. RICHARDSON, Esq.	216
Alexander and Diogenes. By the Author of "Abbassah."	217
Lines. By Mrs. C. B. WILSON	219
Lines to the Morning Star. By F. LYNDHURST, Esq.	222
The White Wolf: a Tale. By Miss EMMA ROBERTS.	225
The Chain-Pier, Brighton. By THOMAS GENT, Esq.	240
Time, Hope, and Memory. By THOMAS HOOD, Esq. Author of "Whims and Oddities."	245
The Tomb of Madame Langhans. By Mrs. HEMAN.	246
A Contrast. By T. K. HERVEY, Esq.	251
The Contadina. By the Rev. G. CROLY	253
A Reverie. By JOHN GALT, Esq.	255
Stanzas. By H. S. VAN DYK, Esq.	258
With a Lady's Prayer-book	259
The Widow and the Fatherless. By JAS. MONTGOMERY, Esq.	260
The Broken Heart. By the Author of "The Subaltern."	261
Answer to the Remark, "I don't like love made in that manner."	287
Monaco. By the Author of "Abbassah."	289
The Siege: a Dramatic Scene. By Miss MITFORD	290
Der Kugelspieler. By the Author of "The Chronicles of London Bridge."	310
Serenade. By J. BIRD, Esq.	323

Page.

To My Daughter, on her Birth-day. By B. BARTON, Esq. . 324

Morality in Moderation 325

The Proper Word. By W. JERDAN, Esq. . . . 326

The Broken Heart: a Sketch. By the Rev. THOMAS DALE . 327

To the Departed 329

The Death of Summer. By Miss AGNES STRICKLAND . 330

The Pilgrim, at the Tomb of Shakspeare. By the Rev. W. L. BOWLES 332

Parsondas: a Tale 333

Song. By RANDOLPH FITZ-EUSTACE 338

The Maid of the Hall. By JOHN CLARE, the Northamptonshire Peasant 339

Ballad. By THOMAS HOOD, Esq. Author of "Whims and Oddities." 341

Bagatelle Compliment. By W. JERDAN, Esq. . . 342

The Suicide's Adieu. By the Author of "Abbassah." . . 343

All-Fours. By H. S. VAN DYK, Esq. 345

A Tale of Waterloo. By W. H. 347

THE

SPIRIT AND THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

BY L. E. L.

Spirit.

I HAVE been over the joyous earth,
When the blushing morning gave daylight birth:
The boughs and the grass were sown with pearls,
As an Eastern queen had unbound her curls,
And showered their treasures o'er leaf and flower;
And then I saw how the noontide hour
Kissed them away, as if the sun
Touched all with joy that it shone upon.
I saw a crimson rose, like an urn
Wherein a thousand odours burn;
It grew in the shade, but the place was bright
With the glory and glow of its fragrant light.
Then a young lover came beside its dwelling,
To a maiden his gentle love-tale telling;
He pluck'd a rose from out of the shade,—
'Twas not bright as the cheek on which it was laid:

The tale was told in the sunny noon,
Yet the same was heard by the rising moon.
I have been where the azure violet dwells;
I have sang the sweet peal of the lily bells;
I have past on a diamond lake,
Where white swans summer pleasaunce take;
I saw the sun sink down in the sea,—
Blushes and bridal seemed there to be.
Next, over a noble city I swept,—
Calm, in the moonlight, its proud towers slept,
And its stately columns arose on the air
As cut from snow mountains,—they were so fair.
Entered I next a stately hall;
The young and the gay were at festival:
The cheek of rose flushed a redder dye;
Flashed the wild light from the full dark eye;
Laughed the sweet lip with a sunny glance,
As the beauty went thro' the graceful dance.
And I saw the rich wine from the goblet spring,
Like the sudden flash of a spirit's wing.
Thence I went in the twilight dim,
I heard a convent's vesper hymn.
Beautiful were the vestal train,
That dwelt at peace in their holy fane.
Paused I in air, to hear a song
Which rather might to heaven belong;
The very winds for delight were mute,—
And I know 'twas the poet's gifted lute.
Then came a sound of the trumpet afar,—
The nations were gathering together in war,

Like a cloud in the sunset; the banner was spread;
Victory had dyed it of meteor red;
Floating scarfs shewed their broidered fold,
White foam dashed the bridles of gold:
Gallant it was, the sight to see
Of the young and noble chivalrie.
In sooth, this earth is a lovely place:
Pass not in darkness over her face,
Yet call back thy words of doom,
They are too gay and too fair for the tomb.

Angel of Death.

Thou hast seen on earth, as a passer by,
But the outward show of mortality:
Go; let the veil from thine eyes depart;
Search the secrets of every heart;
Look beyond what they seem to be;
Then come and say, are they not ripe for me.

Spirit.

I have been over the green earth again;
I have heard the voice of sorrow and pain;
I saw a shining almond-tree fling
Its silver wreath, like a gift, to Spring:
A cold breath came from the Northern air;
The leaves were scattered, the boughs were bare.
I saw a ship launched on the sea,—
Queen of the waters she seem'd to be:
An hundred voices benizon gave,
As she cut her path thro' the frothing wave.

'Twas midnight: she anchored before a town,
Over which the sun had gone lingering down,
As loth to set over what was so fair.
Now the smiling moon rode on the air,
Over towers and turret, sailing in light,
And gardens, that seemed to rejoice in night;
When the pealing thunder rolled on the main,
And the town was awaked by the fiery rain,
And the cry of battle, for blood and flame
Followed wherever that war-ship came.
I heard, on the night-wind borne along,
Sweet as before, that gifted song.
But looked I now on the minstrel's thought:—
There many an inward sorrow wrought,
Work of wasting; pining for fame,
Yet loathing the gift of an empty name;
Hope, whose promise was little worth;
And Genius, tainted with cares of earth.
I have watched the young, there are thorns with
their bloom;
The gay, but their inward heart was gloom;
I have seen the snake steal amid flowers;—
Showers that came down on April hours;
And have seen,—alas! 'tis but outward show,—
The sunshine of yon green earth below:
Glad of rest must the wretched and way-worn be;—
Angel of Death, they are ready for thee.

AGATHA.

A FRAGMENT OF THE LIFE OF AN ENTHUSIAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GILBERT EARLE."

* * * I HAVE seen her but twice, in the course of my life,—at very different periods, in very different places, under very different circumstances. She has flashed across the path of my existence, as a bright meteor across the stormy heaven to which travellers' eyes are turned. She has been scarcely more intimately connected with me than *that* with him; yet the gleam has remained impressed upon my mental vision, long after the object has been removed;—the sweet note which her contemplation has been among the discords of my life, has seemed still to vibrate upon my ear, long after it has ceased to sound!

I scarcely know whence arose the strong interest I have felt concerning her; for our meetings have been brief, transient, and far between.—Our lots have been, in no degree, cast in together. She has been to me more as one in a book, or in a dream, than as a real person;—and yet I have started at

her sight, and been thrilled at the sound of her voice, as though she had been the love of my youth and of my whole life, whose form I may never see, —whose voice may never bless my ear, again!

Was it because she was so beautiful?—In some degree, I believe it was. Beauty! beauty!—what floods of intense delight hast thou not poured, in thy richness, over my senses and my soul!—What deep rapture, calm from its very excess, have I not drunk as I have stood gazing on thee, enrapt!—gazing on thee as an abstract thing!—as an embodying of the essence of all loveliness!—as the palpable presence of the beautiful to mortal vision! Inanimate nature is beautiful, and the soul drinks peace from its contemplation. The woods are beautiful, as they shine beneath the rich light of leafy June;—they are beautiful when many-coloured Autumn tinges them with its deep hues, and waves them with its sweeping winds;—they are beautiful as they bud into life, in Spring,—nay, as they stand desolate, amid the snows of Winter, stretching their forked branches, as in remonstrance, towards the sky!—The Waters, too, are beautiful,—from the tinkling rill and the lively brook, to the mighty stream and the vast sea itself;—beautiful in smiles and brightness,—beautiful in terrors and in storms! The mountains are beautiful,—sublime! Silence reigns among the dark pines—grandeur and desolation sit upon the snow-clad peak, and in the deep unfathomable ravine! Nature is beautiful in all

her aspects, and in every mood;—in the lake and in the sea, in the meadow and in the mountain, in the soft breath and verdure of May, and in the iron-bound ruggedness of Winter!—But what portion of this beautiful system, in its chosen spots, in its happiest moments, can equal human beauty in its power over the human soul! Who, that, in the season of his hot youth, has drunk of the draughts of woman's beauty, but will own the thrill to the very core, which has rushed, indescribably, through him, as he hung upon those deep and dangerous delights!

Thus have I gazed on beauty,—as I have gazed on a picture, as I have listened to sweet music! A picture has, sometimes, haunted me for months;—my ears have often fed upon a snatch of song, a swell of sound, as though they were a corporeal and tangible enjoyment. Thus, with equal abstraction, have I contemplated *some* beauty;—thus did I contemplate Agatha's, when I saw her for the first time!

It was after I had been about a month at Jena, that this happened. I was just turned seventeen. Youth burned throughout my veins,—poetry possessed my head and heart. The life of my companions, in the town, seemed to me coarse, cold, and feeble. I was used to wander in the woods, and in the fields. An undefined vacuum seemed to exist in my mind—a vague want—an aspiring and reaching at something higher and more, though *what*,

I could not describe, I did not know. That period gave its tinge to my life.—My character was formed then; or, rather, it has scarcely changed since,—for I cannot call anything, so dreary, vague, and unsubstantial, formed at all.

It was at this period that I saw Agatha first,—and, for many years, I did not see her again. She was with her father, who was a General in the Austrian service. It was time of war, and they were passing through Jena to join the army,—that is, *he* was going to the army, while she was to remain as close to its rear as safety permitted. But *she* never thought of safety; she would, willingly, have shared the dangers, as well as the fatigues and hardships, of war, so that she might have been with her father,—that father in whom all the affections of her enthusiastic heart, all the energies of her noble mind, were concentred into one. But he valued and loved this admirable being as she merited;—*more* was impossible. In proportion, therefore, with her desire to accompany him, was his inflexibility that she should not.

At this time, I saw her only one evening. But the instant my eyes lighted upon her, I felt as if I *now* beheld the incarnation of that ideal vision of beauty which had flitted across my waking reveries, and my dreams in sleep. Here was that union of diversified excellences which my own heated fancy had so often fused together, but which I scarcely could think or hope existed in nature! When I

first saw her, she was singing,—singing one of those hymns (I may truly call them) of national excitement and feeling, which, at that time, swarmed through our country. All the nobler and more exalted sentiments of the human heart were gathered on her countenance, and in her accent. Patriotism,—the excitation of war in a just—in the *only* just—cause, national defence,—hatred, in the only state in which it is a virtue, against national oppressors,—these, softened and embellished by the reflection that one, dearer to her than all the world, was to share in the dangers to which she was spurring on her countrymen, gave added power to the supreme loveliness of her features, and melody of her voice, while they received, in return, that influence over the soul, derivable from nothing but beauty and sweet music.

It was fated that, on this evening, I should see Agatha, in all the various moods and moments most becoming to a woman. The tone of her song turned the conversation upon war,—its excitement, its dangers, its terrors ; and Agatha related a story of a touching circumstance which she had half witnessed, in the last campaign, in a manner which displayed her in woman's chosen and fittest character—the handmaid and minister of pity.

Her tale was, simply, of a soldier's bride, who accompanied him to the wars ; whose husband was killed in action, and who, after searching the field for his corpse, had died upon it, in bringing an

infant into this miserable world, in a manner so typical of utter misery. The orphaned child had been sent to the town in the rear, where Agatha then was.—She fostered and adopted it.

In the calamities of war, such events as these happen, probably, by the hundred. The conqueror sees them not, and thinks not of them. Even those who witness them, forget them almost as soon as seen. Their very number and frequency prevent their making any deep impression. But, in a peaceful assembly, let *one* of them be singled out, and narrated, not as a vague generality, but by a person under whose individual knowledge it has come,—and, as in the case of which I speak, every heart will swell, every eye will fill with tears, as the narrator tells his simple story. So powerful is *fact*,—so irresistible is the touch of real nature!

From this time, Agatha became the nucleus round which the thronging images of my day-dreams gathered. I did not feel *love* towards her, or anything which could be considered to approach to any of the numberless shades and variations of the passion. She was " like a star, and dwelt apart ;"—an abstraction,—a spirit of the beautiful and the good,—a heroine of distant days ;—or an ethereal type and ideal image of all loveliness, to guide and to delight the present ! But I never thought of her as a mere mortal woman ; her worldly existence was to me as though it had not been, or had long ceased to be. I had not become known to her, and, per-

haps, this circumstance contributed to cause, at least to suffer, the unearthliness of all my recollections of this supreme engrosser of my thoughts, feelings, aspirations, visions,—of this being who, like the moon in the heavens, was single of her kind,—of this ONE!

Certain it is, I felt towards her nothing like love;—for, not long after this period, I felt love in all its tenderness, in more than all its fervour, towards another. Of that passion, it is not my purpose, here, to speak. *That* was the reality of my existence,—my existence itself! All the rest is a dream,—nothing! My heart burnt itself out in that feeling,—there is nothing now *alere flammam*;—the fire is not only decayed, but the very ashes are scattered to the four winds of heaven!

But even into *this* passion,—such as I have described it, and fifty-fold more beside!—did the image of Agatha enter. But it entered, not as a being of this world,—but an ideal standard, to which there was no sacrilege towards love, no indignity towards my feelings as a lover, in comparing the merits of her for whom alone I breathed. It was as if the Roman King had weighed the qualities of his earthly mistress against those of his heavenly visitant, and found that they equalized the beam!

The next time that I saw Agatha was, from its circumstance, as much in unison with the tone of my mind, at the time, as the first had been. She then had given food and form to the wild visions of a

youthful brain;—now her appearance chimed in, in equal unison, with my stricken, spent, and desolate heart.

It was at a village in Saxony. I had stopped there, travelling; and had wandered from my inn, almost unconsciously, till I found myself in the church-yard. Images of Death peopled my thoughts, and, probably, had led me to his abode. I paused, and looked around me. The spot was singularly beautiful, but of a pensive and saddened character. The old tower of the church was partly mantled with ivy, and partly shewed its grey surface to the cold light, which gleamed upon it from the westward, the sun having, already, gone down. One large yew-tree, and one only, stood within the precincts of the place, and overshadowed many graves with its gloomy branches. A brook, the low gurgling of which tallied with the character of the scene, bounded the church-yard to the south and east;—and, beyond it, a deep wood of pines stretched away towards the manorial *château.*——I paused, and leaned upon a grave-stone. The spot was suited to my feelings. The grave held all that the world had possessed for me;—what was the world to my heart but one ground of graves! at least, thus I felt that it ought to be.

I read the brief epitaphs, which were accumulated around me, and strove, as grief will always do, to assimilate to my own case such as bore to it any general resemblance. I sighed over the graves

of the young, and exclaimed, with the hermit in Atala,—"helas! la poussiere jetée sur un front de dix-huit printems!" and I recollected that *we* had read that book together—side by side, our voices faltering at the same passage, our tears dropping on the same page, our eyes meeting where the unboundedness of the love of these two "savages in the desert" was expressed, and our hands thrilling in each other's grasp, at the fate and dying words of Atala!——Oh, God! how little did I then think, that so soon it would be *her* fate!—that the dust would be cast upon her forehead, scarcely older, and oh! more beautiful, than that of the fictioned savage,—and that, like the other, *I* should be left heart-stricken, solitary, cold—cold in feeling, barren and broken in spirit!

While I "chewed the cud of these bitter fancies," "—sweet" there were none mingled with them,—I was roused by the loud stroke of the church-bell, which began to toll, as for a burial. And so, assuredly, it was; for, on looking up, I perceived a long procession approaching the church-yard, at a foot's-pace, and, from its trappings and general aspect, easily distinguishable as a funeral. As it advanced, I perceived it to be that of a military man; for there was a considerable number of troops, both before and after the body, and I could distinguish the charger of the deceased, led along, in his military accoutrements, typical of the rank of his late master.

I stood aside, to let the procession pass on. It was in unison with my train of thought,—and yet relieved me from the intensity of its individualization. There is something very imposing in a military funeral. Though the trade is that of death, yet so opposed is it to mourning, that there always seems something incongruous, yet not disagreeably so, in its signs when displayed by a soldier.—A brief sigh, and passing *Requiescat!* over his slain comrade, is all that we look for at his hands. A funeral, on the contrary, bespeaks that the deceased died by disease, not the sword;—for brief are the obsequies of those who fall in battle!

As the body approached, I turned my eyes, instinctively, towards the chief mourner. A thrill, like electricity, shot through every fibre of my frame,—for it was Agatha! It was her father's burial,—she was following him to the grave!

If, in the very budding-time of my youth, when our meeting was in the intercourse of society, I had regarded her almost as a being of another world,—there was, assuredly, nothing in her appearance, now, to make her seem to me more earthly. Her hair was parted on her brow,—her face was deadly pale,—her form seemed statue-like,—so still and equable was her bearing, although she, in fact, moved onward. Her eyes, too, shining and conspicuous in her pale countenance,—fixed and full of grief, though tearless, as they were,—seemed, to my excited mind, to shed a light too deep and holy for mere humanity. I

was suffering from the work of Death,—I was indulging that grief in his very temple; and *here* and *then* did she, who had been so long the chief object of my heated imagination, appear to me, in the garb and in the office of sorrow,—suffering from the same cause, experiencing the same sad feelings that I did!

At some moments, when my wayward mind has had the reins for some time together, I have almost fancied that this appearance of Agatha,—the funeral,—the troops,—the horse,—the whole procession,—were but the creation of my own brain,—a dream, perhaps, in the sleep of exhausted suffering,—a mental idea dwelt upon, in its details, till it became a reality! But, no!—I have been in that churchyard, since; and there, close to the spot where I beheld Agatha shrink, as the vollies were poured over her father's grave,—there stands his tomb!

I never saw her again!—but, to my mental eyes, her image still is present;—from my mental ears, her voice passes not away!

FLORANTHE.

BY T. K. HERVEY, ESQ.

> Oh! that *was*, how sad a word it is!
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

> Had we never loved so kindly,
> Had we never loved so blindly,
> Never met, and never parted,
> We had ne'er been broken-hearted.
>
> BURNS.

DOST thou recal it?—'*twas* a glorious eve!
By heaven! I hear the waving of its woods,
Kissed into sighing; and its few faint stars
Look, yet, upon me, through the mist of years,
As, *then*, they looked, to listen to our vows!
The air was precious with the breath of flowers,
That had been weeping,—and the harps of eve
Played vespers to the stars!—and, in the blue,
The deep-blue sky, (how beautiful she looked!)
Stood the young moon!—her cheek was *very* pale,
As thine is now, Floranthe! or as her's,
The night she sought her shepherd, on the hill.
And could not lift his eyelid with her kiss!

Beautiful mourner!—Oh! they wrong her truth,
Who call her changeful!—many a live-long night,
She sits, alone, upon the hill-top, still,
To look for him who comes not,—unlike thee,
Oh, fair Floranthe!—save that both are sad,
And widowed, now—the false one and the true!

And thou, bright dreamer! thou to whom the stars
Of night were ministers, and whom their queen
Lulled, with immortal kisses, to thy rest;
Thou, whose young visions gathered into *one*,
One dream of love and loveliness and light;
Thou, to whose soul a brighter thought was given,
Than *his*, for whom Egeria sat alone,
By the cool gushing fount;—Endymion!
Oh! not for thee—no *not* for thee, alone,
Have been such visitings!—Floranthe, hear!
(But weep not!)—thou dost know how many years,
How long and well my soul has worshipped thee,
Till my mind made itself a solitude,
For only thee to dwell in,—and thou wert
The spirit of all fountains in my breast!

—We will not speak of that:—but oh! that eve,
Amid the pines—our fondest and our last!
(Ere it had cross'd my heart—or thine—to think,
That *we could* part,—and *one* could change so soon,)
How it has haunted me, with all the sounds
That made it silent,—and the starry eyes,
And flitting shapes that made it solitude!

Did I *not* love thee!—oh! for but one throb,
One pulse of all the pulses beating then;
One feeling—though the feeling were a pang!
One passion—though the passion spoke in tears!
Perhaps, we loved *too* well:—the burning thoughts,
That should have fed the heart for many years,
Methinks, were wasted in a single night!
(Young spirits are *so* prodigal of joy!)
I deemed thy love was boundless:—oh! the queen,
The eastern queen, who melted down her pearl,
And drank the treasure in a single draught,
Was wiser far than hearts that love too well,
If love be finite!—in that last adieu,
Our young and passionate spirits burnt away,
And flung their *ashes* on the winds of heaven!
Our love has perished like the sound that dies,
And *leaves no echo*,—like the eastern day
That *has no twilight*,—like the lonely flower
Flung forth to wither on the wind, that wastes
Even its perfume:—dead, Floranthe! dead,
With all the precious thoughts, on which it fed,
And all the hopes which made it beautiful,—
Sound, light, and perfume gone—and gone for ever.

And art thou come again!—it may not be!
—Oh, beautiful thou art!—but on thy brow
Sits the dim, shadowy *thing* which only haunts
Where hearts are wasted; and thine eye is sad
As moonlight, when it sleeps upon a grave;
And thy soft bosom—where my head has lain,

And dreamt youth's dream,—heaves with unquiet
motion;
And thou art weeping,—(there are those who weep
In joy,—but then they never look as thou dost!)
Why *hast* thou come so late!—I waited long,
How very long;—and thou wert by my side,
Sometimes *in dreams!* (how sad it is to dream,
And play with shadows—flung, perhaps, from
graves!
Why come by night, who may not come by day!
Why mock for moments, who were true for years!)
—How long and heavily, from day to day,
I hung upon the hope that grows from fear!
But thou hast come at last!—it is too late!
I cannot love again!—thou, still, art young,
And fair—but as a vestal! and the *vow*,
My pale Floranthe! is upon thy heart!
Thou canst not love again!—'*tis all too late!*

Sit here, Floranthe!—come to me, mine own!
My *friend!* (why dost thou start?) and I will sing
The air I used to sing thee—long ago,
And touch our old guitar,—*the strings are new!*
I would not that the chords which told of love
Should tell its death!—*they* have been broken, long,
And other hands than thine have strung my lyre,
Since thou didst leave me!—Listen to my lay!

We meet!—but not as, once, we met,
Our *better* days are o'er,

And, dearly as I prize thee yet,
I cannot love thee, more;
My young and precious hopes were wept,
With many tears, away,
And, since thy faith so long has slept,
It wakes too late, to-day!

Oh! sighs and smiles are idle, all,
To raise the thoughts of youth,
They come and go, without a call,
They linger *but* with truth;
Like roses—if to-night they die,
To-morrow's sun is vain,
And oh! like birds, if once they fly
They never come again!

My heart has found no treasure, yet,
Like what it lost with thee,
And years of long and lone regret
Have made me what you see:—
Then, dearly welcome back again,
But ask no *lover's* vow;
The world—that had not won it *then*—
May not restore it *now!*

THE BOWER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF ABBASSAH.

He held her to his heart—the melting eye,
The flushing cheek, the inly struggling sigh,
The heaving tremors of that panting breast,
That throbbed yet more, to strive to seem at rest—
The murmured tone—the half-reluctant kiss,
That told she felt, yet fear'd, its fatal bliss—
Love, hope, and heav'n, that burning hour were his!
The voiceless pause;—the scene, sequestered, lone;
The balmiest breath by midnight flowrets thrown,
Whose odours, softly wreathing round the sense,
Held the charm'd soul in ecstasy intense;
The faint fond murmurs gentlest zephyrs bore,
That whispered—when the heart could urge no more;
And, sacred all to love, that moonlight beam,
That woos with man the spirit's dearest dream,
And lights the shrine where woman loves to kneel:—
How should her bosom fail its power to feel?
There passion conquered—coldness scarcely strove:
The changeless truth of deep devoted love,

The pang so well concealed—betrayed at last,
The long, long memory of the treasured past;
Tears, hopes, and wishes, cherished in her heart,
Till of its being they became a part;
The mutual thought—the rapture-breathing vow,
The long despair—confirmed or ended now:—
Oh! could she—could she, coldly thus delay,
And years of love be idly thrown away!
Could first fond ties, by early childhood wreathed,
Where—ah! how like the truth—hope's promise breathed,
And scenes, though faded long—forgotten never,
Have joined their youthful spirits—but to sever!
Where all conspire to gain, how hard the task
For woman's breast her inmost thought to mask!
Locked in the embracing arm, she feebly tried
To stem its sway—and Passion won his bride.

Moment of happiness, which life, in vain,
Seeks to renew—thou never com'st again!
Still through each changing scene, in weal or woe,
Sole, burning beacon thou of love below!
What can the yearning heart with thee compare?
What rival moment with thy rapture share?
Orb of the gazing heaven's outspread serene—
Glows not thy beam more bright on such a scene!

THE LAST OF THE FAMILY.

BY W. H. HARRISON, ESQ.

It was on a fine cloudless morning, in the Summer, that I had strolled to the extremity of a little enclosed copse, when I observed a girl, with a small basket lined with vine-leaves, collecting the wild strawberries that grew, in great plenty and luxuriance, upon the bank which formed the outer base of the enclosure. She was the daughter of a yeoman in the neighbourhood, who, dying in impoverished circumstances, had left his widow with so slender a provision for herself and her child, that she was obliged to increase her scanty income, by letting part of her cottage to some of the many who resorted to that part of the country, for the benefit of its peculiarly salubrious air. Her dwelling had the advantage of being at some distance from the village, and in one of the most delightfully retired situations which can be imagined.

I had frequently seen Mary Wildling at our village church, where the punctuality of her attendance, and the singular devotion and propriety with

which she conducted herself, within its sacred walls, first engaged my attention. She had had some advantages, in point of education, not usually possessed by young persons in her rank of life; and Nature, who makes not all her beauties for Almack's or the Opera, had dispensed her favours to her with no sparing hand. I know not to what order of forms she belonged, for, it would seem that there are orders in clay as well as in stone, but she was surpassingly beautiful; and, at the period of which I am now writing, she had scarcely attained her eighteenth year, when the freshness and airiness of youth were delightfully blended with the riper graces and more perfect symmetry of the woman. It is true, the roses were not lavishly strewn upon her cheeks; but their blush, slight as it was, was thrown into relief by the unsullied fairness of one of the most polished and beautiful foreheads in the world. The eyes of a beauty, it hath been settled, should be one of two colours:—her's were neither;—nay, start not, gentle reader,—they were grey: but many a fair proprietress of black or blue eyes might envy the expression in which those of the unpretending Mary were arrayed. Had her eyebrows been submitted to the hyper-critic in beauty, he might, probably, with his pencil, have given them a more mathematical curve, but he could not have imparted to them a deeper shade; and would have utterly marred the delicacy with which those beantiful lines were traced by the hand of Nature. The raven's wing was many shades

darker than her hair, but it was not more glossy; and though her curls were not arranged with the taste, nor decorated with the expense, which distinguish the ball-room, Nature had compensated for the neglect of art by making them perpetual, and imparting to them the clustering luxuriance of the grape, in the vintage time. Her ankle was not clothed in silk, nor was her foot compressed in satin; such adornments could not have added to the symmetry which the cotton-hose, and somewhat homely shoe, were unable to conceal; and her fingers, as they plucked the strawberries from their green bank, were of the fairness and delicacy of the lily. There was no bracelet on her arm;—I use the singular, for those decorations are now worn upon one wrist only, like a handcuff.—It had indeed been pity to have intercepted that beautiful outline which marked the finely moulded arm of the rustic maiden.

There was nothing uncommon in the circumstance of a village girl gathering the wild strawberry; and, but for its frequent recurrence, it would not have excited my particular attention. Observing her, however, at the same spot, and at the same employment, for many successive days, I ventured, upon one occasion, to inquire her motive for an occupation whence she could derive little profit, and which must, necessarily, interfere with her domestic duties. She replied, with some hesitation, that she gathered them for a sick person, who could scarcely relish any thing else; adding, that she feared she should collect

but few more, as she had nearly exhausted the crop which grew upon the bank. I told her, that she would find abundance within the enclosure; and, presenting her with the key of a little wicket, which opened into the copse, I bade her avail herself of the supply it afforded, whenever she had occasion. She received the permission, (which, although not the proprietor, I was authorised to grant,) with expressions of gratitude altogether disproportionate to the favor conferred, for it would have been readily conceded to any well-ordered person, who had chosen to solicit it. I, frequently, observed her availing herself of the opportunity thus afforded to her: on some occasions, I could perceive her countenance lit up by the indications of hope and confidence; while, at other times, it was pale, anxious, and dejected: but, whatever were her feelings, she did not relax in the diligence with which her charitable occupation was diurnally resumed.

It, once, happened, that I had extended my walk beyond its usual limits. It was high noon; but a refreshing breeze had sprung up, and sensibly abated the sultriness of the day. The place, in which I was walking, was what is termed a green lane; in other words, a bye-road, through which there were so few passengers, that it was overgrown with grass, and almost as even as a meadow. The hedge, on either side, was high, being composed of the maple-tree, interspersed, in great abundance, with the honeysuckle and the wild rose, which loaded, with a de-

lightful fragrance, the gale that swept along the green avenue. The sound of voices, within a few paces, induced me to look up, and I beheld, somewhat to my surprise, the fair strawberry-gatherer with a gentleman, who was elegantly, if not fashionably, attired, and who appeared to be leaning, familiarly, on the arm of his beautiful companion. At the instant that I observed them, they stopped, as if hesitating whether to proceed or to return. On approaching them nearer, I perceived that he was a very young man, evidently in extremely ill health, and leaning, in a state of great debility and exhaustion, upon poor Mary, who, greatly alarmed and distressed, was altogether unequal to the burthen she attempted to sustain. I, immediately, walked up to them, and assisted in supporting him to her mother's cottage, which was, fortunately, at no great distance from the spot. The poor widow, upon our entrance, exhibited no surprise at beholding her daughter in such company, but expressed a lively concern at the situation of the invalid. After having been seated a few minutes, he was sufficiently recovered to express his thanks, and to explain to me the cause of the embarrassment from which I had so opportunely arrived to relieve him. It appeared, that he had taken apartments in the widow's cottage, in the hope of benefiting by the change of air, but had, for some days past, been almost a prisoner to his room. On that morning, however, he fancied himself stronger, and, towards

noon, expressed an anxious desire to walk out; and, as his servant had been despatched to a neighbouring town, for some medicines, he had availed himself of the support and guidance of his hostess' daughter.

Mary, as soon as she had relinquished his arm, retired from the apartment, but, upon a summons from the invalid, soon re-entered; and the anxiety, with which she appeared to administer to his wants, was strangely blended with the respectful bearing which their relative situations would command from her; while the deportment of the young gentleman, although he addressed her with a kindness and courtesy not usually accorded to a domestic, wore nothing of familiarity, but appeared the result of a grateful sense of her kind offices.

I was much struck by the elegance of his manners; there was nothing overstrained, nothing common-place. His voice, although somewhat hollow, was singularly musical. His forehead was high and capacious, and strongly indicative of mind and genius; and his whole countenance, although exhibiting the ravages of disease, was radiant with expression.

On looking round the apartment, I observed that his windows were profusely and tastefully decorated with flowers, and, upon his table, was the identical basket which I had seen so often replenished. As, between strangers, the conversation was, necessarily, limited, I soon took my leave, but not

without receiving an invitation, or rather a request, to repeat my visit, which I promised to do.

The deep interest with which the appearance of the invalid, and the circumstances under which I met him, had inspired me, induced me to make some inquiries concerning him, and, from the imperfect particulars I gleaned of his history, it appeared, that he was one, and the survivor, of five children, and the sole remaining branch of a family of some rank and considerable wealth. His parents died in his boyhood, and his brother, and three sisters, had all been swept from the earth by that disease which has carried desolation into the families of thousands, sparing neither youth nor comeliness, blossom nor fruit.

Agreeably to his wish, I repeated my call at the cottage, at short intervals, and, gradual as was his decline, upon each successive visit, he was perceptibly worse; and, at last, the thread of his life appeared to be so finely attenuated, as to want but a breath to sever it. But the decay affected his frame only; it appeared powerless upon his mind, which shone with a brilliancy and a strength which were, oftentimes, too much for the frail casket in which it was enshrined.

There was, however, another being in that house, from whose cheek the roses were withering, and every day saw some of their bloom depart; but, although her spirits were wasting like the wan form she watched with so intense and absorbing an in-

terest, her assiduities appeared to multiply, as the period approached when he would require them no more. She glided about him with a noiseless step, like some beautiful spirit sent to soothe him, in his painful passage from a troublous world; and such of his wishes which she could not anticipate, and there were few which she did not, were executed with celerity, but in a silence which indicated a heart too full to trust her tongue.

What was there in that pale cheek and wasted form, that should have won the regard of beauty in her hour of bloom? Why did she not turn away, and abandon him to the grave that was gaping to receive him? Ask the question of Philosophy, and she will search among her cold maxims, for a solution of the mystery, in vain. Woman's affection is like the ivy; it doth often attach itself to the ruin; and the cold frost of neglect, and the bleak storm of adversity, are, alike, powerless against it; its verdure is undying—its tenacity invincible. Unwearied devotion to the object which hath once inspired her affection, is woman's distinguishing characteristic,—a property peculiarly her own:—oftentimes, it is the only gem of which sin hath not plundered her; the lone flower in the weedy wilderness of her mind, that flourishes with undying freshness, though the virtue, which should have consecrated it, be withered for ever. But the feelings which Mary felt for her invalid guest were consecrated by the most exalted virtue; they were pure, because unalloyed with

any thing selfish or sordid: if, indeed, there were aught of passion involved in them, it was so refined and sublimated, that we know it not as the gross feeling which passes by that name in the world.

The last visit I paid the invalid, was the consequence of a summons I received from him; and, on entering the cottage, I found him reclining on his couch, with his face towards the window. It was evening, and the rays of the declining sun shed their red glare over the apartment. He extended towards me his pale thin hand, and, feebly pressing mine, he motioned me to sit down beside him. It was very evident, that the hand of death was strong upon him. But he had not viewed the grim detroyer's approach through a vista of unrepented crimes, and, therefore, dreaded not his presence; nay, he hailed him as a messenger sent to conduct him to Him, with whom his prayer had found acceptance, and who had given him "peace at the last." After a pause, he looked up into my face, with a faint smile, and said, "You see, my friend, that the flame, whose flickering you have so long watched, is going out at last. You have been kind, very kind, to me, and have been with me in the season of sickness and sorrow; and I have sent for you, that you might also be present at the hour in which pain and sorrow will loose their hold on me for ever. My journey hath, indeed, been a weary one, but the cross of my Redeemer hath been my staff and my stay; and, now, I go to his bosom!"

Mary Wildling, who had been, previously, summoned, now entered the room.—I looked at her, and perceived that she was enduring a violent struggle, in the attempt to repress her feelings;—whether from a fear of disturbing the few moments which were left to him, or from a conviction that their relative situations rendered indecorous any expressions of inordinate grief, on her part, I know not. He beckoned her to his side, and, stretching forth his hand, said, feebly, but distinctly,—"Farewell, Mary! may God, in his abundant mercy, reward you for the unwearied kindness and care with which you have administered to the wants of a sick, and, I fear, an impatient man." Mary spoke not a word—she took his hand, and, kneeling down, pressed it to her lips;—then, drawing a deep inspiration, she uttered a half-stifled groan, and fell senseless on the floor. I raised her up, and assisted in removing her from the room, and, returning to the couch, I perceived that the spirit had quitted the suffering clay, and had returned to the God who gave it.

Among the papers of the deceased gentleman, was a manuscript, which I recognised as his own, and which, by the courtesy of his executors, I was permitted to copy. The lines have but little literary merit; but, as they throw some additional light upon his history, and are, moreover, highly illustrative of his feelings upon an interesting, but melancholy, occasion, I shall venture to present them to the reader.

The last leaf of a smitten tree,
  I tremble on the spray,
And wait the gentlest gale to waft
  My wither'd form away.

E'en now, upon my hectic cheek,
  Is shed the treacherous bloom;
As if stern Death would crown with flowers,
  The victim, for his doom.

And wherefore should I vainly strive,
  To stay the conqueror's arm?
Since Fate hath rent the dearest tie,
  That giveth life a charm.

The fairest blossom Hope put forth,
  And round my boyhood twin'd,
Hath fall'n, all blighted, to the earth,
  And left no fruit behind.

Yes! once, across my lonely path
  There came a form of light,
And memory's magic holds her arm,
  In youthful beauty bright.

E'en now I see her fair pale brow,
  Her lip of the ruby's glow;
And her cheek's warm tint was the morning's
    blush,
  On a wreath of virgin snow.

I see her:—can I e'er forget
  Her dimm'd, but speaking, eye?—
Her parting gift was a burning tear;
  Her last farewell, a sigh.

I chid the fate that bade us part,
  And deem'd it bitter woe;—
But, now, short-sighted worm! I feel,
  'Twas mercy dealt the blow.

Oh! 'twould have rent her gentle heart,
  To mark my slow decay,
And see life's blossoms, one by one,
  Make wings and flee away.

And far, far distant be the hour,
  In which she hears my doom;—
I would not, that so fair a flower
  Should pine upon my tomb.

'Twere better far to lose thee thus,
  Than press that angel form,
And then, so soon, the bliss resign
  'For darkness and the worm.'

Then, gather flowers of brightest hue,
  Ere yet their bloom be shed;—
They will not strew my bridal path,
  But they will deck the dead.

Of the history, which I have attempted to record,

little remains to be told. Upon examining the will, it was found that he had left Mary Wildling an annuity, fully adequate to the support of herself and her mother, in comfort, alleging her attentions to him, in his latter moments. Mary received the intelligence of her sudden accession to comparative wealth, with a burst of feeling which indicated rather gratitude for his affectionate remembrance of her, than joy at the possession of it. Her subsequent conduct was characterised by the same diffidence and modesty, by which it had been previously distinguished; and her sorrow for the departure of one, who had unconsciously won her heart, was of that unobtrusive kind, that sought not the sympathy of the world, and, therefore, retired from its gaze. She did not even wear the habiliments of mourning: she could not put them on as his domestic; and to have worn them in any other character, she thought would have been assuming an equality with the dead object of her sorrow, from which she shrank, with the sensitiveness of native delicacy, while he was living. She mourned for him;—yet, not as they who 'sorrow without hope;'—she looked forward with confidence, but in patience, to a meeting in that blessed region, where the distinctions of this world are heard of no more.

THE

BRIGAND LEADER AND HIS WIFE.

From a Picture by Eastlake.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

DARK chieftain of the heath and height!
Wild feaster on the hills by night!
Seest thou the stormy sunset's glow,
Flung back by glancing spears below?
Now, for one strife of stern despair!
The foe hath track'd thee to thy lair.

Thou, against whom the voice of blood,
Hath risen from track and lonely wood,
And in whose dreams a man should be,
Not of the water, nor the tree;
Haply, thine own last hour is nigh,
Yet, shalt thou not forsaken die.

There's one, that pale beside thee stands,
More than all thy mountain bands!
She will not shrink in doubt and dread,
When the balls whistle round thy head;
Nor leave thee, though thy closing eye,
No longer may to her's reply.

Painted by Charles L. Eastlake. Engraved by William Humphrys.

Printed by McQueen.

Oh! many a soft and quiet grace
Hath faded from her soul and face;
And many a thought, the fitting guest
Of woman's meek, religious breast,
Hath perished, in her wanderings wide,
Through the deep forests, by thy side.

Yet, mournfully surviving all,
A flower upon a ruin's wall,
A friendless thing, whose lot is cast,
Of lovely ones to be the last;
Sad, but unchanged through good and ill,
Thine is her lone devotion still.

And, oh! not wholly lost the heart,
Where that undying love hath part;
Not worthless all, though far and long
From home estranged, and guided wrong:
Yet, may its depths by Heaven be stirr'd,
Its prayer for thee, be pour'd and heard!

THE ROSICRUCIAN.

A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SIR JOHN CHIVERTON."

"Who is that singular-looking man?" said Carl Merler, to one who stood near him, in a Coffee-house, at Manheim.

"Who?—the tall man in brown?"

"The same;—do you know him?"

"I can hardly tell;—every one who comes here knows him,—and, yet, he is known to nobody. He is said to be an Immortal,—an Invisible."

"Immortal!—how?—Invisible! The man is six feet, or more;—you jest."

"More plainly, he is a worshipper of the Rosy Cross,—a visionary; half chemist,—half mystic; whose character you may hear from every body in the room, all of whom will speak confidently of him, and all differently. From one, you will hear that he is a man of genius and a philosopher,—from another, a fool; from a third, a madman."

"An illuminato, perhaps?"

"No—not exactly so. There is nothing, as it seems, political in his reveries,—nothing relative

to the ordinary concerns of humanity. He mixes with no one. It is not known that he keeps up any correspondence by letters. His manners are mild and urbane, and his demeanour, as you may observe, serious and contemplative. You, now, know all that any one appears to know of his habits or character."

"What is his name?"

"I know not,—nor have I ever heard him addressed by name."

"Does he inhabit this city?"

"An old château, two miles hence, close by the Rhine, is his residence. He has no visitors, and of his domestic life, of course, nothing is known.—What is the hour?"

"Half after eight."

"So late?—I must be gone. Farewell!"

The individual, who had given rise to the young man's inquiries, was a man whose appearance was, at once, striking and prepossessing:—the latter phrase is, perhaps, too weak. His large frame, it is true, gave him, at the first glance, a somewhat ungainly appearance, which, however, vanished, when his countenance was observed. It was pale and clear. The features of the face were deeply traced; the forehead broad and capacious, the temples full and bare. Merler gazed and gazed, and became more and more anxious for a more intimate knowledge of this visionary,—if such he was.

The room began to assume the mellow, deep tinge of an autumn evening. The stranger laid down

the paper he had been reading, and left the house.

Day after day, Carl Merler resorted to the same place; and it generally happened that he saw the individual of whom he was, in fact, though almost unconsciously to himself, in quest. Still he was not better acquainted with him than before. If he made inquiries, he learnt nothing from the answers which added to his previous stock of information. It happened too, (remarkably as he thought,) that no opportunity ever occurred for the interchange, between them, of those little civilities that, continually, take place between persons whom habit or accident brings together. His curiosity increased.

One evening, it chanced that all the company had left the room, except Carl Merler and the object in whom he felt so unaccountable an interest. The latter, was reading a pamphlet; the former as usual, alternately studying the appearance of his companion, and creating theories of his real character and station.

It was while involved in one of these reveries, that his attention was awakened by some one's drawing a chair to the table where he sat. He looked up, and saw, opposite to him, the subject of his thoughts. He was confused,—rose up,—resumed his seat, and looked hesitatingly at his companion, who calmly returned his glance.

The stranger smiled. "Do you want any thing with me?" he said, turning his full bright eyes, not unpleasantly, on Carl Merler.

"Sir!"

The stranger repeated his question.

"No!—I am not aware that—that is—"

"Pardon me—you *are* aware. You have sought me here, not once, nor twice, nor thrice, but day after day, and for weeks. I know that you sought *me*. And, yet, you say, that you have no business with me."

"At least, I know of none."

"Well, then, I will tell you. You would know who and what is the solitary individual, of whom you have heard that he is alchemist, dreamer, Roscicrucian,—what not. Is it not so?"

"I confess that my curiosity has been strongly—I fear impertinently—at work, since my first visit to this place."

"Impertinently? Why so? Every man is, and ought to be, subject to the inquisition of his fellows. He, only, who has cause to fear, will object to the jurisdiction;—I have none. Once, again,—you wish to know who I am, and what are my pursuits?"

"Since you ask me,—I do."

"Very well—come and see!"

The stranger arose, took his hat, and departed, accompanied by Merler. They passed through several streets, and, proceeding beyond the confines of the town, found themselves on the pleasant borders of the abundant river. They wound their course among the vineyards that clothed the banks.

"See, what an evening!" said the stranger, as they

lingered, for a moment, under the shade of a lime tree.—And it *was* an evening fit to be spent and enjoyed on the banks of the Rhine.

The sun, just sinking over the green levels of the vine plantations,—the rapid waters, rejoicing in his purple glow—the little neat cottages of the peasants, —and the gay song and happy step of the peasants themselves, as they rejoiced in the work of the harvest,—fell, at once, on the eye and ear, with such a lively accordancy, that the spirit was charmed, and forgot that the days of purity and bliss—the reign of paradise—were no longer of the earth.

They walked on, still admiring the scene, that changed every instant;—looking, now, at some lazy vessel, that came floating down the stream, with its great sails flapping idly about, in quest of the breeze; and, now, at some half-ruined tower or dismantled dwelling, that stood gloomy and discontented, where every thing around was jocund, fresh, and delightful. It was at one of these habitations, in somewhat better repair than the others which they had seen, that the stranger stopped, and announced to his companion that their journey was at an end.

Taking its external aspect, it was a sombre and comfortless building,—half French and half Gothic; surrounded by a garden, dark, cheerless, and neglected. The gate in the garden wall creaked, dolefully, as it opened; and again, as the owner of the pile closed and locked it, as they entered.

The path, along which they proceeded, was over-

grown with thick weeds; and, here and there, a fallen garden-statue interrupted their progress. They arrived at the door of the mansion, a wicket in which was opened by an old and feeble woman.

"Let me now introduce you to my mansion," said Merler's host:—"no very splendid one, perhaps, for one whose fame has passed through the converse of all the good people of Manheim. It suffices, however, for my wants, and more is not needed. This is my library!"

It was a capacious room, three sides of which were covered with shelves, well stocked with books. The third was occupied, partly by the window which admitted light to the apartment,—partly by a cabinet, the doors of which were open,—and partly by one or two full-length portraits, suspended in huge, heavy, painted frames. A large table occupied the centre of the floor; upon which, as well as around the room, were arranged numerous mathematical and philosophical instruments, books, maps and papers. The shelves of the cabinet were loaded with phials.

The stranger took a place in the window-seat, and motioned to Merler to follow his example.

"Are you not convinced," said he, "that you have to do with a wizard? Does this apparatus capture your imagination?"

"I see nothing here," replied Merler, "unsuited to the library of any man of scientific habits."

"What! yet incredulous!" returned the other, with a smile,—"follow me, then!"

Merler complied; as his host, taking a key from the cabinet, unlocked a small door, near the window, and descended a flight of stone stairs. Arrived at their termination, Merler found himself in a low vaulted chamber. It was full of the instruments with which the alchemists were said to torture the elements of things, in their endeavours to attain boundless wealth and unceasing health. Several furnaces were burning with a light-green flame.

"Now," said his conductor to Merler, "you see what are my occupations."

"You are an alchemist, then,—a seeker for that which so many have failed to find?"

"Hardly so. I have wealth to satisfy my wants, without resorting to the transmutation of metals; and he who has passed half a century on the earth will scarce wish for the *elixir vitæ*."

"Perhaps, you disbelieve in their existence?"

"No!—The powers of the human mind, when free from the clogs of sensual desires, are nighly illimitable. I could discover those secrets,—I have accomplished more. But I wish not for them."

"What, then, has been the object of your inquiries?"

"Neither, as I have told you, to acquire golden dross, (which many have prostituted the paths of philosophy to obtain, as a mean of gaining luxuries and indulgences, and which the motive of their search has, alone, withheld them from discovering;) nor to increase the number of my days, here. My

object has been, during the time allotted to me, to partake of a double existence,—a spiritual one, peculiar to those who have had firmness and courage to attain to it,—as well as the fleshly one, which I enjoy, in common with the rest of my species."

"I do not, perfectly, comprehend."

"I know it. When we have left this place, I will explain myself."

There was a short pause, during which Merler examined, more minutely, the appearance and furniture of the apartment. The walls, ceiling, and floor were of stone; the various utensils, which were placed on all sides, were partly of glass, and partly of metal.

"How is it," said Merler, "that, though your furnaces are apparently at work, I perceive none of the deleterious vapours with which their operations are, usually, accompanied?"

"Because," replied his companion, "every thing, here, has reached that state in which matter is sublimed, and loses its grosser particles. My labours, now, are not to find, or to invent, but to continue and perfect that of which I have long been possessed. Look at this!"

"I see nothing more than an empty phial—of crystal I think—and very transparent," said Merler, as he held the vessel between his eye and the lamp.

"So it seems to you," said his companion. "Yet it is full—full to the stopper."

"What, then, is this invisible substance?"

"Dew—the purest, most refined, dew of heaven, —the most powerful dissolvent of matter."

"I remember to have heard of it, as one of the agents employed by the alchemical philosophers. Light is, I think, another."

"It is. Look, once again!"

He unstopped one of his retorts, and poured in the contents of the phial. A light, brilliant beyond imagination, but, withal, so soft that it dazzled not Merler's eyes, issued from the aperture. At the same moment, the lamp became extinguished.

"See," said Merler's conductor, "how the grosser light is unable to sustain the pressure of the pure element! If you please, we will withdraw."

They ascended the stairs, and again entered the library.

"I have displayed to you," said the philosopher, "the agents with which I work; and this, because I can read the characters of men at a glance, and yours pleased me. I know, that I can confide in you:—nay, no protestations! I know it. The end to which I have applied these agents you shall know, before we part. Meanwhile, partake of my humble meal;—the body has its wants, as well as the mind."

The host eat only of a sallad; though, in regard to his visitor, more substantial food had been prepared. When the meal was ended, the former rose.

"I will now," said he, "perform my promise:—but, first, examine this picture!" He pointed to one of the portraits that hung from the wall.

It was of a man, apparently about thirty, clothed in the dress of a monk, and whose square cowl betokened him of the order of Capuchins. Merler examined the features, again and again; and, as often, turned from the contemplation of the picture, to look upon his host.

"Enough!" said the latter; "you discern the resemblance?"

"Perfectly!" said Merler.

"Look there, then!"

It was the picture of a female, to which Merler's attention was thus directed. The countenance was sad, but full of intelligence, and beautiful as the depth of a summer's evening. Under each of the pictures, the letters F. R. C., and the symbol of the cross, denoted that the originals were followers of what has been, generally, called the Rosicrucian philosophy.

"Be seated!—and you shall know what I have to relate.

"My name is Freybourg. I am, by birth, a German, though of French parentage. I was, by nature, studious; and my attention was soon directed to the marvels of natural philosophy. An eager, and even painful, thirst after novel information kept me, constantly, on the alert; and, as my family was good, and their resources liberal, the opportunities and facilities of acquiring were not withheld,—the less, as, being a younger son, it was, of course, expected that I should turn my learning to account.

"There was little, however, in the objects towards which my curiosity was directed, to which the instruction of tutors was not rather an obstacle than otherwise. I learnt what they had to teach, and felt that, in so doing, I had made not one step towards that which, even without knowing what it was, I inwardly panted after. Something I wanted, to satisfy the ravenous appetite I felt;—something to which the cumbersome frippery of learning, which I met around me, was wholly foreign. Yet, where to seek for any satisfaction I knew not.

"I grew lonely and melancholy in my habits; I sought the deepest recesses of the woods, and spent whole days sitting idly, in dark and solitary brakes, or under the shade of trees, by the side of dull and unmoved waters. I did this, till the inanimate things, among which I wandered, became my sole companions and friends.

"In a chance conversation, I heard mention of the Rosicrucian doctrines, of the sixteenth century. To my mind, in its excited state, a spark was sufficient. I hailed the suggestion with rapture; rejoicing that a path was, thus, opened, by which to direct and steady the wandering, feverish wishes with which I was haunted.

"I acquired, without much difficulty, the writings of Fludd, Kuhlman, Rosenberg, and others who had treated of the divine science. I studied them, incessantly. Their phraseology was, purposely, obscure, and their meaning enveloped in terms, to the

right understanding of which I had no clue. But my aim was a noble one, and my perseverance unconquerable. By degrees, I became master of the secrets which, hitherto, I had possessed in those volumes only,—as a man who has a rich jewel secured in a casket which he cannot open.

"Still, here was one step, only, advanced. The philosophers, who had discovered the means of acquiring the hidden and mysterious knowledge that I desired, had either never attained the end of their inquiries, or had forborne to promulgate the detail of their process. I had, thus, my tools given me; but I was, still, to learn whether I could use them successfully, where so many, before me, had failed. I bent all my energies to the task, and gained my object. In doing this, I did no more than any one may do, whose will is decided and exertions undeviating.

Before I proceed, it is necessary that I state to you something of the additional faculties which I had now acquired. The soul, of which our fleshly body is but the habitation, is not, like the latter, bounded by the fetters of place, but, when freed from its tenement, possesses ubiquity. To liberate the spirit,—so fully as to enable it to enjoy, completely, this omnipresence —is, indeed, beyond the power of divine science; and can be accomplished only by that mysterious process which, terminating our progress here, returns to their proper sources as well our material as spiritual constituents. But this power may, still, be

exerted in an inferior degree,—greater or less, as the aspirant has qualified himself for the possession of the faculties he covets.

"To me, it was a source of infinite and glorious delight to disentangle myself from the narrow limits to which the observation of fallen man is confined, and dismiss, as it were, a twin spirit from myself, to pererrate the extremest parts of the earth, and, taking the wings of the morning, to gather, from every clime, all that might be culled of fair, and beautiful, and good. Thus, I enjoyed a double existence; and, whilst I pursued my ordinary avocations at Strasbourg, was, at the same time, roaming in thickets and jungles, by the banks of the Ganges, or contemplating, at Balbec, the prostrate temples of the Sun, and the ravages of time on the mighty cities of the earth.

"It was, one day, when rambling, in my other self, through one of the delightful vallies that sink at the foot of the Apennines, that I became, I may well say, the *victim* of a sensation as novel as enrapturing. I was seated in my study, chasing away the hours by the perusal of those enduring riches which the intellect and genius of antiquity have delivered down to us, and which shew, strikingly, the weakness and the superiority of their authors,—when a perception, which I well knew was conveyed through the medium of my distant spirit, burst upon me:—such a dream of purity, and excellence, and loveliness, as my wildest moods of enthusiasm (and I was, ever, a

trafficker in the ideal and contemplative) had never fashioned! To you, who are yet in ignorance and thraldom, I should, in vain, endeavour to explain the manner in which this ray,—for such it seemed, and a most bright one,—burst upon me. It came, not as a picture conveyed by the sense,—not as a remembered idea, nor as a vivid creation of the fancy;—it came as an inward impulse, newly born, springing up in the mind, indefinite, uncreated, but existing and fervent.

"The object, which had thus been made present to me, continued not so for more than an instant; but the effect was complete. I was as one entranced;—one thought alone possessed me, until I became almost unconscious even of *that*. A sort of lethargy of the imagination succeeded; and I hailed the hour which, bringing on the gloom of night, enabled me to seek for rest, in sleep.

"Sleep came; but not, with it, extinction of the thoughts that, for the last few hours, had filled my waking existence. In dreams, the same vision still haunted my mind,—the same idea of inexpressible beauty was still present. Associated images, too, arose, in all the wild phantasms of dreaming. Bright eyes,—burning kisses,—all the array of passion, danced before me. Sometimes, I half started from these incoherent slumbers; and, at such time, light and aërial forms seemed to float around me. At length, I became exhausted with the excitation of these

765

restless fancies, and sank into a profound and refreshing sleep.

"In awaking, the first idea that presented itself was the one by which I had been haunted, the preceding day. Wherever I went, whatever I did, it followed me, still. It became the unceasing companion of my thoughts, by day and by night.

"The anxiety which I underwent affected my constitution; and, by the advice of my family, I left home, to travel in search of health. The first place I visited was the valley of the Apennines, which was so strangely connected with me. Here I wandered, for some days; but could learn nothing to direct me in my quest after the unknown object of my thoughts.

"Why need I detain you, with a long and useless detail of the pains I suffered, the countries I traversed, and the disappointments I endured! Two years elapsed;—and, weary of myself, of the knowledge I had laboured so hard to acquire, and, in short, of the world and every thing it could offer,—I determined to take the vows and habits of a Capuchin, and, rooting from my breast every remembrance of the past, to devote my future life to the meditation of nobler and more enduring subjects.

"Vain were the expectations that prompted me to take this step. Had I, resolutely devoting myself to the discharge of active duties, applied my leisure hours to the cultivation of religious feelings, all would have been well. The enemy within me, then,

would have lost his sharpest sting; and I might, in time, have abandoned studies which, I fear, it is but too presumptuous in mortals to pursue.

"I soon found that, if there be any place peculiarly consecrated to peace and content, it is not within the walls of a monastery. There is, there, no exclusion of the evil passions of the world; and, as poison acts more vigorously within a narrow compass, so it is in these societies. Besides, the uniformity of our life,—the uninterrupted stream of existence in which we flowed along, threw me, more forcibly than ever, back upon myself,—the very evil most to have been avoided. Amid the exercises of devotion, I found my thoughts, still, chained to another subject. I strove against them,—and the irritation induced by the conflict, increased my calamity.

"My brethren were, with few exceptions, men of coarse and vulgar minds,—indolent, proud and malicious, (the natural infections of the monastic atmosphere.) Every thing conspired to induce me to avoid their society;—my present feelings, and the habits of my past life. They perceived it, and were not long in manifesting their sense of it.

"I was, however, too much involved in those things which continually oppressed me, to regard, very greatly, the petty annoyances to which I was exposed. I endeavoured to submit to these evils, contentedly; and, in this manner, five years passed on, without seeing any material change in my situation, my thoughts, or my sufferings.

"About this time, our physician died; and as, when at home, I had disguised my philosophical pursuits, under the pretext of studying medicine, I had acquired a slight knowledge of the science, and was not, now, unwilling to improve it. I offered my services to our superior, and, after a few trials in trifling cases, they were accepted.

"The occupation in which I thus engaged was, necessarily, beneficial, as it occupied a portion of my thoughts, and diverted them, in some degree, from the recollections to which they incessantly veered. There was another advantage. I had occasion to make short excursions beyond the bounds of the monastery, for the sake of gathering plants and roots, for my simple pharmacy. There was something of liberty in this, and the exercise was a luxury to me.

"The monastery of ——— was situated upon a high and almost perpendicular rock. It was rarely visited by any one, although a carriage-path had been hewn out by it, and was tolerably passable. This road divided into two branches,—one of which led to some neglected stone quarries, as an approach to which the road had originally been constructed,—and the other had been extended for the purposes of travelling. From this station, there was a magnificent view. Elevated far above the level of the earth, I have seen the storm raging, and the lightning flashing, below, while the unchecked sun-beams fell around me, above. Beyond the thick and tem-

pestuous cloud that filled the vallies, and hung on the surrounding declivities, a smiling champagne country extended, bounded by hills distinguishable, only by a faint outline, from the sky, with which they seemed to blend.

"It happened that the storm-clouds had, one day, gathered in such prodigious masses, that, though the autumn had but just commenced, the monastery and every thing around, for miles, were enveloped in a thick haze, through which the rain fell slightly but incessantly. The contemplation of natural phenomena was the only thing I could call a recreation, and I came forth to enjoy the threatening of the elements.

"I was well acquainted with every foot of ground in the neighbourhood; otherwise, it had been madness to have ventured beyond the walls,—so easily might an incautious step have precipitated one down a precipice whose height left no possibility of escape from destruction.—Even versed as I was, I found it needful to move with great care.

"Whilst I was endeavouring to distinguish the forms of rocks and trees, through the gloom, and watching the dim blue fires that flashed idly, at intervals,—a sudden dull sound met my ear, which I was, at first, unable to account for. It was not, however, many moments before I felt convinced that a carriage was passing, at no great distance. It could not be on the direct road, for I was standing on that; and the sound had passed me. At once, it

struck me that the travellers, if such they were, had taken the wrong branch of the road; for, though a direction-post was placed at the point where the path divided, it would be useless, in such a gloom. The thought was terrible; for, in three minutes, unless some aid offered, they would be dashed down the precipice, which the darkness, momentariiy increasing, would conceal, until discovery was too late. Already, the noise had ceased, —so imperfectly is sound conducted, as you are aware, in those altitudes. I had nothing to guide me; but sprung forward, and, dropping a bank of about fifteen feet, found myself on the road that led to the quarries.

"Along this I speeded, almost in desperation. Again, I caught the rumbling of the wheels against the uneven surface of the rock. The vehicle was going, apparently, very leisurely; and this consideration seemed to add to the horrors of the situation,— there was something so sickening and appalling in the idea of human creatures going thus slowly and unconsciously, step by step, to destruction. This, however, was not of long continuance. A flash of lightning, blazing across the path, frightened the horses, and they set off at a rate that almost extinguished my hopes.

"One circumstance was in my favour. The road took a sweep round the base of a broad, but not very high, rock of granite; and, directly over this, was a footpath. I crossed it, and saved so much

ground as to meet the carriage, within ten yards of the edge of the precipice. I endeavoured to seize the reins; the horses plunged and reared almost upright; the motion of the carriage was stayed for a moment, and, in that moment, I sprang to the door, tore it open, and received, in my arms, a female, who fell senseless in the moment of her rescue. I heard the fearful cry of the expiring horses, as they were dashed under the carriage, on the rocks beneath. Two human creatures,—the father and fellow-traveller of the lady, and the driver,—shared the same destruction.

"I lingered not, but bore her whom I had saved, as speedily as I might, to the monastery. The brethren whom I met stared, with malicious surprise, as I entered. I loudly demanded our superior: he came, and consented, on hearing my account, that the lady should have refuge, until her friends could be found, within the walls of our retirement—prison, I might better say.

"I was preparing, in the presence of some of the senior brethren, to administer such slight medicines as I deemed necessary, to the object of my anxiety, when, for the first time, I saw her face. The phial which I held dropped from my hand! I lost all sense and recollection!

"When I recovered, I found myself in my cell, reclined on my pallet. By my side, sat an old brother, whom I had lately attended during a severe illness, and whose gratitude, for the services I had

rendered him, had been proof against all the ill-nature of the many, who looked upon me with an evil eye. He had undertaken the office of my nurse, and from him I made my inquiries.

"'Where is the lady, Hilarius?'

"'In the dormitory. They have sent for old Margaret, from the village, to attend her.'

"'It is well!—is she sensible?'

"'Quite;—she has inquired for you.—But what caused your illness?'

"'I know not;—a sudden pang!—Have you learnt who she is?'

"'No;—her dress and ornaments bespeak her, probably, of wealthy connexions.'

"'I should like, much, to see her. Does our Abbot know that she has inquired for me?'

"'I believe not.'

"'I would he knew;—I wish to visit their patient, but not without his knowledge.'

"'I will see that he knows,' said brother Hilary; and he rose from his seat and left me. He returned presently.

"'I have seen the father,' said he; 'moreover, I have seen your patient, and she insists, whatever Margaret says, on not retiring to rest until she has seen her preserver. You are at liberty to visit her.'

"'Let me then, brother, request your company.' And he conducted me to the chamber where *she* was whom I panted to behold.

"We arrived at the door. It was with difficulty

that I could conceal from my companion the violent agitation that possessed me, and which shook every nerve, to trembling,—as the autumn wind shakes the quivering autumn leaves.

"We entered the apartment. She sat at one end. I approached her;—she lifted up her eyes;—'Holy Virgin!' she exclaimed, 'it is—it is he!' She sprang from her seat, as she spoke,—gazed earnestly at me for a moment,—sank down again,—and, covering her face with her hands, burst into tears.

"I was astonished and confounded. 'Does she know her father's fate?' I whispered to Hilary.

"'No,' he replied; 'she believes he is in the house, but unwell, and we have been scarcely able to avoid her requests to see him.'

"'What, then, could cause her present grief?' I drew nearer to her, and spoke. I told her that I was, for the present, her physician;—she interrupted me.

"'I know you well,' said she,—'too well!'

"'Nay, daughter,'—the word stuck in my throat, —'nay, how can that be?'

"'Ask me not,' she replied; 'it were a strange and incredible tale.'

"'Surely,' said I, half addressing myself, 'the dream cannot have been mutual.'

"'How—what is it you say?' said she, eagerly.

"I looked around. Brother Hilary had left the apartment; the nurse sat at the farther end of the room. I sat down by my patient, and detailed to her what I have already made known to you.

Yes!—dead to the world,—vowed to solitude and religion,—I told her of the passion I had felt,—and the pangs I had suffered; knowing, the while, that there was now a gulf between us which no means could pass.—It was like the dead recounting, to the living object, the history of his buried love!

"I concluded. She was still in tears, but checked them.

"'It is most wonderful!' said she;—'I, too,'—she stopped, blushed and trembled,—'Yet why,' she resumed, 'this foolish weakness! why should I not, now, confess that I, too, have loved and suffered for a hitherto unknown object! At the moment when your spirit caught the fatal infection, in the valley of the Appennines, mine, too, was on the wing, and hovered round you. I need not say more;—your history will suggest the main features of mine. And, now, answer me a question sincerely;—where is my father? They told me I should see him, in an hour;—the time is past. Is he here? Is he ill? Heaven! your colour changes!—tell me—tell me, by all we have suffered, is he dead?'

"'Oh no—no—no!' I answered, hastily; but the confusion of my manner gave the lie to my words. She perceived it;—and, with a shriek, fell senseless to the ground.'

Freybourg paused in his narrative. "Excuse me," said he, to Merler, "if even the *remembrance* of what I tell you stifles my voice and calls forth my tears."

"Be assured," answered Merler, "I respect your

grief. It is, perhaps, unpleasant for you now to continue your narrative;—if so"—

"No;—it is over," said his companion; "I will proceed.'

"I raised her from the ground, and directed the nurse to place her, whilst thus unconscious, in her bed. I retired, to prepare a draught for her. That done, I threw myself on my pallet,—myself half distracted with what had passed. The vesper bell aroused me from the lethargy of misery, and summoned me—heaven knows how unprepared!—to join in the evening devotions. These past,—in coming away from them, we had to pass the dormitory. I listened, for a moment, at the door. One of the friars, who, more than the rest, had shown a marked dislike, whispered an observation to another upon this circumstance. I turned round;—a malicious smile was on his countenance. Forgetful of all, save the indignation which I felt, I struck him to the earth.

"The consequence of this was, that I was confined, strictly, to my cell. I was not even allowed to see my patient; word was brought me, by Hilary, of her state, from time to time, and, on this information, I was expected to proceed.

"She became delirious. In vain I represented that, in order properly to treat her malady, I must be admitted to visit her.—Ignorance and malice were blind to every thing.

"Day after day, this continued. Hilary was as-

siduous in bringing me intelligence,—for he alone pitied me. This was observed: he was forbidden my cell, and another deputed to act in his stead.

"You may, probably, think it was in my power easily, to baffle this rigour, by using my faculty of spiritual visitation. But this faculty I had neglected, for a long period, to exert; and, when I essayed it, I found the perturbing passions which had taken possession of me deprived me of my power. I had no longer the calm self-possession necessary for the enjoyment of the divine science. Like all uncommon powers, it failed me when most needed.

"Why should I linger in my tale! One morning, on awaking, I found Hilary by my side. I was about to inquire how he had obtained admittance, but he motioned me, cautiously, to silence; and, placing a folded paper in my hand, withdrew on tiptoe.

"I opened it. Its contents ran thus:

"'You will receive this from brother Hilary; but, before he gives it you, the writer will be no more! Its only purport is to wish you farewell! The reason of your absence I have been informed. *Here* we have both suffered deeply;—that we shall meet again, in happiness, I doubt not. Do not—but I know you will not—forget me. Once more, farewell!—my last breath will bless you.'

"I pass over my feelings on the receipt of this.—I determined to escape from the monastery. I did

so, and returned, in disguise, to Strasbourg. My parents and my elder brother were dead.—A distant relative had succeeded to the family estates.

"I had known him in youth. I sought him, and he offered me an asylum, which I accepted. I continued with him for two years, in concealment,—for the Capuchins were hot in pursuit of their victim. At length, I was liberated. The revolution commenced, and the friars were no longer powerful.

"My relation addressed me, one day, thus: 'Freybourg, I am about to join the royal party. In this bag is a sum which, with your habits, will supply your wants;—however the struggle ends, I shall not need it.'

"I retired hither. With some occasional interruptions during the troubles, I have lived here since. Now we are, again, at peace; and I abide solitary and unknown,—having resumed, as you have seen, my ancient studies."

He ceased;—the clock, striking, announced midnight. Merler made due acknowledgments for the confidence reposed in him, and rose to depart.

A FATHER'S GRIEF.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE.

To trace the bright rose, fading fast,
From a fair daughter's cheek;
To read upon her pensive brow
The fears she will not speak;
To mark that deep and sudden flush,
So beautiful and brief,
Which tells the progress of decay—
This is a Father's grief.

When languor, from her joyless couch,
Has scared sweet sleep away,
And heaviness, that comes with night,
Departs not with the day;
To meet the fond endearing smile,
That seeks, with false relief,
Awhile to calm his bursting heart—
This is a Father's grief.

To listen where her gentle voice
Its welcome music shed,
And find within his lonely halls
The silence of the dead;

To look, unconsciously, for *her*,
  The chosen and the chief
Of earthly joys—and look *in vain*—
  THIS is a Father's grief.

To stand beside the sufferer's couch,
  While life is ebbing fast;
To mark that once illumin'd eye
  With death's dull film o'ercast;—
To watch the struggles of the frame
  When earth has no relief,
And hopes of heaven are breath'd in vain—
  THIS is a Father's grief.

And not when that dread hour is past,
  And life is pain no more—
Not when the dreary tomb hath clos'd
  O'er her so lov'd before;
Not then does kind oblivion come
  To lend his woes relief,
But with him to the grave he bears
  A Father's rooted grief.

For, Oh! to dry a mother's tears,
  Another babe may bloom:
But what remains on earth for him
  Whose last is in the tomb?
To think his shield is blest above—
  To hope their parting brief,—
These, these may soothe—but death alone
  Can heal a Father's grief.

STANZAS.

BY BERNARD BARTON, ESQ.

Nay, tell me not, my dearest,
  That Time hath dimm'd thine eye;
Still, still my path thou cheerest,
  As in days that are gone by.
Say not thy cheek is faded,
  By sorrows, cares, and fears;
That thy brow is somewhat shaded
  By the clouds of darker years.
If Time much more had taken,
  I could forgive each theft;
While thy heart remain'd unshaken,
  And its love for me was left.

I, too, am something older,
  Than when I met with thee;
But hearts become no colder,
  If they are what hearts should be.
Thy own has never alter'd,
  As years have o'er me past,
Thy love has never falter'd,
  When my brow has been o'ercast;—
Then tell me not of changes,
  In cheek, or brow, or hair,—
The love such loss estranges,
  Must be lighter far than air.

Though morning's early splendor
  May rapture's thrill impart,
The vesper hour, more tender,
  Sinks still deeper in the heart.
Though Spring be gay with roses,
  And Summer-skies are clear,
Yet Autumn's hand uncloses
  The rich harvest of the year.
E'en Age's wintry weather
  Inspires no thought of gloom,
In hearts which share, together,
  Hopes of Spring beyond the tomb.

HOPE AND MEMORY.

To a lonely, but lovely, spot, I stray'd,
  When the summer sun was setting,
And I loiter'd, awhile, in its bowery shade,
  The world, and its cares, forgetting.

The hawthorn, and lilac bloom, o'er it grew;
  And the wild rose was with them, wreathing;
And each zephyr, that floated its foliage through,
  The perfume of Spring was breathing.

In this scene of enchantment, I linger'd long,
  As if some spell had bound me;
When music, as sweet as a fairy song,
  Came murmuring, faintly, round me.

A moment it ceas'd,—then it sounded again,
  And nearer it came, and nearer;
And, whenever the minstrels resumed the strain,
  In my heart, it's tones grew dearer.

But, when it had reach'd my tranquil bower,
  I started, in fear and wonder;—
For I heard the trumpet's voice of power,
  And the loud drums' deafening thunder.

"Oh! why?" I exclaim'd, "do these sounds intrude,
"My blissful visions breaking?
"For, never, in this sweet solitude,
"Should thoughts of war be waking."

But, it pass'd;—and, again, the soften'd tones
From the distance came so sweetly,
That I griev'd, when I heard the latest ones,
To think, they had gone so fleetly.

'Twas idle;—but is it not ever thus,
With most of our earthly pleasures?
Tis the hope of the future offers us
The brightest of fancy's treasures.

The joys of the present, we lightly prize,
But when they are fled for ever,
We remember them then, with tears and sighs;
But will they return?—Oh! never!—

ROSA.

THE DYING BRIGAND.

SHE stood before the dying man,
  And her eye grew wildly bright ;—
"Ye will not pause for a woman's ban,
  Nor shrink from a woman's might ;
And his glance is dim that had seen you fly,
  As ye before have fled :—
Look, dastards ! how the brave can die—
  Beware,—he is not dead !—

"By his blood ye have tracked him to his lair :—
  Would you bid the spirit part !—
He that durst harm one single hair,
  Must reach it through my heart.
I cannot weep, for my brain is dry,—
  Nor plead, for I know not how ;—
But my aim is sure, and the shaft may fly,—
  And the bubbling life-blood flow !

"Yet leave me, while dim life remains,
  To list his parting sigh ;
To kiss away these gory stains,
  To close this beamless eye !—
Ye will not !—no,—he triumphs still,
  Whose foes his death-pangs dread.—
His was the power—yours but the will :—
  Back,—back,—he is not dead !

"His was the power that held in thrall,
  Through many a glorious year,
Priests, burghers, nobles, princes, all
  Slaves worship, hate, or fear:
Wrongs, insults, injuries, thrust him forth,
  A bandit-chief to dwell;—
How he avenged his slighted worth,
  Ye, cravens, best may tell!—

"His spirit lives in the mountain-breath,
  It flows in the mountain-wave;—
Rock,—stream,—hath done the work of death,
  Yon deep ravine the grave!—
That which hath been, again may be!—
  Aye, by yon fleeting sun,
Who stirs, no morning ray shall see,—
  His sand of life has run!"

Defiance shone in her flashing eye,
  But her heart beat wild with fear:—
She starts,—the bandit's last faint sigh
  Breathes on her sharpened ear.—
She gazes on each stiffening limb,
  And the death-damp chills her brow;—
"For him I lived,—I die with him!
  Slaves, do your office, now!"

A DISCOVERY.

BY THE REV. T J. JUDKIN.

SAID I,—" Sweet cousin, prithee, why so pale,—
When but of late a rosier cheek had none?
And whither is the spirit of gladness gone
From those blue eyes? I marvel, what the air
May thus, with sudden violence, assail
Thee, innocent :—thy wonted presence shone,
The light of all gay circles; now a lone
And sunless walk thou pacest, o'er some tale
Of luckless chance, deep brooding. Meanwhile I,
Whom thou didst ever greet with gentlest look
And courteous speech, am shunned, unknowing why."
——Then had that lady answered, but she shook,
Like a young aspen leaf, and only took
My hand, and pressed it to her—tenderly.

THE BROKEN GOLD.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

"All that is left me now, of youth's fair dreams."

I LOOK upon this BROKEN GOLD—
And memory traces o'er each scene
Of happier hours, and days of old,
When life and love were green;—
Joys, that danced o'er my light heart then,
Such, as can ne'er be *mine* again!

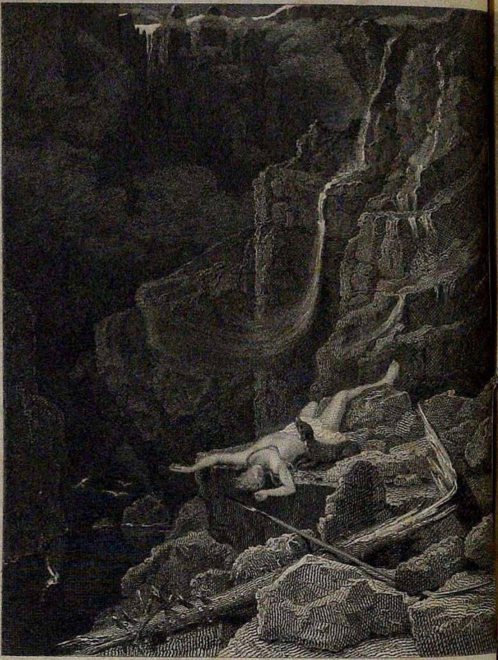
I look upon this BROKEN GOLD;—
'Twas sever'd in love's trusting hour,
Ere the young pulse of hope grew cold,
Or the world's storms had power
To make the spirit's gladsome wing,
A drooping and a blighted thing!—

I look upon this BROKEN GOLD,
When from the busy crowd I steal:
would not, scoffers should be told,
All I *have* felt—and all I *feel*;
Nor mark, how throbs this burning brow
With thoughts—that *should* be banished now!

I look upon this BROKEN GOLD,
Remembrancer of years gone by ;—
The hand pledged with it, now is cold ;
The heart, too, long has ceased to sigh ;
And of love's early-riven chain,
I (sever'd link) alone remain !

I look upon this BROKEN GOLD !
Alas ! it glads these eyes no more ;
As sinking mariners behold
Some beacon, light the distant shore,
Too late to save – it shews to *me*,
The wreck that life must henceforth be !

I look upon this BROKEN GOLD ;—
What lesson does it teach me *now* ?
It says, that years have o'er me roll'd ;
That time, in shadow, wraps my brow ;—
And whispers—'tis as wrong as vain—
To sigh for YOUTH's bright charms again!



Painted by F. Danby, A.R.A. — Engraved by J. Ro…

THE PRECIPICE.

Published by L. Relfe, 13, Cornhill, 1827.

Printed by …

THE PRECIPICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GILBERT EARLE."

"———— Here's the place :—stand still. How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low."
SHAKSPEARE.

THE inhabitant of a level country can form no idea of the influence which mountains possess over the mind of a mountaineer. His spirit would almost seem to have emanated from his native soil, and to rejoice in proportion as it approaches its original home. His pulse beats more briskly—his foot bounds more lightly, as he breathes the keen air, as he treads upon the giddy ledge of the mountain side. As the old song has it,

"He feels his blood mounting
Like streams in a fountain,
That merrily sparkle and play,"

when his eye rests upon the snowy peak, and precipice rises above precipice around, above, and below his dwelling. Accordingly, we find the love of country, in its stricter sense especially—the *arva paterna* as contradistinguished from the *patria*—of peculiar warmth and force in the heart of a moun-

taineer. The Swiss—the Scotch highlanders—are instances too familiar to need more than a bare mention. They wander, it is true, from home; but they bear the image of that home, impressed upon their hearts, indelibly. It is the "one green spot in Memory's waste:"—the affections revert to it through years of absence,—across the distance of half the globe the song of the valley still sounds in their ear—the breeze of the mountain still blows upon their cheek—and, after years of expectation, and toil, and sickness, and danger, they return to lay their bones upon their own hill-side, at last.

Among the sublime Alps, or the beautiful Pyrenees, it is, perhaps, not extraordinary, that this feeling should exist: but the principle holds good in even the most inhospitable regions. We go to stroll away the Summer among the mountains I have named: but who was ever known to make a tour of pleasure into Norway?—The wild and desolate mountains of that country are, probably, as it regards grand and striking scenery, at the least, equal, if not superior, to any to be found in Europe. But we look upon them only as if they were the throne of the King of Storms—the very chosen home of Winter. To the Norwegian, on the contrary, his forests of pine—his salient rocks—his foaming torrents—are dear as are the smiling vales of Guienne, or the teeming plains of Andalusia, to the Gascon and the Spaniard.

Norway, however, is a country of which the physical aspects furnish sufficient ground for national

pride and love. The change from Winter into Summer is a burst of sudden richness and beauty, such as no temperate climate can even give an idea of. The rocks are buried under snow—the frost-winds sweep through the gullies of the mountains with a force unknown in Southern Europe.—The land seems to be the region of eternal Winter:—when, lo! the breath of the South steals over these wastes of snow: the sources of the waters are unlocked—the snows disappear—and without tardy gradations, without relapse, or check, or stint—the gorgeous Summer is there, in all its bloom, in all its perfume, in all its beauty;—the sun glows in the air; the vivid verdure of the grass, and the bright hues of the flowers, shine from the earth;—Winter has passed away, like the morning dream of a sleeper awakened; and the land is glad in the living waters, and the sweet odours, and the fair colours of a very Eden!

And if its Summer be more splendid in its appearances and its gifts, so is its Winter more grand and awful in its terrors. The phenomena of mountain atmosphere are more frequent, and more perfect.—The very name of the Aurora Borealis sufficiently betokens its country. The violence of the gusts, also, through the ravines and clefts which abound in the mountains. is of a degree to which even the Alps can scarcely afford a parallel. In the beautiful plate which accompanies this sketch, the reader will perceive a startling effect of this nature, taken

on the spot. The torrent which flows from the side of the precipice, is, by the force of one of those gusts, blown from the face of the rock, and dispersed in spray through the air!

It was in a village situated among these mountains, that, one Winter night, a party of goatherds and hunters was assembled round the fire of the little inn,—whiling away the hours with tale, and song, and jest, to give a zest to their liquor. They were chiefly young men, and their conversation turned upon their exploits and adventures of danger among the mountains: the pride, both of their calling and of their country, occasioned them to excel in the exercises which such a region must demand, and to exult in that excellence when acquired. If the very truth must be spoken, perhaps, they added another point of similarity to the love of country, which I have stated them to possess in common with the Gascons—a quality for which the latter are so nationally famous, as to have conferred upon it their national name. At least, there was an old man, who had said very little, but had listened, attentively, as he smoked his pipe in the chimney-corner, who seemed to be of this opinion. For, as the members of the party were vying with each other in their narrations of "accidents by flood and field,"—the old man emitted, in the midst of an increased cloud of smoke, an ejaculatory "Humph!" of a most sceptical, nay, infidel intonation. He was a very fine old man; and, as the blaze

of the pine-logs shone upon his brow, he might have formed a painter's study for a veteran mountaineer. His skin was hard and dry, but it was not much wrinkled; and his brilliant grey eye was, to his face, what the sun is to the Heavens,—it sheds, without a figure, brightness over his whole countenance. His hair was grey and thin upon the forehead, but flowing in long floating waves, from the rest of the scalp.* His frame was wiry, strong, and active, although somewhat decayed through age: but, as well as his aspect, it gave sufficient indication that, in youth, his had been a body of steel and whalebone, and a soul of fire.

A dog lay at his feet; old, like his master, but, like him, to appearance still strong and agile. He was of a breed resembling what, in England, we call a lurcher, grey, shaggy, intelligent, and attached as a shepherd's dog, and almost as fleet as a greyhound. He was sleeping in the warmth of the fire, nestled between his master's legs.

After listening, for some time, to the accounts which the young men were giving of their prowess, the old hunter, having finished his pipe and knocked the ashes out, took up the tale in his turn:—

"My young friends," said he, "you have been telling us some very marvellous adventures; but

---

* *Par parenthèse*, baldness upon the forehead is, in a man of a certain time of life, so picturesque, as to be, by no means disadvantageous; whereas baldness on the crown, when the hair still remains in front, is always unsightly.

as I am an old hunter, and, therefore, am fond of the spirit which leads you into them, I will not strive to sift the grain from the chaff, the exact facts, from the colours in which you have dressed them. But I will give you, in my turn, an account of an accident which, you all know, by report, did actually happen to me, as the limp in my gait can testify to this day.

"It is now about twenty years ago, that I was, one day, out hunting, as usual. I had got sight of a chamois, and was advancing upon him, when, having almost got within shot, I sprang across a chasm a few yards wide, upon a ledge of snow opposite. The outer part of this was, alas! only of snow;—it was frozen hard;—but, as I came upon it with considerable force, I felt it giving way beneath me. The man, who says that he never felt fear, never was in a situation such as this. The agony of terror,—and what agony is greater?—rushed throughout my frame. My first impulse was to spring forward, to reach the firm ground. But the very effort I made to save myself, accelerated my fate,—the mass broke short off,—and I fell!

"I have since been to view that spot,—and, standing in safety on its brink, my nerves have shivered, as I have looked down the awful precipice. How I escaped being dashed into as many atoms as there are pebbles at its base, it is impossible to divine. The height is upwards of seventy feet:—there was no projecting rock, no jutting tree, to break my fall.

Perhaps the snow which fell along with me in vast quantities, and which crumbled as it fell, served to protect me. When I perceived my footing yield, the earth, as it were, to sink from under me; I felt the common hyperbole, that my heart sprang to my throat, almost cease to be one. One gasp of mortal agony, as it burst from my lungs, gave me the sensation of choking, which the phrase I have mentioned strives to express. The feelings of my mind may be all summed in the exclamation which, I believe, escaped me—'Oh, God!—I'm gone!'—My next thought was one momentary appeal to that God's mercy,—and then I thought no more.

"When I recovered my senses, day was beginning to close. I lay enveloped in snow. My hunting-spear was beside me, broken;—and, stretched upon my bosom, lay my faithful dog,—spread out, as it were, to protect me from the cold, and breathing upon my face, as if to communicate his life to bring back mine. Poor fellow," the old man continued, and the tear glistened in his eye as he spoke,—"poor fellow, he is dead, long since, and his son," stooping and fondling the dog at his feet, "is old now:—but, if I had but one crust of bread, and one cup of water in the world, old Thor should share them with me, for his father's sake."

The dog looked up, as though he understood his master's meaning; for he smiled in his face, with that expression of thankful fondness which the countenance of his race alone shares with that of the human species.

"I felt," continued the hunter, "I felt numbed and stiffened, and in considerable pain, all over; so much so, that I could not distinguish any one particular hurt as being more severe than the rest. I endeavoured to rise, and that soon shewed to me where my chief injury lay. I fell back again, instantly;—my thigh was broken. In addition to this, two fingers of my right hand, and one of my left, were broken also, and I was bruised in almost every part. But I was alive!—As I looked up to the pinnacle from which I had fallen, I could scarcely believe that to be possible.

"The spot where I lay, was in a narrow cleft between two cliffs, which diverged from each other, as they advanced, leaving a sort of triangular platform open between them and a third. A torrent threw itself, like a wild horse's main, from the rock above me; but, in the numberless eddies which whirled in the hollow, it was dispersed into air before it reached the place, distant through its depth, where I lay.

"Night now began to thicken fast—the faster on account of the deep den in which I was. The wind blew as though all the quarters of the heaven sent forth their blasts at once, and that they all met and battled there. I had escaped one dreadful death, and I now began to fear another more dreadful still, because more slow and more felt. I feared that I should die through cold, and hunger, and untended hurts. The cold, too, I now felt more severely; for, shortly after I had given up, in despair, all attempts to extricate myself from my situation, my

dog, after whining and yelping piteously for some time, went off. As he turned the corner of the rock, which hid him from my sight, I felt as if my last hold of life had gone from me,—as though the friend of my bosom had left me to die.—'He, too, abandons me!' I exclaimed, and, I blush to confess it, I burst into tears. Being forsaken by that which I thought faithful, cut me to the heart. Who, indeed, can bear *that?*

"The world now seemed to have closed upon my sight for ever;—my wife, my children, my dear home,—I should see them no more! I figured to myself all the delights and charities of that home, and I felt how bitter it is to be torn from life while life is yet strong,—all its ties firmly knit,—all its affections glowing. As darkness settled around me, I thought of my wife anxiously listening for my step,—or rather for the well-known step of Thor preceding me,—and the bright fire gleaming upon smiling children's faces,—the fairest ornament and the dearest comfort of a fire-side,—and the rosy lips held up for a father's kiss,—and the little hands clinging round the knees, to attract a father's notice,—and their mother's gladsome smile of welcome to me, and unchiding reproof to them;—such was the picture I drew mentally,—such was the group which I knew was awaiting me. I looked around me, and the contrast of the reality flashed upon me, in all its horrors. The wind raged and howled, through the darkness, and, in the lull, the spray of the torrent bedewed

my face, and froze there. I was encompassed by awful precipices, here and there visible only by being covered with snow. Snow, also, was the bed on which I lay, the bed on which I was to die.—And to die, oh God! to die thus!—Alone, through pain and famine,—through cold and the exhaustion of suffering nature! The terrors of tempest and of night were the precursors of the terrors of death. From hence I never was to stir more; this was to be my end!

"We often forge for ourselves causes of unhappiness, and allow slight things to mar our quiet. But he who has undergone—not what I underwent that night, for who *has* done so? but—circumstances of peril and of despair, in kind, if not in degree, like unto these,—he, only, can know the agony which a few short hours can crowd upon the human spirit,—he, only, can know to what extent our nature *can* suffer!

"I lay, in pain of body and anguish, for a space of time, which, from these causes, seemed endless. At length, hope dawned upon me. Along the top of the cliff to which I had leaped, and from which I had fell, passed, as I knew, a path which led from the village in which I lived, to another about two leagues off. This had not appeared to me as a chance of escape; for, by night, it was but very rarely traversed, and morning I never expected to see again. On a sudden, however, I saw a light gliding along this path, as though borne by some

one: and I conjectured it to be, as in fact it was, the lanthorn of a villager returning homewards. 'I shall be saved yet!'—was the idea which thrilled through my heart, and I shouted with the whole strength of my voice, to realize the hope which had arisen. At that moment, a furious gust of wind swept throughout the chasm, and hurled back my cry against me, like the smoke of Cain's rejected sacrifice. I could *feel* that my voice did not ascend twenty feet above my head.—The light glided onwards. Again I shouted with that desperate strength which none but the despairing own.—The light did not stop—no answering shout gladdened my ears—the light disappeared!

"The agony of that moment, who can conceive?—The drowning man, as he struggles his last effort, and feels the waters closing round him;—the criminal, as he mounts the scaffold, and sees his last hope melt from his grasp—such persons may have experienced what I felt then, and such persons only.

"My despair now became fixed and total. I felt that my last hour was come; I endeavoured to turn my thoughts from this world, and fix them on the next. But the effort was dreadful. As I strove to prepare myself for death, the hope of life would flash across me again, and interpose between me and my prayer. If a sound caught my ear, I raised my head to listen; if the variation of a shadow passed over the surface of the rock, I strained my sight to look; but the sound would cease, and the sight

would pass away—and I sank, again, upon the snow; and, again, I prepared myself to die.

"At length,—(to my dying day I shall recollect that moment)—at length, a gust of wind bore to me a sound, which I thought I recognized—I raised myself with an anxiety which almost choked me—I listened—all was still—the wind rose and made me doubtful whether I heard it a second time or not;—a third—all doubt was over!—It was the honest voice of faithful Thor, coming at speed, and barking as he came, to shew, doubtless, the path to the spot in which I lay. Again his deep-mouthed bay sounded loud and distinct, as it approached the top of the precipice. There he paused, and continued barking, till, at length, several lights flashed upon the path, along which he had come, and advanced rapidly towards him. A halloo came upon the wind: I strove to answer it as loudly as I could.—This time, it mattered little whether my voice reached the summit or not; for, as soon as the lights seemed at the spot where the dog stood, he dashed down the cliff, clinging to the irregular surface as he came, now holding by a stone, now sliding down with the rolling earth and snow, till he sprang into my bosom,—and, almost smothering me with his caresses, made the echoes of the cliffs ring again with his loud and ceaseless baying.

"My companions now perceived where I was.—They made a circuit of some little extent, and descended to me by a less precipitous, but still a diffi-

cult path.—My young friends, unless you have experienced the transition from despair to safety—from abandonment to kind friendship—from death to life—you can form to yourselves no idea of the flood of feelings, both rapturous and gentle, which then poured upon my soul. The chosen of my heart was now no widow!—my children were now not fatherless! I was restored to life, to the world, to hope, to happiness—and I owed all this to the loyalty and love of a poor hound! When your hand is next raised to strike your beast, in anger, pause—and think upon the service which old Thor rendered to *his* master. That master had been a kind one."

STANZAS.

FROM A MS. DRAMA.

BY HENRY NEELE, ESQ.

SING me a lay,—not of knightly feats,
Of honour's laurels, or pleasure's sweets ;
Not of the brightness in beauty's eyes,
Not of the splendours of royalty ;
But of sorrow, and suff'ring, and death, let it tell—
Of the owlet's shriek, and the passing bell,
Of joys that have been, and have ceas'd to be ;—
That is the lay,—the lay for me.

Twine me a wreath,—but not of the vine,
Of primrose, or myrtle, or eglantine ;
Let not the fragrant rose breathe there,
Or the slender lily her white bosom bare,
But twine it of poppies so dark and red,
And cypress, the garland that honours the dead;
And ivy, and nightshade, and rosemary ;—
That is the wreath,—the wreath for me.

Bring me a robe,—not such as is worn
On the festal eve, or the bridal morn,
Yet such as the great and the mighty must wear;
Such as wraps the limbs of the brave and the fair,
Such as Sorrow puts on, and she ceases to weep;
Such as Pain wraps round him, and sinks to sleep:
The winding-sheet my garment shall be;—
That is the robe,—the robe for me.

Oh! for a rest—not on Beauty's breast,
Not on the pillow by young Hope prest,
Not 'neath the canopy Pomp has spread,
Not in the tent where shrouds Valour his head;
Where grief gnaws not the heart tho' the worm may feed there,
Where the sod weighs it down, but not sorrow or care:
The grave, the grave, the home of the free;—
That is the rest,—the rest for me.

TO ELLEN, WEEPING.

BY T. K. HERVEY, ESQ.

MINE eyes—that may not see thee smile,
Are glad to see thee weep;
Thy spirit's calm, this weary while,
Has been too dark and deep;—
Alas for him, who has but tears
To mark his path of pain,
But oh! *his* long and lonely years,
Who may not weep again!

Thou know'st, young mourner! thou hast been,
Through good and ill, to me,
Amid a bleak and blighted scene,
A single leafy tree,
A star within a stormy sky,
An island on the main,—
And I have prayed, in agony,
To see thee weep again!

Thou, *ever*, wert a thing of tears,
When but a playful child,
A very sport of hopes and fears,
And *both* too warm and wild;

Thy lightest thoughts and wishes wore
Too passionate a strain,—
To *such* how often comes an hour,
They never weep again!

Thou wert of those whose very morn
Gives some dark hint of night,
And, in thine eye, too soon, was born
A sad and softened light;
And on thy brow youth set the seal,
Which years, upon thy brain,
Confirmed too well—and they who feel
May scarcely weep again!

But, once again, within thine eye,
I see the waters start,—
The fountains cannot *all* be dry
Within so young a heart!
—Our love, which grew in light, awhile,
Has long been nursed by rain,
But I shall, yet, behold thee smile,
Since thou hast wept again!

JUDITH.

Returning from Bethulia, with the head of Holofernes in her hand.

[Translated from the Italian of *Giovambattista Zappi.*]

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

She held the head, all horrible with gore;
Nor of the woman in that hour was seen
Aught, save the alluring looks and beauteous mien:
" Hail, Heroine, hail!" all voices cried before.

At the glad sound, the damsels throng'd with speed;
Some kiss'd her feet, and some her garment's hem,
None her right hand,—for, terrible to them
Was the remembrance of that hideous deed.

A hundred prophets say the Matron's fame;
" Fly round the world thine everlasting name;
The Sun, thro' all his march, shall tell thy story."
Great from the dread achievement tho' she rose.
Greater was she, in that triumphant close,
—She stood all humble in the height of glory.

Sheffield, 1825.

THE LOVE OF SORROW.

"And still to love, though press'd with ill,—
With me is to be lovely still."

COWPER.

BY BERNARD BARTON, ESQ.

Our love has been no Summer-flower,
For joy's bright chaplet braided;
Drooping—when tempests darkly lower,
By grief's bleak winter faded.

We have not lov'd, as those who plight
Their troth in sunny weather,
While leaves are green, and skies are bright,
To tread life's path together.

But we have lov'd, as those who tread
The thorny path of sorrow,
With clouds o'er-cast,—and cause to dread
Yet deeper gloom to-morrow.

That thorny path, those cloudy skies,
Have drawn our spirits nearer,
And render'd us, by holiest ties,
Each to the other dearer!

Love, born in hours of joy and mirth,
With mirth and joy may perish;
That, to which darker days gave birth,
Still more and more we cherish.

It looks beyond the clouds of time,
Through Death's dim, shadowy portal;
Made, by adversity—sublime,
By faith and hope—immortal!

WHAT IS LIFE?

BY HENRY NEELE, ESQ.

TELL me, what is Life, I pray?—
'Tis a changing April day,
Now, dull as March, now, blithe as May;
A little cloud, a little light,
Nought certain, but th' approach of night;
At morn and evening, dew appears,
And life begins and ends with tears.

Yet, what is Life, I pray thee tell?—
'Tis a varied-sounding bell,
Now a triumph, now a knell;
At first, it rings of hope and pleasure,
Then, sorrow mingles in the measure;
And then a stern and solemn toll,
The requiem of a parted soul.

Yet, tell, I prithee, what is Life?—
'Tis a tale with wonder rife,
Full of danger, full of strife;
A tale, that first enchants the ear,

Then fills our souls with doubt and fear;
At last, with grief bows down our heads,
And sends us, weeping, to our beds.

Yet, what is Life?—That insect vain
Lur'd, from the heav'n it might attain,
To wed the glow-worm on the plain;
Wealth, pleasure, fame, at distance seen,
Shine brilliant as the glow-worm's sheen:
Life weds these seeming glorious forms,
And finds them blind and grov'lling worms.

Yet, what is Life, again declare?—
Oh! 'tis an arch of promise fair,
Built, like the rainbow—in the air;
Many a hue, but none that last,
Many a ray, but each soon past,
Form'd of things that soon must sever,
Swiftly gone,—and gone for ever.

Still, what is Life?—A taper's light,
That feebly glimmers thro' the night,
And soon is quench'd, in darkness, quite;
Each wind that spreads its flame, but hastes it,
Each touch that trims its splendour, wastes it:
And, brightlier as its lustre plays,
Sooner its fragile frame decays.

BALLAD.

FROM THE SPANISH OF GONGORA.

He the thunderbolt of battle,
  Standard-bearer to the state,
Hardy as gallant, and noble
  As courageous, good as great ;—
Theme and envy of the youthful,
  Pride and glory of the grey,
Whom the people to their children
  Point out in the public way ;—
He, belov'd by all the ladies
  For his courtesy and wit,
Fortune's pet, whom, till this moment,
  No base shaft of envy hit ;—
He, who hung the mosques with trophies,
  Won in many a daring fight ;
He, who crowded the dim dungeons,
  Late, with many a Christian knight ;—
Who, twice armed, but more with valour
  Than with breastplate, shield, or helm,
From two celebrated sieges,
  Full of danger, saved the realm ;—
The divine Abenzulema

Must the pangs of exile prove,
Pangs to which the king condemns him,
Or, to speak more truly, love.
The Moor served a Moorish lady,
Whom the king died to possess,
To the last degree engaging,
Lovely to the last excess.
Fresh fair flowers the maid had given him—
Flowers, the sweetest of the spring;
They were herbs of mortal poison
To the proud and jealous king:
Who no sooner had perceived them,
Than he issued his command,
That, for some pretended treason,
He should banished be the land.
Straight departs Abenzulema,
On his dappled barb, that drank
Guadalquiver's wave, and pastured
On its wild and willowed bank.
Rich Morocco-work the trappings
Were, that graced its stately back,
Of fine filagree the housings,
The silk seating gold and black.
O'er his own dark mourning garments,
A white mantle he would throw,
By their colours representing
Both his innocence and woe.
Thousand chains that mantle bordered,
All of steel; in midst, a star,
Bore in Arabic a cipher,
Saying, "these my errors are."

On his cap a turquoise, shifted
  To the left side from the right,
With three ostrich plumes surmounted,
  Charmed the near spectator's sight.
He would not in his fond passion
  Part without those feathers trim;
Thus, albeit he quits his country,
  Its dear breezes quit not him.
Nothing more than one good sabre,
  Which was given him long ago,
By Toledo's king, defends him,
  'Tis enough 'gainst any foe.
Slowly in this solemn fashion,
  With bold bearing, guarded sure,
'Twixt the Alcayde of Marmolejo
  And Arjona, rides the Moor.
Knights attend him; crowds press round him;
  In each street he passes through,
Ladies are at all the windows,
  Sad the parting chief to view;
Then flow tears, kind tears and tender;
  Brightest eyes are overspread;
From the balconies above him,
  Flowers are strewn, rose-water shed.
In her chamber, fair Balaxa,—
  Who will nothing now but mourn,—
Pays him for the king's injustice,
  In robes rent and tresses torn.
But when now she heard the tumult,

To her balcony she rushed,
And—('twas all she could)—said inly,
Whilst the big tear faster gushed:
"Go in peace; alone thou go'st not;
Be of comfort, though we part;
He who drives thee forth from Jaen,
Shall not force thee from my heart!"
With his look the hero answered,
"Though I go, I go not all;
From the anger of the tyrant,
On thy constancy I call!"
Passing thus the street, and turning
Back a thousand times, from far,
His sad eyes to her, he slowly
Took the road to Andujar.

W.

SONG.

Freely translated from the German.

BY H. S. VAN DYK, ESQ.

Say, whither have the violets fled,
  Which, lately, met the traveller's eye,
And, from their solitary bed,
  Perfumed the breeze's sigh?—
Alas! they withered, day by day,
And passed, with fading Spring, away!

And where are all the roses, now,
  With odorous lips and colours rare,
Which twined around the maiden's brow,
  And wantoned in her hair?—
Their feeble stems were snapt by death,
And they are gone with Summer's breath!

Oh! bear me to the little rill
  That kissed the violets, as it crept,
Then murmured on, beside the hill,
  And in the valley slept!—
It's silver waves have, one by one,
Been dried by parching wind and sun!

Then lead me to the quiet shade,
  Where woodbine and clematis wreathed,
And where, to many a listening maid,
  The sigh of love was breathed.—
The raging storm and tempest-shower
Have ruined, now, that lovely bower!

And where is she,—the fairy girl,—
  Who bounded lightly as a fawn,
Whose teeth were whiter than the pearl,
  Whose eyes were like the dawn?—
Ah! soon the bloom of beauty dies:
Within the silent grave she lies!

And where is he, to whom the book,
  Of nature was the noblest dower;
Who sang of violet, rose, and brook,
  Of maiden and her bower?—
Delusive is life's brightest gleam:
The poet faded like a dream!

RETROSPECTION.

I LOVE thee, long-past time;—
  Thy memory is, to me,
Sweet as the early village chime,
  Slow-wafted o'er the lea:—
I love to sit and muse
  On thy fast-fading hours,—
And bless the gentle hope that strews
  My closing path with flowers.

'Tis to unfold a page,
  Enriched by many a year,—
To trace, in lone and dreary age,
  Joys to youth's spring-time dear!
To bid the past restore
  Gifts it once fondly gave,—
Friends, whom this heart shall clasp no more,
  And love, that's in the grave!—

Gay childhood I recal,
  Bright in its beams and showers,—
The bow, the bat, the wicket, all
  That gladdened life's young hours!

And manhood's ripening years,
By dearer thoughts imprest;
When, first, a lover's hopes and fears
Throbbed in my glowing breast!

One angel form I see,
Lovely as tints of even;—
I hear the sigh, that gave to me
The fairest work of Heaven!—
I look through many a year
Of bliss, of wedded love;—
Mary, forgive this starting tear;
Shall we not meet above?—

Thy beauty lingers still,
On many a shining brow;
Sweet as the beam on the purpled hill,
When all is shade below:—
Thy virtue still survives,
In many a stainless breast;—
The mother in her offspring lives,
And, still, the sire is blest!

My limbs are waxing old,
My sight is dim and faint,—
Yet, still, in fancy, I behold
Whatever wish can paint!—
Still are those memories mine,
A lengthened life hath given,—
And, more than all, that hope divine,
That looks and points to Heaven.

LAST RITES.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

By the mighty Minster's bell,
Tolling with a sullen swell;
By the colours half-mast high
O'er the sea, hung mournfully;
Know, a Prince hath died!

By the drum's dull muffled sound,
By the arms that sweep the ground,
By the volleying musket's tone,
Speak ye of a soldier gone
In his manhood's pride,

By the chaunted psalm, that fills,
Reverently, the ancient hills,*
Learn, that, from his harvests done,
Peasants bear a brother on,
To his last repose.

---

* A custom still retained at rural funerals in some parts of England and Wales.

By the pall of snowy white,
Through the yew-trees gleaming bright;
By the garland on the bier,
Weep! a maiden claims thy tear—
Broken is the rose.

Which is tenderest rite of all?—
Buried virgin's coronal?
Requiem o'er the monarch's head,
Farewell gun for warrior dead,
Herdsman's funeral hymn?

Tells not each of human woe?
Each, of hope and strength brought low?
Number each with holy things,
If one chastening thought it brings,
Ere life's day grow dim!

FLOWERS.

BY T. HOOD, ESQ.

I WILL not have the mad Clytie,
Whose head is turn'd by the sun;
The tulip is a courtly quean,
Whom, therefore, I will shun;
The cowslip is a country wench,
The violet is a nun;—
But I will woo the dainty rose,
The queen of every one!

The pea is but a wanton witch,
In too much haste to wed,
And clasps her rings on every hand;
The wolfsbane I should dread;
Nor will I dreary rosemarye,
That always mourns the dead;—
But I will woo the dainty rose,
With her cheeks of tender red!

The lily is all in white, like a Saint,
And so is no mate for me—
And the daisy's cheek is tipp'd with a blush,
She is of such low degree ;
Jasmine is sweet, and has many loves,
And the broom's betrothed to the bee ;—
But I will plight with the dainty rose,
For fairest of all is she !

THE GLOW-WORM.

'Tis only when the sun hath left his throne,
And evening's twilight darkens into night ;
When gentler stars and planets shine alone,
That the small glow-worm sheds his topaz light,
And feeds his lamp in solitude's recess :
E'en so do truth and wisdom loveliest shine,
E'en so doth virtue most benignly bless ;—
And love thus beams from some o'ershadowed shrine.

Drawn by J. D. Harding. Engraved by E. Finden.

ALPINE SCENERY.

Printed by McQueen.

A VIEW OF THE ALPS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ABBASSAH."

Monarch of giant regions—throned sublime,
From the first birth of unrecorded Time!
Whose course, to man destructive, can but shed
A brighter train of glories round thy head,
When in her pearly pride—unveiling day
Sees, on that crest, the kindling splendours play,
Or evening, lingering on thy breast of snow,
Dwells on its roseate hues with deepening glow!
Lord of ten thousand heights, that proudly shroud
Their humblest summits in the heaven-born cloud:
Earth's Titan race, whose boundless barriers high
Through wide expanse but mock the gazing eye,
And, whelming pulse and thought, the soul oppress!
Ocean of rocks:—a mountain wilderness:—
Wild—barren—pathless—drear; untrod, unknown,
—Outstretched through far immensity—alone:
How shall the heart survey—nor pause, to trace
And own the awful genius of the place?
Or deem, with breathless fear, those caves unfurled
The haunts—the wonders of a wilder world!

THE PAINTER OF MUNICH.

A TALE.

"There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye."

Merchant of Venice.

An exile and a fugitive, the wide world was spread out, like a map, before Lorenzo Montesecco. He had incurred the jealousy of the Venetian senate; and, almost miraculously, escaping the fury of a vindictive government, was now a wandering outlaw, with little, save his own talents and industry, to depend upon for support. Unfortunately for the adventurer, the Christian world was at peace; his good sword was, therefore, useless; and, bending his spirit to his fortunes, he determined to make the love of an art, to which he had formerly devoted himself for amusement, subservient to the more urgent necessities which now pressed upon him. Resolved to trust to his pencil for the means of existence, Montesecco's proud heart revolted at the idea of exhibiting himself, in the character of an artist, in Italy, where so many persons must, necessarily, be acquainted with his name and mis-

fortunes. Germany offered a field for his exertions, and a place of concealment, and thither he determined to pursue his course. Although intending to enter upon his new profession at Vienna, the state of the traveller's finances warned him to rest, for awhile, in the capital of Bavaria, and he took up his residence at Munich, in the hope that he should there find employment, and be enabled, by the profits derived from it, to prosecute his original design. The stranger established himself in a suite of cheap apartments, the first floor of a house in a mean and narrow street. Seated by a small fire, which the chilly climate obliged him to kindle, and satisfying the cravings of hunger with a very frugal supper, he felt all the loneliness of his situation.

While surrounded by friends at Venice, Lorenzo had never been reminded of the want of relatives: an orphan, without brother, sister, or any near kindred, the loss of family connexions was supplied by his intimate acquaintance; but, now, he experienced the misery of being cut off from the rest of the world, without a single being to share in his afflictions, or to feel interested in the success of his undertakings. The young artist had little hope of tasting the pleasures of society in Munich, unless the grand picture, which was still to be painted, should bring him into notice: he sickened at the idea of communion with the ignorant and vulgar; and, aware that his poverty would exclude him from polite circles, went to bed full of miserable

anticipations of solitariness, during the period which must elapse before he could exhibit his productions to public view, if, even then, they should meet with attention from the great people whose patronage it was so necessary for him to obtain.

The first thing which Lorenzo did, after dressing himself on the following morning, was to reconnoitre his opposite neighbours: for, when a person is utterly destitute of friends and acquaintance, opposite neighbours become particularly interesting. The appearance, however, of the adjacent houses was not very promising: the one exactly facing his own, was much larger than the rest; but the quantity of flowering plants, which were placed on two green shelves on the front of the windows, rendered him almost hopeless of penetrating the interior: the next was even more squalid and dirty than those around it; and the third seemed entirely shut up and deserted. The painter arranged his apartments, went out to purchase a few of the necessary articles for the commencement of his work, and, on his return home, was surprised to find that there was much more to be seen from his window than he had expected. A pair of ragged canvas blinds had been drawn up, in the mansion which had so much disgusted him, and disclosed an apartment furnished in a tawdry style, but displaying more of wealth and of comfort than he could have imagined, from the dilapidated state of the exterior. An old man, possessing one of those

singular countenances, which, invariably, betray the origin of a tribe scattered over the whole face of the earth, clad in mean habiliments, and casting a suspicious glance around, stood at the door; and a young female, bearing, in a softened image, the striking lineaments of her father, looked out of the window, to give some new direction respecting the household affairs. The Jewess was handsome, and, unlike her parent, indulged in costly attire. Perhaps, to a nice critic, her dress might have appeared gaudy, a little tarnished, and put on in somewhat a slovenly manner; but Lorenzo gazed with the eye of a painter: he was delighted with the rich contrast between the folds of the yellow turban, and the dark masses of black curls below the war hue of the purple vest, and the crimson shawl which fell in graceful drapery over it, and the long pendant gold ear-rings, and the strings of many-coloured beads, which encircled the rather exposed neck of the beautiful brunette, seemed appropriate, and not ill-fancied, ornaments. The young Jewess, perhaps, not wholly unconscious of the admiration which she had excited, loitered at the window, and played off a few coquettish airs, as if anxious to attract further notice. Lorenzo was beginning to detect a fault in the object which had engaged him, but his attention was diverted, by the appearance of a small white hand wandering amid the flower-pots, at the next door: he gazed upon the beautiful apparition, as the taper fingers twitched off, here and there,

a dead leaf,—now displaying the rosy palm, and now resting its snow upon the dark foliage of the myrtle. At length, in placing the flowers so as to admit light into the interior, nearly the whole form of the operator became distinctly visible. She, too, was young, and exquisitely fair; her bright sunny tresses hung, like a cloud of amber, round her delicate countenance; a scrupulously clean and neatly-plaited boddice, of cambric, rose to her throat, where it was fastened with a pale blue ribbon; her vest and petticoat were of blue stuff; and beads of the same confined her full white sleeves: her appearance was as picturesque as that of her neighbour, but infinitely more charming. After having been engaged, some time, with her plants, she cast her eyes, accidentally, across the street, encountered those of the gazer, and, blushing deeply, retired immediately from the window. Lorenzo stood rooted to the spot, long after the fair girl had withdrawn from view. Every thing inside the apartment betokened a rigid system of economy, blended with the most spotless delicacy.

The stranger, strongly interested, yet ashamed of appearing rude, contrived, by a couple of looking-glasses judiciously placed, to discover all that was passing in the opposite chambers, without danger of attracting observation to himself. The fairest of his neighbours plied her needle diligently, until interrupted, in her work, by an elderly man, a striking contrast to the old Jew at the next door: tall and

upright, he moved about with an air of authority; seemed particularly fidgetty, respecting the placing of his long laced and fringed cravat; made his patient attendant kneel down, until every wrinkle of the silk stocking, round his dwindled leg, was smoothed up; and returned his nicely-folded mantle to her with an air of disgust. She brushed it a second time, re-arranged the drapery, and, finally, having had his sword buckled on to his satisfaction, the old beau, for such he seemed, took his hat, and marched into the street, picking his way through the dirty children, and other nuisances which infested the narrow avenue, with an air of supreme contempt. The young female, who had been so diligently employed about his person, had resumed her needle-work, the Jewess had flaunted out, and Lorenzo, having nothing else to do, repaired to his easel. He spent several hours in retouching a head, which had been a favourite study, only interrupted, in his employment, by occasional glances at the mirror, in which he saw the inhabitant of the opposite room, as lonely as himself, prepare her scanty dinner. A small stew of herbs and vegetables, a thin oaten cake, and a glass of water, composed the repast. Lorenzo longed to share it with her; or, rather, to add his own to it; and when his painting had reached its last finish, and hunger absolutely compelled him to seek a meal, he took the opportunity, while inquiring of his hostess whether she could recommend him to any person who would

take charge of his work, and hang it up in some conspicuous place, of putting a few questions respecting his opposite neighbours.

Dame Brigette, when her admiration of her lodger's performance, which, to her, appeared a master-piece of art, permitted her to speak, said, that old Ephraim Manasses and his wife were decentish people enough, for Jews, and would, doubtless, leave Miriam a hoard of money-bags; but that, were it not for the kind heart and sweet looks of Miss Bertha, nobody could, or would, endure the insolence of Baron Von Mildenthal, her father, who was as proud as he was poor: "some petty employment," continued the old lady, waxing wroth as she spoke, "which he has contrived to get at the Electoral palace, just keeps his head above water, and enables him to strut in idleness, while he immures his poor daughter almost from the light of Heaven, shutting her up, and employing her, all day, at work, in order that nobody at Court may guess at her existence, because, forsooth, he is ashamed of the mean place in which he is obliged to live, and can't afford to let the poor thing brave it like the fine ladies of his acquaintance." This account deeply engaged the painter's feelings in favour of the fair recluse; he pitied her, for the hardships which she endured under an austere and selfish parent; and, with all the romance of youth, abandoned himself to the sweetest hopes. The future, arrayed in fancy's magic mirror, presented a prospect full of felicity;

he was at the head of his profession, established in a handsome house, and enabled to offer his hand to the lovely Bertha. In the interim, it was necessary to begin the work which was to lead to such magnificent results: he saw his picture judiciously placed; and, trusting that he should soon have abundance of employment in portrait-painting, commenced the sketch for an historical piece, on which he hoped to lay the foundation of his fame.

Lorenzo was not long at a loss for a subject: his own neighbourhood furnished him with models, and suggested the idea of Esther appearing before Ahasuerus. Miriam, perhaps, as the fair pleader was of Jewish birth, ought, in strict propriety, to have been selected for the Queen; but, following the example of Tintoretto, who has given his heroine golden tresses and a brow of snow, he fixed upon Bertha for the royal suppliant. How earnestly did he wish for her sweet assistance, while manufacturing, from coarser materials, the pompous array of dresses which were to shine in the Eastern court, in which he was wont to attire his landlady and the layman, in order to judge of the effect of light and shade in the grouping.

The only relaxation Lorenzo now indulged in, was his visits to the window: doomed to eternal labour, he saw Bertha turn away from the half tasted dish of *saaur kraaut*, to her never-ending embroidery. Miriam was more happily circumstanced: her doating parents were her slaves; and, in addition

to these anxious relatives, she had a handmaid wholly devoted to her will; her time, therefore, except when gadding abroad to display her finery, was chiefly spent at the window; and Lorenzo had abundant opportunity of sketching her handsome features, which he proposed to transmit to canvas, as an attendant upon the lovely Esther. The painter was not discouraged in his task, by the speaking glances which the Israelitish maiden cast across the streets; and, conscious that his admiration was not displeasing to her, he indulged it to its full extent. Seldom were Bertha's blue orbs lifted up; but compelled, sometimes, to come to the window for air, and to tend her plants, the downcast eyes and timid look suited the artist's views, for the imploring Queen, and he produced a touching likeness of his gentle favourite.

Lorenzo's picture had hung up long enough in Wilikind Mayseder's shop, for the whole population of Munich to have discerned its merits, but without producing the effect which the artist had so fondly anticipated. The expedience of placing a more attractive subject by its side, was soon apparent: he had finished a beautiful head of a nymph, which owed its chief loveliness to the charms of Bertha, and this was speedily exhibited as a pendant to the former; the consequences were as disagreeable as they were unforeseen. But to Lorenzo's surprise, he received a visit from Ephraim Manasses, who, bowing and cringing after the manner of his tribe,

and professing his utter inability to pay like my lords, the nobles and princes of Bavaria, drove a hard bargain for a portrait of his darling Miriam, and invited the painter to commence his labours immediately. Montesecco had no objection to undertake the task, indeed, although the sum which the haggling Jew had at last consented to give, was scarcely sufficient to cover the expense of the oil and the canvas; yet he hailed it as a commencement of patronage, however humble, and was not aware of all the mischief which was likely to ensue, from the exhibition of Bertha's beauty, until, paying his diurnal visit to his friend Mayseder's house, he saw a splendidly-dressed Cavalier standing, enraptured, opposite the picture, and heard him offer the shopkeeper a large bribe, to obtain from the artist the name of the original of so lovely a portrait. The confident look and supercilious air of this haughty noble raised Lorenzo's ire; but, restraining his temper, and reflecting that every gazer possessed a right to ask questions concerning a picture purposely exposed to public view, he made a sign of silence to Wilikind, whose mouth was already open to announce him as a limner wholly at his lordship's service, and retired to the back of the shop. As soon as the unwelcome visitant had departed, Montesecco charged Mayseder to assure him, that the head with which he had been so much delighted was a fancy-sketch made at Rome: he then inquired out the character of this connoisseur

of female beauty, and learned such a history of the profligacy of the celebrated Count Reichendorf, that, utterly dismayed by the incaution which had placed so charming an object as Bertha before the eye of the wildest libertine in Munich, he took down the picture, and, covering it carefully with his handkerchief, conveyed it, in haste, to his own lodgings.

The hospitable reception which Lorenzo received from the Jew's family, speedily effaced the remembrance of the late unpleasant incident; but, with all the delicacy of a lover, he immediately abandoned the subject which had so lately occupied all his time and attention, and, notwithstanding the progress already made in Esther and Ahasuerus, it was cast aside, and the trial of Susanna, and the Elders, before Daniel, substituted in its stead. The female form, lest he might injure Miriam by drawing the public attention towards her, he determined should be purely imaginary; but Ephraim Manasses, and a visitor, whose countenance was the most revolting and sinister that Lorenzo had ever beheld, he selected for the two accusers; and the economy now so imperative, rather than any sentiment of personal vanity, induced him to sketch his own handsome figure for the youthful prophet. Manasses gladly offered himself as a sitter, at the price of his daughter's portrait; but Mordecai, the friend, was more difficult to deal with: he pleaded poverty, the value of his time, and his abject necessities, until

he had grasped the last haller which the painter could possibly give.

Though still auguring the full success of his picture, Lorenzo's enthusiasm, and his spirit also, considerably abated: his finances were reduced to a very low ebb; and he feared that even the small solace derived from his visits to the Jews, must be speedily relinquished: the looks and actions of Miriam, though her tongue was silent, told him, that he had made a serious impression upon her heart; and he was too honourable to wish to engage affections, which he felt, that, from the wide difference of birth and of religion, he could never return. His contemplations opposite to Bertha's window, also, began to be very melancholy: though concealing herself in the most distant corner of her apartment, and barricading the lattice with flowers, Lorenzo's inventive genius had devised the means of obtaining a complete view over the whole room, and he saw that his fair neighbour was often in tears; once, and only once, for a long time, their eyes had met, and he thought that she looked reproachfully at him. The idea, that she might be jealous of his visits to Miriam, was very delightful; yet he strove, by a thousand mute but eloquent declarations, to convince her, that he was devoted to her alone. It was, perchance, only a fond conjecture, yet it appeared to him, that the drooping Bertha seemed to revive under the influence of his tender attentions. She seldom went out, except sometimes upon a

Sunday to church, or of an evening, when her father invariably accompanied her. Lorenzo, compelled to content himself with following her footsteps, and kneeling at the same shrine, while making her orisons, in the church of Notre Dame, was too much afraid of exciting the jealousy of the Baron, to venture more than the civilities which one passing stranger might offer to another.

Time, meanwhile, lagged on. Count Reichendorf ceased his visits at Mayseder's shop, to the discomfiture of the trader, who had sold him a piece of damaged silk, a crown an ell above the price demanded, by his fellow-mercers, for their best goods, and a variety of other equally profitable bargains; and Lorenzo began to hope that he had entirely forgotten lineaments which had never since been presented to his gaze. What, then, was the painter's astonishment and dismay, when charmed, one warm morning, with the full view of Bertha, who had opened the window to its utmost extent, and removed all the flowers, an operation sometimes necessary to ventilate the confined apartment, he saw the Count standing in the street below, and surveying, with undisguised pleasure, the fair vision before him: it was soon withdrawn; Bertha caught the bold glance of her new admirer, and retired in haste. Reichendorf lingered, for a long time, in the street, and Lorenzo, cursing his own imprudence, which had exposed the loveliest maiden in Munich to the licentious pursuit of an avowed profligate,

could scarce repel the strong desire, which he felt, to drive him by force from the sacred precincts of the chaste Bertha's abode. He watched the intruder's departure; but, a prey to numberless cruel apprehensions, the calm delight with which he had contemplated the sequestered beauty, known to himself alone, had vanished; henceforth, he must contend with a rival, far superior in rank and fortune, and one who had never yet been known to fail. Confident in the virtue of his beloved, Lorenzo only feared that the difficulty of obtaining access to her would induce Reichendorf, so happy in the power of raising her to the station which her beauty and excellence justly merited, to make honourable proposals to her father, and then what hope could remain for him, an obscure and indigent artist, who had already wasted his little substance, with small prospect of obtaining even the common necessaries of life, for which he had struggled so hardly? Tormented by these thoughts, Lorenzo knew it would be useless to seek his couch at the early hour at which he usually retired, in order to devote every moment of daylight to his pencil; at length, in the hope of obtaining short oblivion from care, he prepared to retire, but was stayed by the tinkling of a guitar, an unwonted sound at such a time, in the quiet street. The night was exceedingly dark; but, opening his window, he could perceive, through the deep gloom, the figure of a man wrapped in a cloak, and, after a

soft prelude, a rich manly voice accompanied the instrument, in a song which breathed of love alone: several casements were unclosed, and several listeners apparent from the adjoining houses; but Lorenzo's utmost watchfulness could not detect the slightest movement in Bertha's apartment. The serenader paused, and then commenced his strain anew: nor was it until the first grey dawn of morning had spread its faint light over the horizon, that the strings of his guitar were completely hushed. Montesecco had no difficulty in recognizing Reichendorf in the minstrel; and, though this perseverance was only a fulfilment of his previous expectations, he felt all the pain of a disagreeable surprise.

Throwing himself, for a few hours, on the bed, Lorenzo, after he had risen from a feverish slumber, felt little desire to pursue his daily toil: the appearance of Mordecai, however, warned him to commence his labour, for the Jew would have, at least, demanded half the price of a sitting, if he had been dismissed with a request to give an hour to the artist another day; and, anxious to avoid the storm of words, and the extortionate proposals which an alteration of arrangements never failed to produce, he began, as usual, to work at the picture. Disinclined for conversation, and absorbed in his own meditations, it was some time before Lorenzo observed the crest-fallen and agitated countenance of his visitor: the dejected aspect, which he had so fre-

quently assumed, now bore the stamp of truth; no flash from the quick eye, no sign of suppressed mirth, betrayed the triumph of deceit: but plunged, himself, in melancholy musings, Lorenzo forbore to inquire the reason of this striking alteration, and worked on in silence. At length, the Jew began to mutter, in an under tone:—"Holy father Abraham! if there were any one in this dreary wilderness that I could trust,—but no, no,—who is there that would not rejoice at spoiling the dog Jew? who would not bereave him of his goods, his chattels, his gold, aye even to the last florin? My own tribe? ha! ha! they, too, bow the knee to Mammon; they, too, would make their profits of my misfortune:—and for these Christian dogs!"—"Unbeliever," exclaimed Lorenzo, "how darest thou revile the followers of the true faith, in my presence?"—"Master!" cried the Jew, throwing himself, in utter agony and abasement, at his astonished auditor's feet;—"good young man, I have observed that thou art just in all thy dealings; thou hast not cheated the poor outcast of Israel, of his hard earnings; the strong hand is against me; the Philistine thirsts after my coffers; the monies I have saved—it is but a small matter—I have not pressed tne wine-cup to my lips, or fed on delicates, yet I have little for the robber's clutch—bulky it is, and that will deceive them—perchance, then,—but it is household stuff, poor, and of little value."—"What is that to me?" said Lorenzo; "I neither know, or desire to know, aught about your private concerns."—"I know

thou dost not," returned the Jew. "Thou hast not pryed into my secrets, and, for that, I trust thee—but by what oath? Will not thy shaven priests absolve thee from thy promise to the Jew?" The painter betrayed his impatience by an angry gesture, and Mordecai continued, with great velocity of speech: "There is not much—much that I can call my own; I hold it in trust for the brethren of my tribe; and he, who would lay the finger of violence upon it, would have the cry of the widow, the curse of the orphan, the fearful vengeance of Heaven, alight, in bitter plagues, upon his house for ever. We are despised and sorely treated; but the years of our suffering shall be at an end; then the daughters of Jerusalem shall rejoice, and the exact Christian eat dust beneath their feet."—"Art thou mad, or intoxicated with wine, old man?" said Lorenzo, contemptuously, and Mordecai, making strong effort to collect his wandering thoughts, told his tale with some degree of precision. The painter gathered, that persecution hovered over the Jews; that he himself was marked out for destruction, and though he might be saved by a timely flight, there was no chance of conveying away his property, and of this he besought Lorenzo to take charge. Refusal only rendered the Jew more importunate, though advised to bury his treasures in the ground in some place only known to himself. Mordecai, wretched at the idea of leaving his riches to the chance of an accidental discovery, would not listen to the suggestion, and, at length,

prevailed upon his humane companion to be the depository of his gold. Lorenzo's apartments offered many facilities for the concealment of the Jew's coffers, and of free egress without the knowledge of the neighbours. That very evening, the confederates commenced their operations: bags and chests were carefully removed and placed in security, during several successive nights: Mordecai, one moment, imploring the painter, in the most abject terms, to accept the unwelcome office which he pressed upon him; in the next, exacting repeated assurances, that he would account for the vast sums entrusted to his hands, to the last *groschen.*

During the period thus employed, Lorenzo observed, that the house of Ephraim Manasses was closely shut up. Poor Miriam was no longer to be seen, decked in her rich attire, with one hand caressing a favourite bird, and the other parting the locks that clustered beneath her turban, on the warm and crimson cheek: the music of the serenader had ceased; yet, once or twice, in his midnight excursions with the Jew, Montesecco thought he caught a glimpse of her commanding figure, stealing through the gloom. He spent hours in watching for Reichendorf's return, resolved, upon the slightest pretext, to punish his intrusion; but no opportunity offered, and he was compelled to remain quiescent. A few days after the final removal of the miser's wealth, and when Lorenzo supposed him to be far beyond the frontiers of Bavaria, happening to pass through

the principal streets, he saw an immense multitude of people, pressing forward with tumultuous cries: the whole city was in a state of confusion and uproar, on account of a report, that the Jews had sacrificed a Christian infant, in some of their religious ceremonies. This accusation, like many others raised against the persecuted Israelites, was unjust, but it was dangerous for any of the tribe to appear in the streets. The roar of the maddened populace increased; the rabble had hunted Mordecai from some den which he had chosen for his asylum, and Lorenzo beheld him flying, with ineffectual speed, from the blood-hounds who pursued. He was surrounded; a wild yell pronounced his doom; and his mangled body, dragged along by his inhuman murderers, attested their atrocious triumph. Montesecco rushed, horror-stricken, to his home: it was many hours before the image of the Jew faded from his eyes; but when the first burst of indignation, at the barbarous spectacle he had witnessed, had subsided, the recollection of the hidden wealth flashed upon his mind. Mordecai's repeated declarations assured him that he did not possess a single relation, or even friend, who, in case of his death, could claim, either from the ties of kindred, or the bond of affection, the gold he should leave behind; and even admitting that he had been entrusted with the property of others, to whom must restitution be made. Lorenzo felt that he had suddenly become a rich man: too much occupied to observe the lapse of time, night

had closed in upon his meditations; his first impulse, when convinced that he might justly consider himself the heir of the murdered Jew, led him to the window, whence he could contemplate the residence of his beloved Bertha, with whom, in imagination, he had already shared his good fortune. A fearful shock awaited the lover, for, on the pavement below, stood a tall form, holding tender parley with the Baron's daughter, who, covered with the black veil which she always wore in her excursions abroad, leaned from the open lattice, and whispered to the stranger: in the next moment, the flower-pots were removed, and Reichendorf, for it was he, climbing the projecting posts of the door-way, sprang lightly into the chamber, and the window was immediately closed.

Half suffocated with rage and despair, Lorenzo only drew his stifled breath, to pour curses on the head of the false fair girl, who had deceived him with a shew of innocence; too easily won, to deserve a brave man's sword, he flung down the weapon, which, on the first flow of indignation against the libertine seducer, he had drawn to avenge her dishonour, and, seating himself on the ground, gave loose to all the agony of a disappointed and wounded heart. Ashamed, at length, of permitting his spirit to be overcome by a worthless woman, he retired to his couch, and there, reckless of time, tossed to and fro, until mid-day; when, through mere weariness, he arose, and, resolving to seek out a lodging in some

distant quarter of a city, in which he proposed to remain no longer than the affairs connected with Mordecai's now little-valued wealth obliged him to stay, he left the house. Crossing the street, Lorenzo's path led him to the door of his neighbour, the Jew: it was a-jar; and he felt his cloak gently pulled by some one within: he obeyed the summons, and was ushered, with much care and caution, into a back apartment, where Ephraim and his wife were sitting, in great dejection, on the ground. "Save us, save our daughter Miriam, the corner-stone of our house, the vine branch that gladdened our hearts," they both cried, as Lorenzo entered: "they will seize on our substance, and we shall be cast out—we and our little ones,—in a land more desolate to our devoted race, than the sandy soil of Arabia, unless thou wilt befriend us:" and then, relinquishing even their religion in their distress, they offered Miriam to him for a wife; assuring him, that she would gladly turn Christian, for one whom she had long loved in secret.

The painter, almost utterly regardless of his future doom, touched to the heart by the haggard looks and imploring voices of the miserable parents, and proudly conscious that, in the possession of Mordecai's treasures, he could not be influenced by the dowry of the dark-browed bride, was tempted to perform an act of mercy to the suppliants who knelt before him; he cast a glance around, in search of Miriam. "She is not here," said Ephraim; "we

have conveyed her to a place of greater safety." "But," cried the mother, observing that their guest's countenance betrayed much emotion, when the sufferings that awaited her darling were mentioned, "she can soon be here, we have given her to the kind guardianship of the Christian maiden at the next door."—"Ha!" exclaimed Lorenzo, in an ecstacy of delight, "then look to your daughter, old man!" But before he could explain the reason for this caution, a gilded lacquey of Count Reichendorf entered, to invite them, in the name of Miriam, to the palace of his master, where the beautiful Jewess reigned as a queen. A few minutes only elapsed, before Lorenzo was at the feet of Bertha, from whom he gained permission to apply to the Baron Von Mildenthal. His inquiries concerning Mordecai were satisfactorily answered: he bore too bad a reputation with the people of his tribe to be considered trustworthy for a single stiver, and Montesecco, having hallowed his wealth by devoting a part to the church and to charitable purposes, led his fair bride to the altar, and conducted her to a splendid domain, purchased in the bright land from which he had fled in sorrow and in indigence.

FIRST LOVE.

Not the first wak'ning of the sense,
  Born of the eyes, a transient fire,—
But that absorbing, deep, intense
  Devotion of the heart entire;
Which, cent'ring all a Paradise's
Purity in ONE, entices
The soul all baser thoughts above,
This—this may be pronounced *First love.*

Such love is virtue,—it exalts
  A human object to the skies,
And bids us cast aside our faults,
  If to her level we would rise.—
Courtship is the spirit's union,
Psyche's heavenly communion;
Alas! that love should ever fly
From those who know his mystery!

The head, unblighted by the past,
  May to new hopes, new transports bring,
But the first love must be the last,
  The heart enjoys no second spring.—
When Cupid strives his touch to waken
In bosoms he has once forsaken,
It yields but smoke, the cold and tame
Memorial of its former flame.

SONG.

BY MISS M. G. LEWIS.

SWIFTLY I sail from my own fair land,
Across the bright blue sea,
Whilst, on the beach, waves the lessening hand,
Which speaks farewell to me:
The sparkling billows around me play,
And bear me on their foam;
But a voice, from afar, cries "Wanderer! stay,
Near the hearth of thy ancient home!"

My bark is bound to a distant clime,
Myself to a foreign shore;
And, oft, will fall the foot of Time,
Ere mine press England more!
Brightly—brightly we sail o'er the sea;
Swiftly the light gales blow;
Dimly the white cliffs glide from me;—
Farewell! to friend and foe!

LETRILLA:

FROM THE SPANISH OF GONGORA.

Take the bow back, tempter!—I
Am a girl, and dare not try.

1.

They say that Love with arms like these
Has conquered mightiest Deities;
They say that, from thy shafts and bow,
Heaven and earth are full of woe;
Knowing this, it is not much
If I think thy words, too, such
As will end in anguish;—I
Am a girl, and dare not try!

2.

Thousands of that foul murder tell
Which O, poor Thisbe knew too well!
Thousands cry shame upon thy spleen
To the fair Carthaginian queen!
Seeing, then, thy fame is such,
I have fears the bow to touch;
Sayst thou it will please me?—I
Am a girl, and dare not try!

3.

'Tis not in my fancy, Love,
Thy afflicting cares to prove;
Thy deceits, thy jealousies,
Silent tears, or secret sighs;
No! if I can help it, never
Shalt thou catch me, young deceiver!
Twanging thy strange bow-string,—I
Am a girl, and dare not try!

W.

WRITTEN IN A POCKET BOOK.

If, haply, this unheeded page
In after years should meet thine eye,
The heart that speaks may yet engage
A thought, and claim one passing sigh:
Wilt thou to Hope the boon deny?—
Though cherished now, awhile, in vain,
Or coldly thrown neglected by,
Th' unchanging tablet shall retain
This trace—of truth that cannot die.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

Fly on, fly on, through fields of air!
Fly on, thou bright and beauteous thing!
Thou'lt find no youthful truant there,
To sully, or to stay thy wing.

Yes, fly to some far solitude,
Nor taste the flowers that tempt thine eye,
Lest there should walk some spoiler, rude,
To ruin, and then let thee die.

Thus does it chance, alas! on earth,
When Beauty, child of tears and smiles,
E'en from the moment of her birth,
Is marked for man's unhallowed wiles.

Her, whom Omnipotence has given,
Our brightest treasure here to prove,
And thus would fit our souls for heaven,
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

Her, does he, oft' time, rob of joy,
And leave her, o'er its loss to sigh,
As reckless as the truant boy,
That hunts thee, beauteous butterfly.

"WHICH THINGS ARE A SHADOW."

BY BERNARD BARTON, ESQ.

I SAW a stream, whose waves were bright
With morning's dazzling sheen;
But gathering clouds, ere fall of night,
Had darken'd o'er the scene:—
"How like that tide,"
My Spirit sighed,
"This life to me hath been."

The clouds dispers'd:—the glorious West
Was bright with closing day;
And on the river's peaceful breast
Shone forth the sunset' ray:—
My Spirit caught
The soothing thought—
Thus life might pass away.

I saw a tree—with ripening fruit
And shady foliage crown'd;
But ah! an axe was at its root,
And fell'd it to the ground:—
Well might that tree
Recal to me
The doom my hopes had found.

The fire consum'd it :—but I saw
Its smoke ascend on high !
A shadowy type, beheld with awe,
Of that which cannot die,
But, from the grave,
Shall rise to crave
A home above the sky.

BIRDS DRINKING.

The little warblers of the field and wood,
That, flutt'ring, drink from fountain or from stream,
Look upwards as to heaven : to us, they seem
Uttering a hymn of silent gratitude ;—
The thought, perchance, may a delusion be,
Yet sweet and solitary 'tis to me.

THE OWL.

BY THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.

An indiscreet friend, says the proverb, is more dangerous than the naked sword of an enemy; and, truly, there is nothing more fatal than the act of a misjudging ally, which, like a mistake in medicine, is apt to kill the unhappy patient it was intended to cure.

This lesson was taught, in a remarkable manner, to the innocent Zerlina, a peasant; to conceive which, you must suppose her to have gone, by permission, into the garden of the Countess of Marizzo, near the Arno, one beautiful morning of June. It was a spacious pleasure ground, excellently disposed, and adorned with the choicest specimens of shrubs and trees, being bounded, on all sides, by hedge-rows of laurels and myrtles, and such sombre evergreens, and in the midst was a pretty verdant lawn, with a sun-dial. The numberless plants that belong to that bountiful season were then in full flower, and the delicate fragrance of the orange blossoms perfumed the universal air. The thrushes were singing, merrily, in the copses; and the bees, that cannot stir

without music, made a joyous humming with their wings. All things were vigorous and cheerful, except one,—a poor owl, that had been hurt by a bolt from a cross-bow, and so had been unable, by daylight, to regain its accustomed hermitage, but sheltered itself under a row of laurel trees and hollies, that afforded a delicious shadow in the noon-tide sun. There, shunning and shunned by all, as it is the lot of the unfortunate, he languished over his wound, till a flight of pert sparrows espying him, he was soon forced to endure a thousand twittings, as well as buffets, from that insolent race. The noise of these chatterers attracting the attention of Zerlina, she crossed over to the spot, and, lo! there crouched the poor bewildered owl, blinking with his large bedazzled eyes, and nodding as if with giddiness from his buffetings, and the blaze of unusual light. The tender girl, being very gentle and compassionate by nature, was no way repelled by its ugliness, but, thinking only of its sufferings, took up the feathered wretch in her arms, and endeavoured to revive it, by placing it on her bosom. There, nursing it with an abundance of pity and concern, she carried it to the grass plat, and, being ignorant of its habits, laid out the poor, drooping bird, as her own lively spirits prompted her, in the glowing sunshine; for she felt in her own heart, at that moment, the kind and cheerful influence of the genial sun. Then, withdrawing a little way, and leaning against the dial, she awaited the grateful change, which she

hoped to behold in the creature's looks; whereas, the tormented owl, being grievously dazzled, and annoyed more than ever, hopped off again, with many piteous efforts, to the shady evergreens. Notwithstanding, believing that this shyness was only because of its natural wildness, or fear, she brought it back again to the lawn, and then, running into the house for some crumbs, to feed it withal, the poor old owl, in the meantime, crawled partly back, as before, to its friendly shelter of holly.

The simple girl found it, therefore, with much wonder, again retiring towards those gloomy bushes. Why, what a wilful creature is this, she thought, that is so loth to be comforted. No sooner have I placed it in the warm, cheerful sunshine, which enlivens all its fellow birds to chirp and sing, than it goes back, and mopes under the most dismal corners. I have known many human persons to have those peevish fits, and to reject kindness as perversely;—but who would look for such unnatural humours in a simple bird? Wherewith, taking the monkish fowl from its dull leafy cloisters, she disposed him once more on the sunny lawn, where it made still fresh attempts to get away from the over-painful radiance, but was now become too feeble, and ill, to remove. Zerlina, therefore, began to believe that it was reconciled to its situation; but she had hardly cherished this fancy, when a dismal film came suddenly over its large round eyes, and then, falling over upon its back, after one or two slow

gasps of its beak, and a few twitches of its aged claws, the poor martyr of kindness expired before her sight. It cost her a few tears to witness the tragical issue of her endeavours; but she was still more grieved, afterwards, when she was told of the cruelty of her unskilful treatment; and the poor owl, with its melancholy death, were the frequent subject of her meditations.

In the year after this occurrence, it happened that the Countess of Marezzo was in want of a young female attendant, and, being much struck with the modesty and lively temper of Zerlina, she requested her parents to let her live with her. The poor people, having a numerous family to provide for, agreed, very cheerfully, to the proposal, and Zerlina was carried by her benefactress to Rome. Her good conduct confirming the prepossessions of the Countess, the latter showed her many marks of her favour and regard, not only furnishing her handsomely with apparel, but taking her as a companion, on her visits, to the most rich and noble families, so that Zerlina was thus introduced to much gaiety and splendour. Her heart, notwithstanding, ached often times under her silken dresses, for, in spite of the favour of the Countess, she met with many slights from the proud and wealthy, on account of her humble origin, as well as much envy and malice from persons of her own condition. She fell, therefore, into a deep melancholy, and, being interrogated by the Countess, she declared, that she pined for her

former humble, but happy, estate ; and begged, with all humility, that she might return to her native village. The Countess being much surprised, as well as grieved, at this confession, inquired if she had ever given her cause to repent of her protection ; to which, Zerlina replied with many grateful tears, but still avowing the ardour of her wishes. "Let me return," said she, "to my homely life,—this oppressive splendour dazzles and bewilders me. I feel, by a thousand humiliating misgivings and disgraces, that it is foreign to my nature ;—my defects of birth and manners making me shrink continually within myself, whilst those, who were born for its blaze, perceive, readily, that I belong to an obscure race, and taunt me with jests and indignities for intruding on their sphere. Those also, who should be my equals, are quite as bitter against me, for overstepping their station, so that my life is, thus, a round of perpetual mortifications and uneasiness. Pray, therefore, absolve me of ingratitude, if I long to return to my native and proper shades, with their appointed habits. I am dying, like the poor owl, for lack of my natural obscurity." The curiosity of the Countess being awakened, by the last expression, Zerlina related to her the story of that unfortunate bird, and applied it, with a very touching commentary, to her own condition; so that the Countess was affected even to the shedding of tears. She immediately comprehended the moral, and carrying back Zerlina to her native village, she bestowed her future favour so

judiciously, that, instead of being a misfortune, it secured the complete happiness of the pretty peasant.

ANACREONTIC.

BY THOMAS GENT, ESQ.

THE wisest men are fools in wine,
  Experience makes us think :
Its magic spells are so divine,
  We reason—yet, we drink !

Say, does not love, and loving wine,
  Inspire the weary soul ?
The dullest fellows seem to shine,
  Reflected in the bowl !

Oh ! as the charmed glass we sip,
  We conquer care and pain :
It woos, like woman's dewy lip,
  To kiss—and come again !

FADING FLOWERS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"These flowers are like the pleasures of the world."

SHAKSPEARE.

OH! pale and drooping flowers!
Ye that so brightly meet the morning's eye!
Is there no sorrow in your native bowers,
That thus ye die?

Are there not folded wings
On the green boughs?—a silence and a gloom
Amidst the leaves, and all the breathing things,
That loved your bloom?

No! the rejoicing bee
There woos the violets, as at early dawn;
And o'er th'elastic sod, in tameless glee,
Still bounds the fawn.

And the rich bank ye crown'd,
By the wood's fount, yet hears a thousand songs
Float through the branches, trembling far around
With happy throngs.

Wherefore, to us alone,
Of all that walk the warm and laughing earth,
Bring ye sad thoughts of Hope and Beauty gone,
And vanished Mirth?

Why must your fading bells,
With the faint sweetness of their parting breath,
Remind us but of sorrowful farewells,
Decay and Death?

Surely, it is to teach
Our hearts, by converse with their changeful lot,
That, 'midst the glories which the blight can reach,
Our Home is not!

INSCRIPTION

For a Monument at Arroyo, in Molina.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ., POET LAUREATE.

He who may chronicle Spain's arduous strife
Against the Intruder, hath to speak of fields
Profuselier fed with blood, and victories
Borne widelier on the wings of glad report:
Yet shall this town, which from the mill-stream takes
Its humble name, be storied as the spot
Where the proud Frenchman, insolent too long
Of power and of success, first saw the strength
Of England in prompt enterprise essayed,
And felt his fortune ebb, from that day forth
Swept back upon the refluent tide of war.
Girard lay here, who late from Caceres,
Far as his active cavalry could scour,
Had pillaged and opprest the country round.
The Spaniard and the Portugal he scorn'd:
And deem'd the British soldier all too slow
To seize occasion, unalert in arms,
And, therefore, brave in vain. In such belief
Secure, at night he laid him down to sleep,

Nor dreamt that these disparaged enemies,
With drum and trumpet, should, in martial charge,
Sound his reveille. All day their march severe
They held thro' wind and drenching rain ; all night
The autumnal tempest, unabating, raged,
While, in their comfortless and open camp,
They cheer'd themselves with patient hope: the Storm
Was their ally, and moving in the mist,
When morning opened, on the astonish'd foe
They burst. Soon routed horse and foot, the French
On all sides scattering fled, on every side
Beset, and every where pursued, with loss
Of half their numbers captured, their whole stores,
And half their gathered plunder. 'Twas a day
Of surest omen, such as fill'd with joy
True English hearts. No happier peals have e'er
Been roll'd abroad from town and village tower,
Than gladdened, then, with their exultant sound,
Salopian vales ; and flowing cups were brimm'd
All round the Wrekin, to the name of Hill.

THE ZAMBRA; OR MOORISH DANCE.

BY THE RIGHT HONORABLE LORD PORCHESTER.

[These lines were inserted in the fifth Canto of "The Moor." They were, however, omitted, as they formed a distinct Episode in a poem which had, already, exceeded the limits which the Author had, originally, prescribed to himself. They are intended as descriptive of the most distinguished persons who attended a festival at the Alhambra, towards the end of the fifteenth century. Excepting the last few stanzas, which refer to Zaira and Hassan, the allusions to the fortunes of each individual are founded on Moorish Legends, and the various dresses worn by the various tribes, on that memorable evening, have been generally adhered to, with fidelity, by the Author of these lines. The Zambra was a national dance, to which the Moors were enthusiastically attached.]

Scene.—*The Alhambra, Palace of the Moorish Kings at Granada, brilliantly illuminated.*

Fast the merry dance they trace,
Martial youth and virgin grace!

See Daraya led along,
Fairest of the maiden throng!
Blue her robe—her turban blue,
For she was of that lineage high,
Pining in captivity,
On pennon, or on shield,
In banquet or the field,
Whose royal race the purple hue
And pride of arms reveal'd.
Oh! her neck was white as snow;
Free her tresses fell below;
Bright her scarf of silver glow'd,
And her dark almagsar flow'd
Gracefully and low;
She, the loveliest form, and he
The flower of the Moorish chivalry—

The gorgeous mantle o'er him thrown
Glitters with love's emerald stone;
The badge of hope is on his crest,
And on his rich embroider'd vest;
Green his figur'd pennons shine,*
And the plumes of waving green
On his nodding turban seen,
Tell him of the Caliph's line.†

---

* Green was, among the Spanish Moors, the colour of empassioned hope.

† The green plume was affected by the descendants of the Prophet.

Led by royal Musa's hand,
Honour'd of the maiden band,
Hear a thousand sighs,
All around her, rise,
And a thousand lays
Reverberate her praise,—
She, the loveliest form, and he
The flower of Moorish chivalry—
Each courtier held that joyous day,
No bosom throbb'd so proud or gay;
And little deem'd of all that festive band,—
Her's was the heaviest heart and her's the coldest
hand—
She strove to check the struggling sigh;
She stoop'd to hide the bursting tear,
That fain would startle to her eye,
As scenes arose, long lost and dear;
As memory woke that early day,
With lighter heart and echoing song,
When with a chief of Geman's sway
She led the dance along.
He was the first she lov'd in youth;
And long that lady swore
That she would keep, unstained, her truth,
And never love another more;
But times are chang'd and monarch's pride
Has thrust those silken bonds aside.—
Of lighter mood, a form is near,*

* Fatima, of the Zegri blood.

Such as youth can rarely show,
Such as age delights to know,
Whose pulse ne'er throbb'd with jealous fear
Or spirit heav'd with woe;
Whose eye with radiant hope is bright,
Whose bosom as her step is light;
Who deems to-morrow's dawning skies
As cloudless as to-day's shall rise;
The snowy fillet, spangled veil,
The white rose on her brow,
The innocent and early tale
Of stainless truth avow;
For her to-day the ring was run,
And thrice the glittering honour won,
His lady-love to greet.—
Hamar's unconquerable knight,
Rich with the spoils of conq'ring fight,
Has laid him at her feet,
As proud his silken chains to show.
He gave these words on scarf to view,
"Does chivalrous Granada know
A chief more bold in war, in love more true?"
His wistful eye was bent alone
On Zegni's lovely maid,
His fault'ring step and alter'd tone
The vanquish'd heart betray'd;
Though thousand lustres tremble round,
And all the gilded roofs resound,
He scarcely hears the festive call,—
He scarcely sees the glitt'ring hall

Of that enchanted night;
His faithful bosom only knows
The spangled veil, the snowy rose,
That tells of youthful flight.
Her glories crowd upon my gaze,
As circling rolls the fairy maze.
Lord Garul, of the crimson band,
Leads forth the noblest of the land;
A daughter of that kingly race,
Whose pride and beauty, long,
Whose stately mien and winning grace,
Shall sound in Moorish song.*
And when the tyrant's ruthless sway
Has swept Granada's joys away,
And quell'd her vaunted pride of arms,
The tale of Lindaraxa's charms†
No after age shall e'er forget;
Her country's foes shall linger yet
Around the sacred spot of earth
That gave the flower of Gemen birth.—

But see where Reduan, haughty chief,‡
No more with sullen brow is seen;

---

* The race of the Abencerrages.

† The memory of her charms has survived the ruin of her country—her bower still retains its name, and is shewn, by the modern Spaniards, with marks of the strongest interest.

‡ Reduan, who fell, afterwards, at the siege of Juan.

He has doff'd the badge of sable grief
For the scarf of hopeful green.
Is this the fairy heart, that, late,
When Lindaraxa's hand
Was clasp'd by chief of Garul band,
These lofty halls could scarce contain;—
Ay, scarce the Sultan's word restrain
His desperate hate—
But now, without a trace of care,
He courts Alhambra's flutt'ring fair,
Most restless mid the sons of night,
Who only seek the gaudiest light,
And love the loudest strain;
And much she marvell'd,—heart so strong,
That loved so fervently and long,
Should, sorrow chas'd at once away,
Amid the revel mix so gay,—
And seem so blithe again.
She little knew, as, from the gloomiest sky,
The brightest flame will part,
Even so, when manhood's pride is high,
Keen are the lightnings of his eye,
And loudest mirth will wake,—
And wildest flashes break
From the most desolate heart.

Beyond, what beaming form is there,—
In gold and jewels bright?
A form more graceful, statelier air,
Ne'er grac'd a festive night.

Her gay attire,
Her heaving breast,—her large black eye,
Now taught to kindle, warm and high
With passion's fire ;
And now subside to tenderness,
The beauteous Selima confess.
The chief most fam'd for courtly sway,
May boast her sunny smile to day ;
Oh, can she bear the glitt'ring prize
From warrior's plighted fair ;
What cares she for her tearful eyes,
Oh! for her heart's despair.
By preference to some rival lord,—
By every wile to woman known ;
By careless mien, and slighting word,
And by that rival's passion shone ;
By love, by pride, by every art,
That fires the soul, and melts the heart,—
She lures her victim on,
Till sense and heart are gone ;
Then, many a look of lingering virtue cast,
She long withholds love's brightest boon at last.
For well that wily lady knows, man's lightsome breast
Will, careless, view the form it late possess'd.

There Galiana stands ; but now—
A cloud is on her beauteous brow !
High-blooded Saracen is gone ;
Her chief, than whom, a bolder knight

Ne'er belted sabre on.
Vanquish'd in tourney's mimic fight,
To-day, before her streaming eyes,
Love's auburn tress—her honour's prize,
To Zagri fair was given away;
To shame and wild despair a prey,
One glance of quenchless rage he cast,—
Like lightning, from the tourney past,
And curs'd the craven deed;
And hurl'd his faithless lance away,—
Abjur'd his country and his creed.
Lo! one I see, mid that gay train,
Who never more shall hear
Her warrior, from the conquering plain
Returning, greet her ear;
He fell not in that day of pride,
When redly runs the battle-tide;
But in that hour, belov'd of Heav'n,—
When plighted faith is purely giv'n;
When lovers, blending heart with heart,
And, silent, mingling hand with hand,
Before God's sacred altar stand,
No more in life to part;
Then lowly kneel them down to pray,
That youth's devoted fire
Should ever burn with equal sway,—
Till love with life expire.
That when fast gathering storms prevail,
And sorrow dims the tearful eye;
And those, we once deem'd faithful, fly

Before the changing gale;
Those vows might not be given in vain:
That summer hours of cloudless joy,—
That years of sickness, grief, and pain,
Might ne'er that silver link destroy.
And oh! in man's most dreary hour,
Has woman's voice the magic power
That tames the haughty heart, and glads the aching sight,
And gilds, with brighter beam, the deepening night.
This is love, sincere and true,—
Love refin'd and known to few;
But she I mark, whose locks are grey,
Though youth is on her brow;
Whose vanish'd hope and blighted day
Can ill such tale avow.
Whose sunken eye is dim with grief,
When all beside is bright;
Oh! pines she for her slaughter'd chief,
Or for her perjur'd plight?
Oh, Gazul! it was basely done,
To stab your rival so;
The meed was little worth, when won,
If bought by coward blow.
And she who lov'd thee first, then gave
Her hand to other lord;
But ill deserv'd that warrior brave
Should draw the vengeful sword.
The noble heart should sternly pant,
Nor soothing word nor vengeance deign,

One only ire,—a generous foe,
Or high-born honour's soul, should know,—
The vengeance of disdain.

Oh! wherefore, from the bounding train,
Is she apart,
Who led the dance, who lov'd the strain?
Oh, never yet a kinder heart,
A soul more true, a more exulting breast,—
A fairer form—a lovelier face,
A blither step, more winning grace,
Has courtly group possess'd.
Alone she sits, in distant bower,
With fading hopes and rising fears;
And spends the sorrow-measur'd hour,
In solitude and tears.
Oh, *Zaria*! those were better days,
When Almoradi, there,
Gay led thee through the sprightly maze,
And deem'd no form so fair.
His sun is set, thy light is dim,
No more shall morrow bring
Fresh flowers to thee, or joy to him,—
Love knows no second spring.
That waning eye, that aching breast,
Sink slowly to the grave;
That only home where grief may rest,
That only boon the wretched crave.
In warrior's or in wanderer's life,
The ceaseless change,—the frequent strife,

May lull, awhile, that heavy woe,
Which manly pride disdains to show.
But, oh! in woman's lonely bower,
What spell can soothe her desolate hour?
She turns to view the summer scene,
And only knows where he has been.
Her favourite lute can only raise
The favourite song of other days;
And fancy, feeling, all conspire
To keep alive the dangerous fire.
O say, who ever watch'd and wept,
How dreary seem'd that long, long night,
When grief her restless vigil kept;
And oh! when dawn'd the pray'd-for light,
How heavy was that mood of mind,
That pin'd for closing day;
And could not health or pleasure find
In morning's sparkling ray!

HAY-CARRYING.

A Village Story.

BY MISS MITFORD.

At one end of the cluster of cottages, and cottage-like houses, which formed the little street of Hilton Cross,—a pretty but secluded village, in the north of Hampshire,—stood the shop of Judith Kent, widow, "Licensed," as the legend imported, "to vend tea, coffee, tobacco, and snuff." Tea, coffee, tobacco, and snuff, formed, however, but a small part of the multifarious merchandise of Mrs. Kent; whose shop, the only repository of the hamlet, might have seemed an epitome of the wants and luxuries of humble life. In her window,—candles, bacon, sugar, mustard, and soap, flourished amidst calicoes, oranges, dolls, ribbons, and gingerbread. Crockery ware was piled on one side of her door-way, Dutch cheese and Irish butter encumbered the other; brooms and brushes rested against the wall; and ropes of onions and bunches of red herrings hung from the ceiling. She sold bread, butcher's

meat, and garden stuff, on commission; and engrossed, at a word, the whole trade of Hilton Cross.

Notwithstanding this monopoly, the world went ill with poor Judith. She was a mild, pleasant-looking, middle-aged woman, with a heart too soft for her calling. She could not say, no! to the poor creatures who came to her on a Saturday night, to seek bread for their children, however deep they might already be in her debt, or however certain it was that their husbands were, at that moment, spending, at the Checquers or the Four Horse-Shoes, the money that should have supported their wives and families; for, in this village, as in others, there were two flourishing ale-houses, although but one ill-accustomed shop,—"but one halfpenny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!" She could not say, no! as a prudent woman might have said; and, accordingly, half the poor people in the parish might be found on her books, whilst she herself was gradually getting in arrears with her baker, her grocer, and her landlord.

Her family consisted of two children,—Mary, a pretty, fair-haired, smiling lass, of twelve or thirteen, and Robert, a fine youth, nearly ten years older, who worked in the gardens of a neighbouring gentleman. Robert, conscious that his mother's was no gainful trade, often pressed her to give up business, sell off her stock, relinquish her house, and depend on his labour for her support; but of this

she would not hear. Many motives mingled in her determination: a generous reluctance to burthen her dutiful son with her maintenance,—a natural fear of losing *caste* among her neighbours,—a strong love of the house which, for five and twenty years, had been her home,—a vague hope that times would mend, and all come right again, (wiser persons than Mrs. Kent have lulled reason to sleep, with such an opiate!)—and, above all, a want of courage to look her difficulties fairly in the face. Besides, she liked her occupation,—its petty consequence, its bustle, and its gossipry; and she had a sense of gain in the small peddling bargains,—the pennyworths of needles, and balls of cotton, and rows of pins, and yards of tape which she was accustomed to vend for ready money,—that overbalanced, for the moment, her losses and her debts; so that, in spite of her son's presages and warnings, the shop continued in full activity.

In addition to his forebodings respecting his mother, Robert had another misfortune;—the poor youth was in love. About a quarter of a mile down the shady lane, which ran by one side of Mrs. Kent's dwelling, was the pretty farm-house, orchard, and homestead of Farmer Bell, whose eldest daughter, Susan,—the beauty of the parish,—was the object of a passion, almost amounting to idolatry. And, in good sooth, Susan Bell was well fitted to inspire such a passion. Besides a light graceful figure, moulded with the exactest symmetry, she had a smiling,

innocent countenance, a complexion coloured like the brilliant blossoms of the balsam, and hair of a shining, golden brown, like the fruit of the horse-chesnut. Her speech was, at once, modest and playful, her temper sweet, and her heart tender. She loved Robert dearly, although he often gave her cause to wish that she loved him not; for Robert was subject to the intermitting fever, called jealousy,—causelessly,—as he himself would declare, when a remission of the disease gave room for his natural sense to act,—causelessly and penitently, but still pertinaciously, jealous. I have said, that he was a fine young man, tall, dark, and slender; I should add, that he was a good son, a kind brother, a pattern of sobriety and industry, and possessed of talent and acquirement far beyond his station. But there was about him an ardour, a vigour, a fiery restlessness, commonly held proper to the natives of the south of Europe, but which may, sometimes, be found amongst our own peasantry. All his pursuits, whether of sport or labour, took the form of passion. At ten years old, he had gone far beyond all his fellow pupils at the Foundation School, to which, through the kindness of the 'squire of the parish, his mother had been enabled to send him; and had even posed the master himself:—at eighteen, he was the best cricketer, the best flute-player, the best bell-ringer, and the best gardener in the county:—and, some odd volumes of Shakspeare having come into his possession, there was some danger, at twenty, of

his turning out a dramatic poet, had not the kind discouragement of his master, to whom some of his early scenes were shewn by his patron and admirer, the head gardener, acted as a salutary check. Indeed, so strong, at one time, was the poetical *furor*, that such a catastrophe as an entire play might, probably, have ensued, notwithstanding Mr. Lescombe's judicious warnings, had not love, the master-passion, fallen, about this time, in poor Robert's way, and engrossed all the ardour of his ardent temperament. The beauty and playfulness of his mistress, whilst they enchanted his fancy, kept the jealous irritability of his nature in perpetual alarm. He suspected a lover in every man who approached her; and the firm refusal of her father to sanction their union, till her impatient wooer were a little more forward in the world, completed his disquiet.

Affairs were in this posture, when a new personage arrived at Hilton Cross.

In addition to her other ways and means, Mrs. Kent tried to lessen her rent, by letting lodgings; and the neat, quiet, elderly gentlewoman, the widow of a long-deceased rector, who had occupied her rooms ever since Robert was born, being at last gathered to her fathers, an advertisement of "pleasant apartments to let, in the airy village of Hilton Cross," appeared in the county paper. This announcement was as true as if it had not formed an advertisement in a country paper. Very airy *was* the pretty village of Hilton Cross,—with its breezy

uplands, and its open common, dotted, as it were, with cottages and clumps of trees; and very pleasant *were* Mrs. Kent's apartments, for those who had sufficient time to appreciate their rustic simplicity, and sufficient humility to overlook their smallness. The little chamber, glittering with whiteness; its snowy dimity bed, and "fresh sheets smelling of lavender;" the sitting room, a thought larger, carpeted with India matting, its shining cane chairs and its bright casement wreathed, on the one side, by a luxuriant jessamine, on the other, by the tall cluster musk-rose, (that rose of which Titania talks,) sending its bunches of odorous blossoms into the very window; the little flower-court underneath, full of hollyoaks, cloves, and dahlias; and the large sloping meadow beyond, leading up to Farmer Bell's tall, irregular house, half covered with a flaunting vine; his barns, and ricks, and orchard;—all this formed an apartment too tempting to remain long untenanted, in the bright month of August. Accordingly, it was, almost immediately, engaged, by a gentleman in black, who walked over, one fair morning, paid ten pounds as a deposit, sent for his trunk from the next town, and took possession on the instant.

Her new inmate, who, without positively declining to give his name, had, yet, contrived to evade all the questions which Mrs. Kent's "simple cunning" could devise, proved a perpetual source of astonishment, both to herself and her neighbours.

He was a well-made, little man, near upon forty; with considerable terseness of feature, a forehead of great power, whose effect was increased by a slight baldness on the top of the head, and an eye like a falcon. Such an eye! It seemed to go through you,—to strike all that it looked upon, like a *coup-de-soleil*. Luckily, the stranger was so merciful as, generally, to wear spectacles; under cover of which, those terrible eyes might see, and be seen, without danger. His habits were as peculiar as his appearance. He was moderate, and rather fanciful, in his diet; drank nothing but water, or strong coffee, made, as Mrs. Kent observed, very wastefully; and had, as she also remarked, a great number of heathenish-looking books scattered about his apartment,—Lord Berner's Froissart, for instance,—Sir Thomas Brown's Urn Burial,—Isaac Walton's Complete Angler,—the Baskerville Ariosto,—Gœthe's Faust,—a Spanish Don Quixote,—and an interleaved Philoctetes, full of outline drawings. The greater part of his time was spent out of doors.—He would, even, ramble away, for three or four days together, with no other companion than a boy, hired in the village, to carry what Mrs. Kent denominated his odds and ends; which odds and ends consisted, for the most part, of an angling rod, and a sketching apparatus,—our incognito being, as my readers have, by this time, probably, discovered, no other than an artist, on his Summer progress.

Robert speedily understood the stranger, and

was delighted with the opportunity of approaching so gifted a person; although he contemplated, with a degree of generous envy, which a king's regalia would have failed to excite in his bosom, those *chef-d'œuvres* of all nations, which were to him as "sealed books," and the pencils, whose power appeared nothing less than creative. He redoubled his industry, in the garden, that he might, conscientiously, devote hours, and half-hours, to pointing out the deep pools and shallow eddies of their romantic stream, where he knew, from experience, (for Robert, amongst his other accomplishments, was no mean "brother of the angle,") that fish were likely to be found; and, better still, he loved to lead to the haunts of his childhood, the wild bosky dells, and the sunny ends of lanes, where a sudden turn in the track, an overhanging tree, an old gate, a cottage chimney, and a groupe of cattle or children, had, sometimes, formed a picture, on which his fancy had fed for hours. It was Robert's chief pleasure to entice his lodger to scenes such as these, and to see his own visions growing into reality, under the glowing pencil of the artist; and he, in his turn, would admire, and marvel at, the natural feeling of the beautiful, which could lead an uninstructed country youth, instinctively, to the very elements of the picturesque. A general agreement of taste had brought about a degree of association, unusual between persons so different in rank:—a particular instance of this accordance dissolved the intimacy.

Robert had been, for above a fortnight, more than commonly busy in Mr. Lescombe's gardens and hot-houses,—so busy that he even slept at the Hall; the stranger, on the other hand, had been, during the same period, shut up, painting, in the little parlour. At last, they met; and the artist invited his young friend to look at the picture which had engaged him, during his absence. On walking into the room, he saw, on the easel, a picture in oils, almost finished. The style was of that delightful kind which combines figure with landscape: the subject was Hay-carrying; and the scene, that very sloping meadow,—crowned by Farmer Bell's tall, angular house, its vine-wreathed porch and chimneys, the great walnut-tree before the door, the orchard, and the homestead,—which formed the actual prospect from the windows before them. In the fore-ground was a waggon, piled with hay, surrounded by the Farmer and his fine family,—some pitching, some loading, some raking after, all intent on their pleasant business. The only disengaged persons in the field were young Mary Kent and Harry Bell, an urchin of four years old, who rode on her knee on the top of the waggon, crowned and wreathed with garlands of vine-leaves and bindweed and poppies and cornflowers. In the front, looking up at Mary Kent and her little brother, and playfully tossing to them the lock of hay which she had gathered on her rake, stood Susan Bell,—her head thrown back, her bonnet half off, her light and

lovely figure shewn, in all its grace, by the pretty attitude and the short cool dress; while her sweet face, glowing with youth and beauty, had a smile playing over it, like a sunbeam. The boy was nodding and laughing to her, and seemed longing—as well he might,—to escape from his flowery bondage, and jump into her arms. Never had poet framed a lovelier image of rural beauty! Never had painter more felicitously realised his conception!

"Well, Robert!" exclaimed our artist, a little impatient of the continued silence, and missing the expected praise, "Well?" But, still, Robert spoke not. "Don't you think it a good subject?" continued the man of the easel. "I was sitting at the window, reading Froissart, whilst they were carrying the after-crop, and, by good luck, happened to look up, just as they had arranged themselves into this very groupe, and as the evening sun came slanting, exactly as it does now, across the meadow; —so I dashed in the sketch instantly, got Mary to sit to me,—and a very pretty nymph-like figure she makes—dressed the boy with flowers, just as he was decked out for the harvest-home,—the rogue is, really, a fit model for a Cupid; they are a glorious family!—and persuaded Susan"—at that name, Robert, unable to controul himself longer, rushed out of the room, leaving the astonished painter in the full belief that his senses had forsaken him.

The unhappy lover, agonised by jealousy, pursued his way to the Farm. He had, hitherto, con-

trived, although without confessing his motive, even to himself, to keep his friend and his mistress asunder. He had no fears of her virtue or of his honour; but, to Robert's romantic simplicity, it seemed that no one could gaze on Susan without feeling ardent love, and that such a man as the artist could never love in vain. Besides, in the conversations which they had held together, he had dwelt on beauty and simplicity, as the most attractive points of the female character:—Robert had felt, as he spoke, that Susan was the very being whom he described, and had congratulated himself that they were, still, unacquainted. But now, they had met; he had seen, he had studied, had transferred to canvass that matchless beauty; had conquered the timidity which, to Robert, had, always, seemed unconquerable; had won her to admit his gaze; had tamed that shyest, coyest dove; had become familiar with that sweetest face, and that dearest frame;—Oh! the very thought was agony!

In this mood, he arrived at the Farm; and there, working at her needle, under the vine-wreathed porch, with the evening sun shining full upon her, and her little brother playing at her feet, sate his own Susan. She heard his rapid step, and advanced to meet him, with a smile and a blush of delight,—just the smile and blush of the picture. At such a moment, they increased his misery: he repulsed her offered hand, and poured forth a torrent of questions on the subject which possessed his mind. Her in-

nocent answers were fuel to his frenzy :—" The picture! had he seen the picture? and was it not pretty ?—much too pretty, she thought, but every body called it like! and Mary and Harry—was not he pleased with them? What a wonderful thing it was, to make a bit of canvass so like living creatures! and what a wonderful man the strange gentleman was! She had been afraid of him, at first—sadly afraid of those two bright eyes,—and so had Harry;—poor Harry had cried! but he was so merry and so kind that neither of them minded sitting to him, now! And she was so glad that Robert had seen the picture! she had so wanted him to see it! it was too pretty, to be sure,—but, then, Robert would not mind that. She had told the gentleman"—— " Go to the gentleman, now," interrupted Robert, " and tell him that I relinquish you! It will be welcome news! Go to him, Susan! your heart is with him. Go to him, I say!"—and, throwing from him, with a bitter laugh, the frightened and weeping girl, who had laid her trembling hand on his arm, to detain him, he darted from the door, and returned to his old quarters, at the Hall.

Another fortnight passed, and Robert still kept aloof from his family and his home. His mother and sister, indeed, occasionally saw him; and sad accounts had poor little Mary to give to her friend, Susan, of Robert's ill looks and worse spirits. And Susan listened, and said she did not care; and burst into a passion of tears, and said she was very happy;

and vowed never to speak to him again, and desired Mary never to mention her to him, or him to her; and then asked her a hundred questions respecting his looks, and his words, and his illness; and charged her with a thousand tender messages, which, in the next breath, she withdrew. And Mary, too young to understand the inconsistencies of love, pitied and comforted, and thought it "passing strange."

In the mean time, misfortunes, of a different nature, were gathering round Mrs. Kent. The meal-man and baker, whose bread she vended,—her kindest friend and largest creditor,—died, leaving his affairs in the hands of an attorney of the next town,—the pest and terror of the neighbourhood; and, on the same day, she received two letters from this formidable lawyer,—one on account of his dead client, the baker, the other in behalf of his living client, the grocer,—who ranked next amongst her creditors, —both threatening that, if their respective claims were not liquidated, on or before a certain day, proceedings would be commenced against her, forthwith.

It is in such a situation that woman most feels her helplessness,—especially that forlorn creature whom the common people, adopting the pathetic language of Scripture, designate by the expressive phrase, "a lone woman!" Poor Judith sate down to cry, in powerless sorrow and vain self-pity. She opened, indeed, her hopeless day-book,—but she knew, too well, that her debtors could not pay. She

had no one to consult;—for her lodger, in whose general cleverness she had great confidence, had been absent, on one of his excursions, almost as long as her son,—and time pressed upon her,—for the letters,—sent with the usual indirectness of country conveyance, originally given to the carrier, confided by the carrier to the butterman, carried on by the butterman to the next village, left for three days at a public house, and, finally, delivered, at Hilton Cross, by a return post-boy,—had been nearly a week on the road. Saturday was the day fixed for payment, and this was Friday night! and Michaelmas and rent-day were approaching! and, unable even to look at this accumulation of misery, poor Judith laid her head on her fruitless accompt-book, and sobbed aloud!

It was with a strangely-mingled feeling of comfort in such a son, and sorrow so to grieve him, that she heard Robert's voice at her side, asking, tenderly, what ailed her? She put the letters into his hands; and he, long prepared for the blow, soothed and cheered her. "All must be given up," he said; "and he would go with her, the next day, to make over the whole property. Let us pay, as far as our means go, mother," pursued he, "and do not fear but, some day or other, we shall be enabled to discharge all our debts. God will speed an honest purpose. In the meantime, Mr. Lescombe will give us a cottage,—I know he will,—and I shall work for you and Mary. It will be something to live for,—something worth living for. Be comforted, dear

mother!" He stooped, as he said this, and kissed her; and, when he arose, he saw Susan standing opposite to him, and, behind her, the stranger. They had entered separately, during the conversation between the mother and son, and Susan was still unconscious of the stranger's presence. She stood, in great agitation, pressing Mary's hand, (from whom she had heard the story,) and, immediately, began questioning Mrs. Kent, as to the extent of the calamity. "She had twenty pounds of her own, that her grandmother had left her;—But a hundred!—Did they want a whole hundred? And would they send Mrs. Kent to prison? and sell her goods? and turn Mary out of doors? and Robert—Oh, how ill Robert looked!—It would kill Robert! Oh," continued Susan, wringing her hands, "I would sell myself for a bondswoman,—I would be like a negro-slave, for one hundred pounds!"—"Would you?" said the stranger advancing, suddenly, from the door, and producing two bank-bills; "would you? well! we will strike a bargain. I will give you two hundred pounds, for this little hand,—only this little hand!"——"What do you mean, sir?" exclaimed Mrs. Kent, "what can you mean?"—"Nothing but what is fair and honourable," returned her lodger; "let Susan promise to meet me at church, to-morrow, and here are two hundred pounds to dispose of, at her pleasure, to night."—"Susan! my dear Susan!"—"Let her alone, mother!" interrupted Robert; "she must chuse for herself!"—

and, for a few moments, there was a dead silence.

Robert stood, leaning against the wall, pale as marble,—his eyes cast down, and his lips compressed, in a state of forced composure. Mrs. Kent,—her head turning, now, towards the bank-notes, and now towards her son,—was in a state of restless and uncontroulable instability; Mary clung, crying, about her mother; and Susan,—her colour varying, and her lips quivering,—sate, unconsciously twisting and untwisting the bank-notes, in her hand.

"Well, Susan!" said the artist,—who had remained in tranquil expectation, surveying the groupe with his falcon eye,—"Well, Susan! have you determined?"——The colour rose to her temples, and she answered, firmly, "Yes, sir!—Be pleased to take back the notes. I love nobody but Robert; and Robert loves me dearly, dearly!—I know he does! Oh, Mrs. Kent! you would not have me vex Robert,—your own dear son,—and he so ill,—would you? Let them take these things! They never can be so cruel as to put you in prison—you, who were always so kind! and he will work for you, and I will work for you! Never mind being poor! better any thing than be false-hearted to my Robert!"——"God for ever bless you, my Susan!"——"God bless you, my dear child!"——burst, at once, from Robert and his mother, as they, alternately, folded her in their arms.

"Pray, take the notes, sir!" repeated Susan, after a short interval. "No! that I will not do,"

replied the stranger, smiling. "The notes shall be your's,—*are* your's,—and, what is more, on my own conditions! Meet me at church, to-morrow morning, and I shall have the pleasure of bestowing this pretty hand, as I always intended, on my good friend, Robert here. I have a wife of my own at home, my dear! whom I would not exchange, even for you; and I am quite rich enough to afford myself the luxury of making you happy. Besides, you have a claim to the money. These very bank-notes were gained by that sweet face! Your friend, Mr. Lescombe, Robert! has purchased the Hay-carrying! We have had a good deal of talk about you; and I am quite certain that he will provide for you all. No," continued he, interrupting something that Robert was going to say,—"No thanks! no apologies! I won't hear a word. Meet me at church, to-morrow! But, remember, young man! no more jealousy!"——and, followed by a glance from Susan, of which Robert might have been jealous, the artist left the shop.

FOR AN INFANT'S ALBUM:

Written under the Portrait of the little Girl herself, painted on the first page of an Album provided for her.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

Now look upon my face, and say
If you can turn your eyes away,
Nor grant the little boon I ask,
As if it were some mighty task.
What is it?—Only take your pen,
Look wise, and think a moment,—then
Write any thing, to which for shame
You need not blush to add your name:
Or, with the pencil's curious skill,
Draw flowers, birds, landscapes—what you will;
I—like my elders and my betters,—
Love pictures quite as well as letters.
Thus, page by page, my Album store,
Till it an Album be no more,
But richly fill'd, from end to end,—
Where'er I turn, present a friend!

Now, look upon my face, and see
Yourself, your very self, in me:
Were you not, once, as mild and meek,
With pouting lip, and plump round cheek?
Did you not sometimes, too, look sly
Out of the corner of your eye,
As if you held an Infant's jest,
Like a bird, fluttering, to your breast,
That wanted but an inch of wing
Up thro' the air to soar and sing?
So I can feign to hide a joke,
And seem as arch as other folk.
Well, time runs on, and I, you know,
As tall and stout as you may grow;
Nay, more unlike my portrait here,
Than yourself like me appear.
Ah! then, if I must change so fast,
What will become of me at last?
—A poor old woman of fourscore!—
That's a long way to look before,
So I would learn of you, meanwhile,
How best the journey to beguile.
Look in my face, again;—you'll find
The Album of an Infant's mind,
Unsoil'd by care, unworn by grief,
Like new-fall'n snow, each virgin-leaf,
On which,—tho' not in black and white—
In lines eternal, you may write
All that is lovely, pure, and good,
By man enjoy'd, or understood.

—Then, in *this* volume, as it lies,
Trace words and pictures to my eyes,
Which thence their mystic way may find
Into *that* Album of my mind,
And there impress each opening page
With thoughts for childhood, youth, and age:
Breathe a sweet spirit thro' the whole,
That, like a soul, within *my* soul,
Shall, by the early impulse given,
Guide me on earth, and bring to heav'n.
Let every page unfold a text
Either for *this* world or the *next*;
To learn of each, I'm "nothing loth,"
They tell me I was born for *both*.
Let mirth with innocence combine,
And human knowledge with divine.
Thus, form'd by it, and it by you,
This book shall render all their due;
For whoso peeps therein may start,
As though he saw into my heart;
And if he did, you must beware
That he would spy *your* image there.
—Then grant the boon with such a grace,
That you may have a good warm place:
Walk in, walk in; my heart, tho' small,
Is large enough to hold you all.

Sheffield, 1825.

SONG.

BY L. E. L.

I WROTE my name upon the sand;
  I thought I wrote it on thine heart.
I had no touch of fear, that words,
  Such words, so graven, could depart.
The sands, thy heart, alike have lost
  The name I trusted to their care;
And passing waves, and worldly thoughts,
  Effaced what once was written there.
Woe, for the false sands! and worse woe,
  That thou art falsest of the twain!
I, yet, may write upon the sands,
  But never on thine heart, again.

THE LYRIST.

BY L. E. L.

THE laurel-wreath is round thine hair,
Maid of the brow divine;
Immortal as the stars, how proud
A destiny is thine!
Thy thoughts are burning on thy cheek,
And to thine eye is given
The glory of that inward light
Which is direct from heaven.
Sweep, maiden, sweep thy glorious lyre,
And let its chords express
All that they dream,—of lofty deed,
And meekest tenderness.
'Tis noon: the Summer loveliness
Should speak unto thy heart.—
The maiden bowed her laurelled head,
" In such I have no part:
A while ago, you might have said,
Joy in the sunlight hour;
As flowers, my feelings would have sprung,
Beneath such genial power.
But when those flowers have been checked,

By cold North wind and rain,
Oh, never more will they expand,
In light and bloom, again!
The poet's is a doomed lot,
And heavy to be borne;—
When one half of his fame is won,
From mockery and scorn.
If right I read the poet's mind,
'Tis delicate as wild,
Lovely, unreal, sensitive,
And simple as a child;
'Tis as a lute, which a light touch
Into sweet music wakes,
But whose fine chords are slight as fine;—
'Neath the rough hand, it breaks.
Or, if its native strength resists,
It catches the rude tone,
And, harsh and tuneless, loses all
The sweetness—once its own.
Aye, fame is glorious, while, starlike,
It shines in its far birth;
But, like that star, its glory fades,
When once it touches earth.
Oh! woe that e'er I sought to win
A poet's gifted name!
What ever had my woman's heart
To do with aught like fame?
My laurel—'tis not at my will,
Or I would fling it down,
And weep, that ever brow of mine

Had won such fatal crown!
It does not fade; 'tis but the lot
Of every birth that springs
From our sad earth, her fair, her sweet;—
These are her fleeting things.
But deadly is the laurel; hence,
Freshly, its green wreath weaves;
It is immortal, for the sake
Of poison in its leaves.
When other trees put forth their bloom,
The laurel stands alone;
Little avail the changeless leaves;
And flowers,—it has none.

WINTER QUARTERS.

A Tale of the late War.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SUBALTERN."

The reader has, doubtless, not forgotten, that the movements of the French army, and his own want of adequate means to prosecute the siege to a successful issue, compelled Lord Wellington, in the night of the 20th of October, 1812, to break up from before Burgos, and to commence his retreat towards the Douro. The weather chanced to be remarkably inclement for the season, heavy showers of rain continually falling, and cold blasts of wind prevailing: the roads were deep and rutty; few magazines of provisions lay along the line of march, and the ordinary supplies of the country were entirely exhausted; the troops, accordingly, began their journey in no very comfortable tone of mind. Nor were the apprehensions which they entertained, relative to the hardships and privations that awaited them, by any means ill-founded. Perhaps, the British army never suffered more, from cold, exposure to damp, absolute hunger and fatigue, than it suffered, during the retreat from Burgos to the Portuguese frontier; nor did sickness ever prevail

to a more alarming degree, than, in some divisions at least, it did prevail, after the different corps had established themselves in winter quarters.

It is well known, that, at this period of the war the Portuguese infantry had acquired so high a degree of discipline, as to be not unworthy of fighting in the same ranks with the English. For this, a very sufficient reason may be assigned:—more humble, though not, perhaps, more zealous, than their neighbours of Spain, the Portuguese consented to learn the rudiments of the military art from British masters; and admitted British officers, not only to subordinate stations in their army, but, to the command of whole divisions, brigades, and battalions. Their Caçadores, that is, the Portuguese light infantry, in particular, were chiefly committed to the guidance of British officers; and the writer of these pages can testify, from personal observation, that a finer body of men never entered the field. They were brave, obedient, and patient of fatigue, in no ordinary degree; indeed, if they yielded, in any respect, to their allies, it was in that obstinate and unconquerable hardihood, which, without incurring the reproach of national vanity, we may fairly claim as being peculiar to Britons.

Among the individuals who accepted rank and command in the Portuguese army, few were more distinguished for bravery, and determined zeal, than Norman M'Leod. Norman was, as the name may suggest, a native of the Highlands of Scotland.

Descended from a long line of warlike ancestors, himself, indeed, the son of a gallant soldier, whose name had obtained an honourable place in the gazette, on a variety of occasions, and, finally, swelled the list of the brave, who fell on the plain of Aboukir; Norman may fairly be considered as born to the profession of arms: at least, we cannot wonder, if, from his childhood, he entertained no ideas of human happiness, apart from the acquisition of military renown. Nor were his feelings, on this score, in any degree at variance with the feelings of her to whom his early education was entrusted; for his mother's disposition, though tender and affectionate in the extreme, partook, not slightly, of the disposition of the Roman matrons. She had married Norman's father, in preference to other and more wealthy suitors, because he was a soldier; and, when he died, she bore his loss with equanimity, because he died, where a soldier ought to die,—in the field of battle, and in defence of his country. Brought up under the guidance of such a parent, Norman was taught to consider all fame as worthless, except that which is earned amid scenes of violence and bloodshed; and the lesson thus early taught, the events of his future life never permitted him to forget.

Norman was an only son; indeed, an only child; yet he went with his mother's hearty benediction, at the early age of fifteen, to join the army. Gifted, by nature, with a constitution capa-

ble of enduring the severest hardships, and accustomed, even from the nurse's arms, to be abroad, in all weathers, and at all hours,—privations, under which others sank, were to him as nothing. He would wrap himself in his cloak, in the coldest night, and sleep as soundly, upon the frozen earth, and under the canopy of heaven, as if he rested upon a bed of down, and within the walls of a palace. If provisions were scanty, no one appeared to suffer less their scantiness, or digested, in better humour, his insufficient meal. On the longest march, Norman was never known to knock-up, or fall into the rear: indeed, it was his ordinary custom, to lighten, by turns, such of the soldiers as exhibited most manifest symptoms of weakness, by carrying their arms, and, occasionally, even their knapsacks; and then, when it came to the final issue, when man was opposed to man, and all the pomp and circumstance of war were abroad, Norman was in his element. Cool and undaunted, whilst he cheered others forward, he himself never forgot the real duties of an officer; his senses were under no circumstances confounded; nor did he ever suffer the enthusiasm of the moment so far to gain the ascendancy, as to cause a neglect, on his part, of a single precaution which the circumstances of the case seemed to require.

Such was the general character of Norman M'Leod, as far as military qualities are concerned in forming a character. He was a complete soldier,

or, as the despatches express themselves, "an officer of great promise, respected by the profession in general, and an ornament to his majesty's service." But Norman was something more than a soldier. Endowed with principles of the strictest and most unbending honour, Norman was likewise generous, frank, liberal, and open-hearted. His brother officers loved, as well as looked up to him; the private soldiers adored him. There was not a man in his corps, who would have refused to follow, when he led, or who would not have cheerfully put his own life in the most imminent hazard, in order to ensure Norman's safety. And Norman well deserved all this. His manners were, at once, manly and gentle: he never employed a harsh expression to attain an object, where a mild expression would avail; and he found, as those who act upon his theory will always find, that he was much more readily attended to, and much more faithfully obeyed, than others who thought fit to follow a different course.

It can hardly be expected that Norman was either a professed scholar, or a very accomplished gentleman. He had entered the army at an age too early to permit his attaining to the first of these characters; and he had embarked upon active service, too soon afterwards, to give leisure for his acquiring the last. But Norman was neither ignorant nor unpolished. His natural abilities were of a high order; and what he once read, he never forgot. Nature had, more-

over, gifted him with a turn for music and drawing: both of these arts he sedulously cultivated, as often as circumstances would allow; and, in both, he, accordingly, made considerable progress. With the French language he was familiarly acquainted, from his childhood; and he had good sense enough to apply himself, as soon as he reached the Peninsula, to the study of the Portuguese and Spanish. For the practical branch of mathematics, again, that branch which was connected with the science of his profession, he entertained an extreme fondness. He never passed through a strange country, without examining it with an officer's eye, and taking sketches of such districts as appeared to him adapted for the prosecution of military operations: of every fortified place, near which he chanced to be stationed, he failed not to provide himself with an accurate plan; whilst, during the inactive season of winter, it proved one of his favourite amusements, to construct redoubts, after the fashion of Uncle Toby, in the sand; to open trenches before them, and to go through the whole process of a siege. But a soldier, who is so far master of three foreign languages, as to speak them with ease and fluency; who is well versed in the mathematics; not unacquainted with the history of Europe, and a tolerable proficient in music and landscape-painting; is not, as men go, to be accounted an ignorant person.

Is the reader desirous to know something of Norman's external appearance? He shall be grati-

fied. Norman was by no means a handsome man; that is to say, his features were not regular, neither was his figure a piece of absolute symmetry. His hair was a light brown,—when an infant, it had been flaxen; his eyes were blue, quick, penetrating, and expressive; his complexion, originally fair, had become tanned, through frequent exposure to the sun; but the principal charm of his countenance consisted, after all, in a general air of good humour, high courage, and great intelligence, which overspread it. In like manner, though tall, full-chested, and well-formed, it is probable that the connoisseur in manly beauty would have pronounced him striking and soldier-like, rather than elegant. Perhaps his absolute indifference to points, usually esteemed important among young men, may account this; for Norman was neither a fop in his dress, nor a petit maître in his carriage. Yet, with all his personal defects, and they were many, Norman M'Leod was, perhaps, better calculated to make an impression upon the fair sex, than ninety-nine out of a hundred "carpet knights," whose bravery is, for the most part, exhibited in their attire; and whose symmetry arises, at least, as much from the skill of their tailor as from the operations of Dame Nature.

It by no means follows, in the army, more than in other professions, that those, whose acquirements best entitle them to success, are invariably successful. Many a Wellington, doubtless, pines

away his youth and his manhood, in a subordinate situation; exactly as many an Eldon, for want of opportunities to make himself known, lives and dies a briefless barrister. But, of the number of those doomed to undeserved neglect, Norman M'Leod was not one. The reputation of his father did something for him; it induced those in power, at least, to fix their eyes upon him; and his own talents, and enthusiastic love of his profession, speedily confirmed them in the favourable opinion which they were disposed to form of him. His rise was rapid. At the battle of Vimiera, he bore a Lieutenant's commission in one of the Highland regiments; at the battle of Salamanca, he had attained to the rank of Major by Brevet. To this, was soon afterwards added a Lieutenant-colonelcy, in the Portuguese service; and when the allied army removed from its ground at Alba de Tormes, Norman M'Leod found himself in command of a battalion of Caçadores, inferior, in point of discipline, equipment, and gallantry, to none which took part in the Peninsular war.

At the head of this battalion, Norman took his full share in the various operations which conducted the allied troops, by way of Valladolid, Cuellar, Segovia, and Madrid, and again through Valladolid, towards Burgos. In the assault upon the hill of St. Michael, he particularly distinguished himself; and, perhaps, had the attack on the south-west front of the castle been entrusted to him and his gallant

Caçadores, the result might have been very different from that which actually occurred. Be that, however, as it may, one thing, at least, is certain, that the reputation which he had previously acquired, suffered no diminution by his conduct before Burgos; and at last, when to abandon further attempts upon that place was judged prudent, he and his regiment were especially selected to form part of the rear-guard, and, as such, to cover the retreat of the rest of the army.

It consists not with the plan of my present narrative, to offer even a brief sketch of the progress of that retreat, by marking out so much as the different routes, along which the allied troops defiled; enough is done, when I state, in general terms, that, after a variety of movements on both sides, a good deal of skirmishing, and, here and there, a little cannonading, the British army, with the exception of Sir Rowland Hill's corps, which withdrew southward into Estremadura, established itself, on the 24th of November, above the Tormes. The position was a convenient one, and the advanced season of the year rendered it desirable not to change it. But it was, nevertheless, necessary, that a communication should be kept up with other parts of the country; and, for this purpose, a few corps were detached, from both flanks, considerably beyond the line, to serve as chains of connexion, and to do the duty of pickets of observation. On this perilous and important service, Norman was employed. He

took post at a place called Alanjuez, a village, or rather hamlet, about a couple of leagues from the right of the allied cantonments; and there, in a manner more delightful than often falls to the lot of soldiers upon active service, he passed the Winter.

The hamlet of Alanjuez consists of about a dozen neat cottages, built at considerable intervals the one from the other; with a large casa, or château, in the rear; the latter being the residence of Don Fernando Navarette, whose ancestors, for many generations back, have owned considerable tracts of the surrounding country, and extended, to the inmates of these cottages, the protection of feudal chieftains. By some fortunate accident or another, Alanjuez had never, though lying but a short space out of the line of hostile operations, been visited, up to the period of Norman's arrival, by soldiers from either of the contending armies. The consequence was, that Norman found matters, here, in a condition widely different from that in which he was elsewhere accustomed to find them. The château stood at the base of a steep hill, concealed, in a great degree, from observation, amid groves of orange and olive trees: a long straight avenue of chesnuts led to it, from the village, which had suffered no injury; the garden was not laid waste; its doors, windows, and roof, were in perfect preservation; the very lawn, in front of it, bore no traces of violence; and the very flower-beds exhibited symptoms of care lately bes-

towed upon them. Nor had the habitations of the peasantry been subjected to other, or worse, treatment, than that which befel the abode of their Lord. They were, all of them, entire; and the little spots of ground about them—their orange-groves, vineyards, mulberry-plantations, and fields of Indian corn, all presented the same appearances which, at a similar season of the year, they are likely to present now, or rather did present previous to the French invasion.

It will easily be imagined, that a scene, such as has been just described,—the sight of a solitary village, enjoying, or appearing to enjoy, the blessings of peace, in the heart of a country overrun, in other quarters, by foreign troops, and subject to the varied miseries, attendant upon a state of active warfare,—affected Norman with sensations to which, for some time back, he had been a stranger. Nor was the influence of these sensations the less powerful, that the day on which he reached Alanjuez chanced to be a remarkably fine one: the sun shone bright and warm, and the air was soft and mild, as if Spring had already set in, though November had not yet passed away. The woods, too, which overhung the village, and extended, as far as the eye could reach, along the hills, being intermixed with a more than ordinary proportion of evergreens, presented to the gazer's view the lively tints of Summer, to the full as prominently as the more sombre hues of Winter. A rivulet of clear water, pouring from the top of

the rock, rushed and roared its unseen progress through the forest; and came out at length, in a bright pool, into the valley. Every thing, in short, animate and inanimate, breathed the same spirit of security and peace. No putrefying carcases of man or beast lay around, to attract the kites and vultures, or other birds of prey, from their nests amidst the cliffs; but a thousand little throats made the thickets ring with a melody peculiar to themselves, and which more, perhaps, than any other sound, bespeaks the presence of tranquillity and repose. Norman was too much struck with the entire scene, not to experience something like compunction for the necessity which compelled him, to a certain degree, at least, to interrupt it. But he determined that no precaution should be wanting on his part, for the purpose of rendering the interruption as little injurious as possible; at all events, that no act of wanton outrage should be committed by his soldiers, either upon the inhabitants, or their property. He, accordingly, halted his battalion at the outskirts of the hamlet, and, riding forward by himself, proceeded to make such arrangements, as appeared best calculated to secure the attainment of these objects.

The advance of Norman's battalion had not been unobserved by the people of Alanjuez; but they did not, on that account, abandon their houses. Whether it was, that, by means of some look-out parties, they had been made aware, that the advancing troops were their allies; or whether, having no

place of safety to retire to, they resolved to trust to the clemency, even of their enemies, should such approach, I do not know; but Norman no sooner appeared in the hamlet, than he was surrounded by women and children, all entreating him to protect them from the violence of the soldiers. This, Norman readily promised to do; and, the regiment being moved forward, a chain of outposts was planted; after which, such companies as were not immediately required for duty, took up their quarters in the different cottages.

Norman was still hesitating where to establish himself, when a venerable old man, whose upright figure, and stiff deportment, left no room to doubt as to the station which he held in society, rode up to him. The stranger introduced himself, as Don Fernando Navarette; and requested Norman, as commandant of the detachment, to take up his abode in the castle. To this, the young soldier offered no objection. Carrying with him a force of two hundred men, which he stationed in the barns and other out-buildings attached to the mansion, he himself readily consented to become the guest of Don Fernando; nor had many hours elapsed, ere he found himself as perfectly at home, as if he really formed one of the family.

I have said, that Alanjuez exhibited hardly any symptoms of being situated in the midst of a field of battle, and in the neighbourhood of two hostile camps; and, as far as the appearance of inanimate

substances go, I said truly. But there was one circumstance connected with it, which certainly told no tale of peace ;—not a single young man could be seen. Even in the château, the few male domestics who shewed themselves, were, like their master, grey-headed and feeble ; whilst, in many instances, women performed offices, not generally expected from the sex, in European nations: the fact was, that all the youths of the village, including Don Fernando's two sons, were in arms. They had joined the patriotic forces, on their first formation, and were now under the command of General Romano, in a distant part of Spain.

Don Fernando's family circle, accordingly, consisted of himself, three daughters, their duenna, or governess, and a priest. The daughters were, all of them, strikingly handsome ; but in the appearance of Theresa, the youngest, there was something which no young man, with a heart wholly disengaged, could look upon with indifference. Fairer, by many degrees, than the generality of Spanish maidens, Theresa Navarette retained just as much of her national complexion, as may be seen, every day, among the loveliest of those English beauties, whom we are in the habit of denominating Brunettes. Her eyes were large, full, dark, and intelligent,—fringed with long silken lashes, and surmounted by brows, arched indeed, but not so much arched as to give the slightest expression of weakness to her countenance ; her hair, not exactly black, but of the darkest brown,

was gathered up, in part, after the fashion of her country, into a knot; and, in part, hung in the richest curls over her neck and shoulders. Her little well-formed mouth gave evidence, not less than the glance of her sparkling eye, of strong passions, high enthusiasm, and sensitive feeling; and her figure—Canova himself never formed a statue more perfect or more replete with elegance and symmetry.—Add to all this, a liveliness of manner, occasionally tinctured with romance, and a tolerably accurate picture of Theresa will be placed before the mind's eye of him who desires to look upon it.

There is, in the deportment of foreign families generally, and in those of Spain in particular, a degree of confiding frankness, such as we rarely meet with in English society. Of this, Norman was speedily made sensible. The old man, by degrees, laid aside as much of his constitutional gravity, as it was possible for him to lay aside; the priest became talkative and entertaining; the duenna, instead of casting a cloud upon the intimacy which soon began to be formed between the English soldier and her young charges, appeared to promote it; and the girls, themselves, were all life and animation. As the evening drew on, a huge pile of wood was made to blaze upon the hearth; lamps were lighted, and, the guitars being produced, Norman was entertained with a concert more pleasing to his ears than all the laboured performances of

hired musicians, however skilful, and however celebrated. It has been said, that Norman was something of a musician himself. His voice was clear and rich; and being, from his long residence in the country, well acquainted with the favourite airs of Spain, he made himself more than ever agreeable to his fair friends, by joining in their melody. In a word, when the little party separated for the night, they retired to their respective apartments, mutually pleased with the accident which had brought them together, and determined, as far as their exertions could effect that end, that the days which were to come should not be less cheerful than that which had just expired.

Days, weeks, and even months, stole on, during which, Norman, unassailed by attempts on the part of the enemy, unharrassed by any extraordinary details of military duty, was permitted to enjoy, at his leisure, the society of this delightful family. And delightful they truly were. The old man, gradually, shewed himself in his genuine colours,—an ardent patriot, worthy of the once honored name of a Spaniard; the priest either had, or professed to have, about him, none of the bigotry of his sect, or the stiffness of his order; and, as to the young ladies, they were all that the most fastidious critic in female excellence could desire. Great pains, it would appear, had been bestowed upon their education; for, contrary to the usual custom among their countrywomen, they were not only mistresses of

many accomplishments, but possessed of strong sound sense, and very considerable information. In Theresa, in particular, Norman found a pleasing companion, not only for his lighter moments, but for moments when a desire for more serious and rational conversation came upon him. She talked of the condition of her country with all the fire of an enthusiast; contrasted its present degraded state with its former glory; till, catching animation from the topic, her bright eyes would fill with tears, and her cheeks grow crimson with excited feeling. Then, as if ashamed of her violence, she would cast a timid glance towards Norman, and entreat him to bear with the rudeness of a girl, who had seen so little of life. "You natives of a northern climate," she would say, "are calm, they tell me, and temperate; but, in the veins of the Navarettes, too much of Gothic blood is flowing, for any child of that house to behold the degeneracy of Spain with indifference. But come, Norman, we will change the subject; and you shall tell me of the mountains and lakes, and the plaided warriors and blue-eyed maidens, of Scotland." And Norman was not backward in complying with her request. With all the nationality of a Highlander, he dwelt upon the deeds of his forefathers, till he, in his turn, caught the enthusiasm with which his auditor had been previously affected; nor, perhaps, were the young people drawn together by any tie more pow-

erful, than by admiration of each other's patriotism, and an equal devotion to military glory.

At length, the springing herbs and shooting leaves, the opening flowers, and richer and more varied chorusses of singing birds, gave evidence that Winter had passed away, and Summer was approaching. There was a time, and that time not very distant, when Norman would have hailed the return of Spring with delight; merely, because it is the season for hostile armies to take the field, and fresh campaigns to be opened. But, now, he felt, and he knew not why, that his ideas on that head were changed. Not that his love for the profession had, in the slightest degree, abated,—very far from it; but he had never passed the Winter months so agreeably, and, therefore, he could not but regret that they were gone. In spite of himself, he became pensive and melancholy. Nor was he, alone, affected by a palpable depression of spirits. Every member of the family partook, in a greater or less degree, of a similar feeling; whilst Theresa's sorrow was too acute for concealment. Insensibly, as it would appear, Norman and she devoted, every day, more and more of their time to each other. Instead of inviting the rest to accompany them, as it had been their custom, they would wander forth alone, into the woods; and, without making any regular appointments, they found themselves continually meeting in the most sequestered spots. Yet no profession of love had passed either of their

lips. If their conversation partook somewhat more of the tender, than it had formerly done, it became so only when mention happened to be made of Norman's approaching departure: and, even then, no more was expressed than sentiments of the warmest friendship, and deep regret that an acquaintance, so manifestly delightful to all parties, must so soon be broken off.

Such was the state in which affairs stood, when, one morning, an orderly dragoon was observed riding, at a brisk trot, down the avenue. Norman was, at that moment, reclining upon a window-seat: Theresa sat beside him, with her guitar suspended from her neck, having just concluded one of those exquisitely plaintive airs, for which the Spanish music is remarkable; and her sisters were employed, one, in finishing a miniature of the young soldier, which she had taken; the other, in passing judgment upon the performance. Don Fernando and the priest had strolled abroad, and the duenna had retired to enjoy her siesta. Theresa's keen eye first caught the form of the trooper. "Good God!" cried she, in alarm, "I see, a horseman!" Norman sprang upon his feet, and, looking out, immediately guessed the nature of the business which brought him. "Theresa," said he, mournfully, "the time has come which we have so long dreaded. That horseman brings an order for our separation." Theresa replied not: her cheeks became deadly pale; and, had not Norman caught her in his arms,

she must have fallen from her seat. "You are ill, Theresa; dear Theresa, you are very ill: your cheek is pale, and your breathing is suspended." "Only a momentary sickness," replied she, gasping, "to which I am occasionally subject. I shall be better presently." So saying, she rose, and, followed by her sisters, withdrew from the apartment.

The preceding scene at once opened Norman's eyes to the nature of his own feelings, and gave him assurance of the impression which he had made upon Theresa. But no great extent of time was granted to consider the subject. The dragoon had already alighted, and, seeing Norman at the window, proceeded up stairs, to deliver his orders: they contained, as he expected they would contain,—directions for the immediate evacuation of Alanjuez, and the concentration of the army at Freynada. The orders were peremptory; but, had they been less so, Norman was still too much of a soldier to suffer any consideration of private feelings to interfere with his duty: he dismissed the messenger, and, hurrying towards the cantonments, commanded the troops to pack up the baggage, and to get under arms an hour before day-light, on the following morning.

As soon as this was done, and he had seen things put in a train of preparation, Norman bent his steps towards the spot where Theresa and he had, of late, spent much of their time. It was a beautiful and retired dell, overshadowed with tall cork trees, and

close beside the margin of the stream. Here, he threw himself down upon the grass, and gave full vent to his over-wrought feelings. In the midst of how many difficulties was he cast?—He loved the maiden, tenderly; and it was evident, that he was tenderly beloved in return: but was this a time for love or dalliance? Could he talk to her of marriage, at a moment when he was on the point of leaving her, perhaps for ever? And, were the case otherwise, what probability was there that Don Fernando, a Spanish grandee, and a bigotted Catholic, would consent to his daughter's union with him, a foreigner, an heretic, and a mere soldier of fortune? Norman pondered these things long and earnestly, and, in spite of many opposing impulses, came, at length, to this conclusion;—that it would be honourable, on his part, not to speak of love in direct terms to Theresa at all, but rather to incur the blame of unkindness and ingratitude by abandoning Alanjuez at once, than, by seeing and conversing with her again, to run the risk of being surprised into a confession of his feelings.

He had arrived at this magnanimous resolution, and rose to carry it into immediate effect, when a light step caught his ear; and, looking up, he beheld Theresa herself beside him. Her cheek was still of an ashy paleness; but her eyes were full of fire, and an occasional flush came over her countenance, expressive of some powerful feeling at work within. "Theresa!" said Norman, as he seized her hand,

"I had hoped to escape this. I intended to save both you and myself the pain of a formal parting!" She was silent for some moments, but she permitted him still to retain her hand. At length, after a severe struggle to compose herself, she said, in a tone of voice at once solemn and affecting, "It is well, Norman; your design was a prudent, and, perhaps, a proper one. It is time that we did part, and that for ever. Nay, nay," continued she, seeing that he was about to interrupt her, "suffer me to proceed, and then I will hear you patiently. Perhaps you will call me forward, indelicate, every thing which a woman ought not to be: but these are not times, neither is ours a situation, in which the ordinary forms of life can be attended to. Go, Norman; go, and carry with you the sincerest and most devoted affection of one who never knew happiness till she saw you, and shall never know it again, when you are gone. Go, and forget her. May He, whom we both worship, shield you in the day of battle! and may you return to your own land, and make happy one more worthy of you than I am! But even then, Norman, think kindly of me. When your blue-eyed bride smiles upon you, even then spare one thought for Theresa, not of love,—for that will be hers,—but of pity. For me, my resolution is formed;—I renounce the world for ever."

"Theresa, Theresa," cried Norman, passionately, "this is too much: I had determined not to speak to you of love, at least at present, till your country

should be delivered from her enemies, and I could return to claim you as my bride; but hear me, now. I swear, by every thing that is sacred in this world and in the next,—by thine own pure self, I swear,—that I have never loved, and never can love, but thee.—I knew not the sensation, till we met; I shall never know it for another. Why shake thy head, dearest Theresa," continued he, as the maiden's look became more sorrowful than ever; "dost thou not love me? Do I not love thee? And, when the war has come to an end, may I not return to woo thee?"—"Love thee, Norman! I love thee not as women usually love; but, as the martyr loves his religion, the saint his Saviour, even so do I love thee.—But what avails it? our faiths are not the same, Norman; and I cannot wed an heretic."—"Oh talk not of differences in faith. Do we not worship the same God and the same Redeemer? and what are minor distinctions to us? I will never disturb thee in the exercises of thy religion, and among my own kindred are many who will join thee in them; let not that divide us. Say, dearest Theresa, that, when peace is proclaimed, I may come for thee; and that thou wilt cross the sea with me, and dwell among the glens and hills of my romantic country."

The conversation had proceeded thus far; and Norman, unconsciously, throwing his arm around the maiden's waist, had pressed her to his bosom, anxious, and yet apprehensive of her reply, when

their attention was suddenly called off to other subjects by the report of a musket; a second and a third took place, then a volley from one of the out-picquets. Instantly, the bugles sounded. "It is the enemy," cried Norman; "fly, Theresa, fly to the house; there you will be safe: we will defend it to the last."

The lovers ran towards the château as fast as they were able. The troops were already under arms, and Norman's horse, always upon duty, was at the door in an instant. He sprang into the saddle, and, leaving another officer to take charge of the reserve, he galloped towards the front. One of the out-posts was already forced, a column of fifteen hundred French infantry were advancing. Norman formed such of his men as were up, to the best advantage, among the woods; and, despatching a messenger with orders for the companies in the rear to throw an abbatis across the avenue, and to occupy the cottages on each side, he awaited the approach of the enemy. They came on, as French soldiers always come on, with the most determined resolution. The Caçadores, animated by the example of their colonel, bravely met them; but their numbers were inadequate to successful resistance, at least for any length of time; they gradually gave ground. The French, imagining that the whole force was engaged, concluded, of course, that all opposition was overthrown; they pursued in considerable disorder. This accorded well with

Norman's plan; they were already at the head of the avenue, when the troops from behind the abbattis, with those in the cottages, opened a tremendous fire: the enemy were thoroughly confounded. Norman had still about three hundred men with himself, whilst two hundred defended the approach to the château. He formed this body into line, and advanced to the charge. The French, by no means expecting an attack, lost all confidence, and fled. But at this moment, when the victory was secured, and the assailants were escaping, as they best could, into the thickets, a shot from one of their skirmishers struck Norman in the side. He fell from his horse; and, having uttered but these words, "Oh! my mother!" instantly expired.

The family in the château were, as may readily be imagined, overcome with alarm at the suddenness of the attack; but Don Fernando retained too much of the spirit of an ancient Spaniard, to seek his safety in flight. Having deposited, in an inner chamber, the priest, the duenna, and his daughters, all except Theresa, whom no entreaties could prevail upon to quit the window, he barricadoed the door; and planted himself and his two aged domestics, each armed with a rifle, in such a situation, as would enable them to fire upon the enemy, in case the guard at the abbattis should be forced. They were standing thus, listening, with anxiety, not unmixed with triumph, to the receding sound of musketry, when a party of soldiers made their

appearance, bearing a body, wrapped up in one of the blankets, down the avenue. Theresa's palpitating heart instantly whispered to her the truth. "It is he," she exclaimed, starting back, and rushing towards the door, "it is Norman! he has fallen, and fallen defending us."

Her father vainly endeavoured to oppose her progress; she rushed down stairs, and, drawing aside the bars and bolts, met the party just as they had reached the lawn. The men were in tears, and her apprehensions received an immediate confirmation. She did not even look upon him: for, before the bearers had time to lay him down, or withdraw the covering from about him, her heart broke,—and she was a corpse!

The lovers were laid, side by side, in a little mausoleum, attached to the château of Alanjuez; the prejudices of Catholics giving way to personal regard. Theresa was long and deeply lamented by her relatives; and Norman's name received the applause which could no longer reach his own ears, but which, in no slight degree, served to alleviate the sorrow of his desolate parent.

CONSTANCY.

To ———.

BY THOMAS GENT, ESQ.

DEAREST love! when thy God shall recall thee,
  Be this record inscribed on thy tomb:
Truth, and gratitude, well may applaud thee,
  And all thy past virtues relume.

It shall tell—to thy sex's proud honor,
  Of sufferings and trials severe,
While still, through protracted affliction,
  Not a murmur escaped; but the tear

Of resignment to Heaven's high dictates,
  'Twas thine, like a martyr, to shed:
That heart,—all affection for others,—
  For thyself, uncomplainingly, bled.

Midst the storms, which misfortune had gather'd,
  What an angel thou wert unto me;
In that hour, when all friendship seemed sever'd,
  Thou didst bloom like the ever-green tree!

All was gloom; and in vain had I striven,
  For hope ceased a ray to impart;
When thou cams't, like a meteor from heaven,
  And gave peace to my desolate heart!

MONODY

ON CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

BY H. S. VANDYK, ESQ.

———————— unser Leben flieht;
Auch der Sänger ist verblüht.

JACOBI.

As the blue waters, when the winds have died
Upon the last faint ripple of the tide,
Spread their calm bosom to the lingering sun,
And million waves seem blended into one;—
So may we mark the magic power of song
Spread like enchantment through a mighty throng
Of men, whose aims and passions,—thoughts,—desires,—
Have nought in common; but whom music fires
With such intense, yet melancholy joy,
That all seem chang'd:—the feelings of the boy
Steal o'er the heart-strings of the man, and move
His every thought to gentleness and love.

If thus we feel, when music fades away;—
What must be felt for him, whose master-sway

Could call it forth, as with magician's wand,
To soothe—excite—dismay—beseech—command?
Could plunge us in the dim and shadowy glen,
Where demons flit and mix with earthly men;
Or breathe the heav'n-born melodies around,
That lure us to Elysium with a sound?
What must be felt for him, who humbly came
To meet us, meek as if he knew not fame,
Nor own'd the pride and glory of a name?
He sojourn'd with us like an alien bird,
Whose wildest, sweetest note has scarce been heard,
Ere chilling dews fall heavy on his wings,
And death o'ertakes him, even while he sings.

It is the fate of genius, to consume
The breast that harbours it:—an early doom
Is but the price which fame demands from those
Who seek to be immortal—nor repose
In the cold grave, unheeded by that world
Which they have made more glorious:—to be hurl'd
From the high pinnacle of man's esteem,
And feel life perish like a sickly dream,
Suit not the aspirations of the great,
Who buy and seal their splendour with their fate.

And, thus it was with Weber;—he had borne
The storm of passion, 'till his form was worn
By the unconquer'd spirit it contain'd:
Yet, as the one decay'd, the other, chain'd

By no dull fetters of this grovelling earth,
Burst from the clay—a giant at its birth,
And soar'd to that bright realm, where first it
caught
The very essence of its own deep thought.

He died :—was honour'd,—in a stranger land,
Where all were proud to proffer friendship's hand,
And welcome one, who heard the world's applause
As if unconscious—mindless—of its cause.
And those who knew him not in earlier day,
But mark'd his silent progress to decay,
Betray'd emotions they could not repress,—
Of mingled sorrow, pride, and tenderness.
He bore his honours with so meek a grace,
That if, at times, across his pallid face
A gleam of triumph wander'd, it but shone
A moment there; and, meteor-like, was gone.

His was no common mind;—and there should be
No common tomb to grace his memory:
The great,—the good,—who perish in their prime—
Become the lasting creditors of time:
And we must render to the mighty dead
The debt we owe them, for the joy they shed.

EPIGRAM FROM CLAUDIAN.

On a Versifier, crippled in his Feet.

BY THE REV. R. POLWHELE.

About your feet, one way or other,
Lord! what is all this mighty pother?
You, who your verse so boldly scann'd,
Cry, in a passion, it won't stand?
This line to run, forsooth, is ill able;
And feebly limps that sorry syllable!
Thus, as you hobble, once so stout,
Your verse, from you, has caught the gout!

THE SYMPATHIZING ZEPHYR.

BY THE SAME.

Soft o'er my turfy couch the breeze
Fann'd my green canopy;
As, whispering from the topmost trees,
It answer'd every sigh.

And, from my lids, as drops did break,
"O cease!"—it seem'd to say:—
For, as it breath'd upon my cheek,
It dried the tears away!

BALLAD.

BY T. HOOD, ESQ.

I LOVE thee—I love thee!
'Tis all that I can say;
It is my vision in the night,
My dreaming in the day;
The very echo of my heart,
The blessing when I pray,
I love thee—I love thee,
Is all that I can say!

I love thee—I love thee!
Is ever on my tongue;
In all my proudest poesy,
That chorus still is sung;
It is the verdict of my eyes,
Amidst the gay and young:
I love thee—I love thee,
A thousand maids among.

I love thee—I love thee!
Thy bright and hazel glance,
The mellow lute upon thy lips,
Whose tender tones entrance;
But most, dear heart of hearts, thy proofs,
That still these words enhance:
I love thee—I love thee,
Whatever be thy chance!

SONNET,

Written at Netley Abbey.

BY DAVID LESTER RICHARDSON, ESQ.

Author of "Sonnets, and other Poems."

THOU glorious Ruin! who could gaze on thee,
Untouched by tender thoughts, and glimmering
dreams
Of long departed years! Lo! Nature seems
Accordant with thy silent majesty.
The far blue hills – the bright reposing sea—
The lonely forest, and the murmuring streams,—
The gorgeous summer sun, whose farewell beams
Illume thine ivied halls,—and tinge each tree,
Whose green arms round thee cling—the balmy air—
The stainless vault above, that cloud or storm,
'Tis hard to deem, will ever more deform,—
The season's countless graces,—all appear
To thy calm beauty ministrant, and form
A scene to peace and meditation dear!

J. M. Wright, pinx^t. E. Finden, sculp^t.

FADING FLOWERS.

Printed by M

ALEXANDER AND DIOGENES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF ABBASSAH.

"Stand from betwixt the sun and me:"—
Was this the suppliant's only claim,
When to thy shrine, Philosophy!
Proud Hellas' proudest leader came?
When that red hand, in mid career
The war of cherished wrongs to wage
With Europe's hope and Asia's fear,
Was spread, to tempt the sullen sage.

A hundred nations' hearts beat high;
Ten thousand warriors owned their lord;
Their light of fame was in his eye,
Their bolt of vengeance on his sword:
Heroes and kings—the brave, the wise,
Around his brow their laurels twined;
His spirit swayed their destinies,
Their councils' voice his single mind.

And Corinth spreads in wide display
Arch, palace, temple, fountain, grove:
Song, triumph, transport, wile away
The days of joy and nights of love.

From Hellas' shores the fair, the proud,
Her boast—her bloom—assembles there;
And yet he quits th' adoring crowd
To seek the Solitary's lair.

Great was the triumph !---Glory, power,
The den of Poverty adorned;
And wealth and splendour bowed, that hour,
Before the humbler thing they scorned:-
The Outcast fortune's smiles disdained;
The Convict spurned the Monarch's suit:
The world-despising sage remained,
The slave of sense—a human brute.

Philosophy, enjoy the boast !---
Taste, genius, science, cast aside,
Thy Samian saw in thee at most
The tattered garb of paltry pride.*
Yet such th' insatiate thirst for fame,
The empty craving to be known---
That Conqueror for the Cynic's name
Had bartered all, except his throne.

---

* "Antisthenes," said Socrates to the founder of the Cynic school, "I perceive the meanness of thy pride through the rags of thy garment."

LINES.

Written in a copy of "Friendship's Offering," presented to a youthful friend, New Year's Day, 1826.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

1

OTHERS may sing to thee of Love;—
At Friendship's gentle shrine,
I pay my homage;—Love's may prove
Dearer, perchance, than mine;
Yet not more faithful or sincere
His strains—than those I offer here!

2

I will not on thy beauty dwell,
That flower so soon must fade;
Nor will I of thy virtue tell,
Since virtue courts the shade:
Neither of these the theme shall be,
To form a votive wreath for thee!

3

No! Friendship is the theme I sing;
Her's the pure wreath I twine;

And Friendship's gentle Offering,
I lay upon thy shrine;
There, may the gift accepted prove,
Till banished—to give place to love!

4

Few are the real friends we find,
Though many boast the name;
But clashing interests are combin'd,
On earth, to quench the flame.
Beauty—wealth—envy; in an hour,
How these can weaken friendship's power!

5

I will not boast a heart more free
From falsehood's taint than they
Who proffer friendship's hand to thee,
In youth's unclouded day;
And strew thy life's smooth path with flowers,
In summer's fresh and morning hours!

6

I will not boast;—yet I would fain
Supply the place you mourn;
And fill up, in affection's chain,
The link that Death has torn;
And see thy young heart give to me
A daughter's fond fidelity!

7

Nay, smile not ;—though upon my brow
Time has not set his seal ;
Though few the years I number now
Beyond thyself,—I feel,
That I would act a mother's part,
And shrine thee in my inmost heart !

8

Nay, smile not ;—Folly's hours are gone—
Calm reason rules with me ;
My wild romantic days have flown,
And stern reality
Usurps the place of fancy's themes,
Its glowing hopes and fairy dreams !

9

Others more costly gifts may bring,
Where gold and jewels shine ;
But let *my* new-year's offering
Live in that heart of thine !
Worthy such place may Friendship prove,
Nor own a rival there,—save Love !

LINES TO THE MORNING STAR.

BY F. LYNDHURST, ESQ.

HAIL! thou brilliant morning star!
That sitt'st upon the twilight's brow,
Bringing the day-beam from afar—
The signal that the gracious vow,
Which once ensured to mortal sight
The due return of day and night,
Remains as faithful and unbroken,
As when that promise first was spoken—
Thrice hail! as, in thy sparkling dress,
Thou floatest on in loveliness.

Art thou thy tresses wont to lave
Beneath the glowing eastern wave,
And gather thence a fresher hue,
Ere thou ascend upon our view—
So pure—so lovely, in the sky,
While all the other night-lamps die,
In homage to the coming ray
Of the Almighty Lord of day?

I've heard thou art the blest abode
Of beings of a nobler mould,

Than ever on this earth have trod,
Since circling years their course have roll'd;
And, doubtless, thou dost shine so gay,
And speed so lightly on thy way,
Because, thy radiant climes within,
There is not known the curse of sin,
To cloud thy sons with misery,
And blast their spirits' energy;
And they that vigour still retain,
Unbroken by the throes of pain,
Which first was breathed throughout their frame,
When from their Maker's hand they came,
And not the trembling slaves of death,
Yielding to him their struggling breath,
And bowing—crumbling into dust,
As we poor wretched mortals must.

Perhaps, our planet seems to thee,
As on it dimly holds its way,
Some sad and evil destiny,
To fright creation with its ray;
And there is stamped upon its face
Some awful sign—some fearful trace,
That each surrounding world may know,
It is the dark abode of woe.
And if thou askest why it is,
It looks so dread—the cause is this:—
There was a fairy paradise,
Which bloomed beneath unclouded skies,

And nature, then unsteeped in trance,
Revelled in fair luxuriance ;
And flowers, in their youngest bloom,
Upon the air shed soft perfume.

And ere the sun at eve went down,
Behind the mountain's snowy crown,
His parting rays would linger still,
On streams and woods and many a hill,
Deepening with verdure as he shone
On scenes where love and peace were known.
But man from his estate soon fell,
And was resigned to death and hell ;
And all his happy visions fled,
And woes and curses piled his head.
Now sad he wanders on through life,
Surrounded with decay and strife,
Till in the dust, from which he came,
He lays his death-devoted frame.
Yet, still, alas ! he thinks not less,
To search and toil for happiness,
Though each attempt but serves to teach,
That it is far beyond his reach—
A thing no longer now the birth
Of this ill-doomed and barren earth.

THE WHITE WOLF,

A Guard-Room Tale of the "Black Brunswickers."

BY MISS E. ROBERTS.

"SPRINGFELDT," exclaimed his companion in arms, as they drew round the guard-room fire, "it is your turn to wear out the night with a tale; 'tis the eve of Walpurgis; and in the neighbourhood of the Brocken there can be no lack of subject."

"I am ill acquainted," returned Springfeldt, "with the traditions of the Herz, but my story, such as it is, may enable us to get through these hours of inaction. I forget the precise date, that, during the short reign of Robert, an Imperial Diet was convoked at Ratisbon. A maternal ancestor of mine, Bernhard de Wilmenstein, received orders to repair, with his lances and men at arms, to the royal congress: his route lay through the Black Forest; and, as the troopers rode merrily forward, they encountered a swarthy female, fantastically attired in the Eastern fashion: but for her yellow turban and crimson trowsers, the startled soldiers

might have deemed her a being of the nether sphere, so wild and superhuman were her looks and gestures; they were, however, acquainted with the foreign garb she wore, and regarded her with a mixture of animosity and fear: she was a Gypsey, and belonging to a race new to Germany. The sybil offered to read the fortunes of the strangers; and many, extending their broad palms, looked and listened, anxiously, for predictions of their future fate, but De Wilmenstein, who was a good Catholic and despised such heathen mummery, forbade all parley with the Egyptian; yet, compassionating the poverty which appeared through the tattered remains of her finery, flung a double ducat at her feet. The dark-eyed hag surveyed the donor of this generous bequest with a half-pleased half-angry air: the sum was greater than she could have expected from the united purses of the rude soldiers, but she had been deprived of the exertion of her mystic powers; a curse hovered on her lips; a second glance at the gold stayed the wrathful malediction, and she cried, in a tone in which gratitude seemed to struggle with the baleful feelings of her heart, "*Beware of a White Wolf.*" Bernhard laughed, and rode on.

Arriving at Ratisbon, he found the city crowded to excess: the principal inns were entirely occupied; every house was furnished with its full quota of guests, except one, which, bearing an evil name, and situated in a distant suburb, was universally shunned. It

had formerly been a place of considerable resort, and owed its present desertion to a horrible circumstance, which had occurred many years before, —the murder of a rich guest by the landlord, who, convicted of the crime, was broken on the wheel in the street, in the front of the spot where he had perpetrated so black a deed. The house still offered entertainment to the people of Ratisbon, but it was only open as a tavern during the day, no traveller ever slept under its inhospitable roof. De Wilmenstein having no choice, and being, moreover, little troubled by superstitious fears, cheerfully accepted the offered billet. Appearing before the door of his quarters, he perceived that its gloom had not been exaggerated: it was a lofty extensive building, the windows were few, and small, and set deep within the thickness of the wall; and over the portal, cut in stone, grinned the animal which gave the name to the deserted inn: the warning of the Gypsey flashed upon his mind;—it was a White Wolf. The host and hostess, who, after repeated calls, vouchsafed to show themselves, grumbled at the stranger's intrusion. The royal mandate being imperative, they were, however, compelled to admit De Wilmenstein as their guest, and they led the way to the interior, with a bad grace.

A pale, fair girl, the only domestic visible, strove to make atonement for the incivility of her employers. She put the best apartment in order; assisted to unarm the knight, and received the bounteous

guerdon, which Bernhard pressed as the reward of her kind service, with modest gratitude: there was something peculiarly interesting about the gentle Mela; it reconciled him to the dark recesses of the mansion, the rude insolence of its owner, and to the white wolf. The meetings of the Congress terminated, every evening, in a banquet and ball, at the palace of the Duke of Bavaria; and thither the soldier, after robing himself in suitable habiliments, repaired. Princes, Nobles, Knights, and fair ladies, graced the festal scene; a flood of brilliant light was thrown upon the splendid ornaments of the Gothic hall; bannerols, banners, and pennons, nicely emblazoned, streamed high in the golden air; and polished lances, spears, and partizans, mingled their warlike devices with the carved oaken entablatures, the embroidered tapestry hangings, and the wreathed garlands which decorated the walls.

Bernhard was, for some time, content with being a spectator, only, of the amusements enjoyed by the gay groups before him; he strove not to ingratiate himself with any of the sovereigns of those numerous states which have given to the emperor of Germany, the proud title of "King of Princes;" nor did he seek to gain the smiles of fastidious beauty, or to join in the wild revels of gallants devoted to the bowl: despite of the charms of the fair and jewelled multitude before him, his thoughts, involuntarily, recurred to the pale fair girl, pining beneath the iron sway of a harsh mistress; but, at

length, the image of the humble Mela was effaced by a lovely vision which swam towards him in the graceful evolutions of the dance. She was richly but simply attired, in a flowing robe of white silk, confined round the slender waist by a cestus of pearls; her bright luxuriant tresses of waving gold were twined with strings of the same chaste gems: her arms, of a dazzling whiteness, which shamed the hue of her mantling drapery, were without any ornament save their own matchless beauty: her large blue eyes were soft and melting; and as the slow movements of the music quickened into a livelier measure, tender flushes, scarcely deeper than the tints of the Provence rose, dyed her fair cheek and added new lustre to her beaming eyes. This delicate creature was ill matched in a partner: the heavy saturnine countenance and clumsy figure of Prince Ladislaus were slight recommendations to a lady's favour: his dancing was as uncouth as his person; and it required little penetration to perceive, that he owed his acceptance to the authority of a parent or guardian, rather than to any mental or exterior attraction. The prince, in his awkward execution of a complicated figure, made a wrong step, and, striving to recover himself, sprained his ancle. Writhing with pain, he abruptly quitted his fair partner: she was floating exactly opposite to Bernhard, when the accident occurred; and now, left alone, seemed to ask the aid of some gay and gallant knight,—the temptation was irresistible; and

stepping eagerly forward, the warrior gracefully offered himself as a substitute for the disabled Ladislaus, and was courteously received.

Hours flew like minutes, with the enamoured Bernhard: the lady smiled sweetly upon him, and, despite of the frowns of Ladislaus and the inquiring glances of the Baron Craussan, the father of the beautiful Adine, they continued to dance together until the company dispersed.

The exulting hopes which the encouragement, vouchsafed by the loveliest maiden in Ratisbon, kindled in De Wilmenstein's breast, were cruelly damped by the discovery of her near relationship to the Baron Craussan, the Emperor's aspiring favourite. This ambitious statesman, he well knew, would not hesitate to sacrifice the happiness of his child at the altar of his own interests, and Adine was, doubtless, devoted, by her selfish parent, to the cruel, licentious, unprincipled, Ladislaus. Bernhard reflected upon the disparity of rank between him and his rival, and became exceedingly melancholy. The striking contrast afforded by the gloomy pile of building, wherein he had taken up his quarters, to the illuminated halls of the ducal palace, did not tend to raise his spirits. He was ushered by the owner of the desolate abode into a large ghastly-looking chamber, every article of the cumbrous furniture deepened by age to funereal blackness, and each hideous object multiplied by their reflection in vast mirrors which seemed to

stretch out the dimensions of this dreary place to a boundless extent. This was, in all probability, the very apartment in which the soldier's unfortunate predecessor had met his fate, and no person appeared to have occupied it since the period of the murder. Bernhard looked round, half expecting the sheeted ghost of the slain to start from one of those long vistas which his eye vainly tried to penetrate; but, shaking off these idle thoughts, he walked towards the window, and felt more disappointment than he chose to acknowledge, even to himself, on finding that it did not face the street, but looked into a large neglected yard, green with the coarse vegetation which had forced itself between the mouldering flags. The moon was partially obscured by clouds; but, ever and anon, threw a flickering light upon a white wolf, which, carved in stone, arose in the centre of the quadrangle: a vague presentiment of approaching peril stole over Bernhard's mind, as, gazing upon the work of a rude sculptor, the sybil's prophetic speech recurred to his memory. At length the sky became too dark to permit any outward object to be visible through the dull small panes of thick glass, which were latticed in the heavy stone work of the window: the knight prepared himself for repose; but, before he could entirely disrobe, his lamp went out.

The moon, at this moment, streamed through the breaking clouds into the casement: Bernhard took advantage of the gleam to disentangle some of the

points of his dress, and, glancing his eyes towards the court below, saw, with surprise, not unmingled with horror, that it was peopled with dark forms, gliding, swiftly and silently, along; a sable multitude; each individual enveloped, from head to foot, in black drapery. For an instant, he fancied that he beheld some gloomy pageant of the dead; yet there was one of the crowd whose heavy limping movements reminded him of Prince Ladislaus, as he had seen him halt along the corridor of the ducal palace. The idea of the close vicinity of this man, though unaccompanied by any expectation of personal injury from his malice, was disagreeable to Bernhard: he started, as if an adder had crossed his path; yet, before he could be quite certain that his eyes had not deceived him, a thick cloud involved the whole scene in impenetrable darkness; and when the moon shone out again, it disclosed only the long grass, the broken pavement, and the glaring white wolf. De Wilmenstein, striving to believe the whole to be a vision of the distempered fancy, threw himself on his couch, and, though starting if a mouse stirred, fell, at length, into a profound slumber which lasted until sun-rise.

The soldier carefully concealed the phantasy which had haunted him on the preceding night, from the knowledge of his irreverend companions, who had already amused themselves, by conjecturing the appearance of some unearthly visitant to scare the intruder from his couch. Bernhard's

wonted hilarity was soon restored by the martial exercises which engrossed the early part of the morning, and the pompous display which filled the streets of Ratisbon, as the members of the Diet repaired to the theatre of their deliberations. De Wilmenstein was deeply interested in proceedings which involved the honour and the welfare of the Emperor. Hitherto, notwithstanding the hostility expected from a violent faction, who espoused the cause of the deposed Wenceslaus, the utmost unanimity had prevailed: even the Pope's legate, who had threatened the denunciations of the church against Robert, now bent and bowed, in humble submission, to the imperial will. Bernhard gazed upon the smooth and oily priest with feelings of abhorrence, and breathed a fervent prayer, as he saw his close association with blood-thirsty and revengeful nobles, that nothing might happen to disturb the sovereignty so happily entrusted to an illustrious prince, or to prevent the projected war in Lombardy.

The twilight hour found Bernhard at the ducal banquet. He had obtained a seat next to the lovely Adine; and the malignant and hostile glances of Prince Ladislaus, who glared fiercely upon him from the opposite side of the board, were either disregarded or defied. A ball succeeded to the feast, and, again, De Wilmenstein triumphed over a hated rival. He led his beautiful partner to the centre of the hall, and, winding through the mazes

of the dance together, to the soft breathings of delicious music, their hearts seemed to expand, in unison with each other; and many a blush, and many a tender sigh, told the delighted lover a tale which averted eyes, and lips sweetly false, would fain have rendered doubtful. The moments winged their flight with distressing rapidity, and Bernhard was compelled to utter his last adieus: he lingered till the folding doors closed upon the snowy drapery of his beloved, as she followed slowly, and perchance reluctantly, in the train of the Empress, and then turned towards his cheerless home. Mela, whom the knight had not seen since the first hours of his arrival, was waiting for him, and sprung to the portal at his earliest summons. While in the act of withdrawing the ponderous bolt, the dark hand of her master grasped her arm, and he surlily commanded her to retire: muttering about the unseemliness of a damsel's attendance upon fine young gentlemen. The poor girl seemed inexpressibly afflicted, by the disappointment of her scheme to gain the ear of the guest, who had been kind to her. She attempted to make a sign, but, encountering the stern eye of Von Gratze, rushed from the hall before Bernhard could interpose or inquire the meaning of her looks and gestures: he fancied that he could see the flutter of her garments before him, as he trod the long passages which led to his apartment; and so anxious did she appear to address

him, that he expected to find her concealed in some remote corner: he looked round vainly; there was no living creature within ken.

De Wilmenstein had become familiarized with the spectral appearance of the chamber, and he felt a sensation of shame at the nervous state of his mind; the tendency to magnify even trifling occurrences into something strange and ominous. Determined not to indulge in the morbid phantasies which had nearly destroyed his last night's repose, he hastily threw off his clothes, and approached the bed.—Upon the pillow lay a rusty dagger, evidently placed there since the morning, and again the blood rushed in a tide of emotion to his heart. He felt a strong conviction, that some unseen danger hovered near, and, obeying the first impulse, resolved to seek his host: he placed his hand upon the door of the apartment, and discovered that it was fastened upon the outside; it resisted all his efforts, and he found himself a prisoner. Suspicion now became certainty; nothing remained but to await the attack and to sell his life dearly. The knight's armour was not in the chamber; it had been taken away to be cleaned, and he arrayed himself in the dress which had been selected for his attendance upon the Emperor at a solemn mass to be performed on the ensuing morning, at the Cathedral.

Scarcely was Bernhard's toilette completed, ere the quivering flame of the lamp expired, and he was left to the light of an unclouded moon, which

illuminated a portion of the chamber. Two hours moved heavily away, and all was still, profoundly tranquil. There was, however, little temptation for repose, and De Wilmenstein's vigilance did not relax: he stood with his back against the wall watching the chamber door, screened from the immediate sight of those who might seek an entrance there, by a tall chair which he placed before him. While thus upon the alert, a large mirror, close beside him, suddenly, and without noise, flew open, at the touch of some person behind it. The heavy frame-work of this antique ornament rested against the chair, and completed Bernhard's concealment, who, in a large glass placed exactly opposite, saw a muffled figure, bearing a long dagger and a lamp, steal, cautiously forward: this suspicious visitant approached the bed, and raised his weapon in the act to strike; and, satisfied that he had only to contend with a single adversary, the knight rushed from his hiding place, and sprang upon the enemy. A brief and desperate struggle ensued: nearly overpowered, Bernhard, by a violent effort, wrested the dagger from his opponent's hand, and, plunging it into the assassin's heart, he fell dead upon the floor. De Wilmenstein seized the lamp, and left the chamber by the concealed entrance, which still remained open. It led him through a winding passage to a vestibule or gallery, which looked into a spacious hall; and there, seated round a table, in close debate, their black cloaks thrown

partially aside, he saw the Pope's legate at the head of those malecontent nobles, whose enmity to the Emperor had been formerly manifested, and in whom he had no difficulty in recognizing the dark phantoms who had filled the inn-yard on the preceding night. Bernhard, bending forward, vainly tried to make himself master of the whispered communications of this mysterious council; but he caught their import from the gestures of the members, and the words "death," and the "Emperor," blended together, which reached his ears. A narrow staircase led from the gallery where the knight stood to the hall below: Bernhard descended, and to his great surprise, found, on looking through a chink in the door, that the assembly had vanished, every apparent outlet was made fast, and, after an unsuccessful search for the means of regress from the building, he returned to his chamber: the door still refused to yield to his efforts; day had now broken, and he almost despaired of being liberated from his irksome confinement. Hour after hour passed slowly away; the Emperor was, probably, even now moving in procession to the cathedral, whence, perchance, he might never return alive.

Exhausted by unavailing efforts to break a passage through his prison, Bernhard sate down; his quick ear detected a light step in the adjoining corridor; a bolt fell, and Mela appeared. A single moment only was given to explanation and to thanks. The knight learned that the jealousy of Ladislaus

had prompted the assassin's hand, and, following his gentle guide, he reached the street by a private way, and sped, swiftly, towards the church. The imperial train had already passed the portal, and were advancing to the high altar. Bernhard looked around for the conspirators; they were at a distance, and, from their daggers, no immediate danger seemed probable; but, in pronouncing the warning so necessary for the safety of the sovereign of Germany, the delay of a moment might be fatal, and the knight rushed on, casting eager glances in all directions: a slight movement, a cobweb flashing through the golden motes which marked the descent of the sunbeams across the aisle, directed his attention to the roof. He fixed his eyes upon it, and observed, that, in the centre of the church, the cumbrous arched work of each slanting rafter concealed a man armed with some heavy missile. A few more of the procession's measured paces would bring Robert under the ambuscade. Franticly exclaiming "Treason! treason!" Bernhard pressed, with irresistible force, through the crowd, and, grasping the Emperor's hand, drew him back, at the instant that a ponderous bar of iron fell, ringing, on the pavement at his feet. All was uproar and confusion; the Emperor's friends drew their swords, and, rallying round, conveyed him in haste to the ducal palace. Some of the principals of the confederacy were promptly arrested, and many escaped. Prince Ladislaus was not amid the number, whom a timely flight preserved from

the penalty of his crime; but, while the host of the White Wolf, Von Gratze, and the other instruments of his daring faction, perished on the scaffold, he received the milder doom of imprisonment in the dungeons of the State. The eminent service performed by Bernhard de Wilmenstein, introduced him to the Emperor's notice, and he rose rapidly to court-favour. Before the Diet broke up, he presented the gentle Mela with a wedding portion, and saw her happily established in a cheerful home: the laurels which he gained at Brescia, in Robert's spirited though unfortunate campaign against the Milanese, and the honours lavished upon him by his partial sovereign, softened the proud heart of the Baron Craussan, and Bernhard became the happy husband of Adine.

THE CHAIN-PIER, BRIGHTON;

A Sketch, July, 1826.

BY THOMAS GENT, ESQ.

HAIL, lovely morn! and thou, all-beauteous sea!
Sun-sparkling with the diamond's countless rays;
Thy look, how tranquil, one eternal calm,
Which seems to woo the troubled soul to peace!
Now, all is sunshine, and thy boundless breast
Scarce heaves; unruffled, all thy waves subside
(Light murmuring, like the baby sighs of rest,)
Into a gentle ripple on the shore.

All hail, dear Woman! saving-ark of man,
His surest solace in this world of woe;
How cheering are thy smiles, which, like the breeze
Of health, play softly o'er the pallid cheek,
And turn its rigid markings to a smile.
England may well be proud of scenes like this;
The beaming Beauty which adorns the PIER!
Hung like a fairy fabric o'er the sea,
The graceful wonder of this wondrous age;

Intrepid Brown,* the future page shall tell
Thy generous spirit's persevering aim,
That wrought so much, so well, thy country's weal;
How fit for thee, the gallant seaman's life,
His restless nights, and days of ceaseless toil;
Framed by thy mighty hand, the giant work
Checked the rude tempest, in its fearful way.
Thy bold inventions gave new life to hope,
Steadied the wavering, and confirmed the brave,
And bade the timid smile, amidst the storm!

Spirit of Hogarth! had I but one ray
Of that vast sun which warmed thy varied mind;
How would I now describe the motley groups,
Which crowd, in thoughtless ease, thy moving road.
Mark the young Confidence of yesterday,
Offspring of pride, and fortune's blinded fool,
(Engendered like the vermin of an hour,)
All would-be fashion, elegance, and ease,
While, by his side, the weaker vessel smirks,

---

* My friend, Captain Samuel Brown, of the Royal Navy, whose inventions and improvements of the iron chain cable, and various others connected with the naval service, deserve the gratitude of his country, independant of the admirable Chain-Pier at Brighton, a Suspension Bridge over the Tweed, Pier at Newhaven, Bridge at Heckham, the iron work for Hammersmith Bridge, and other successful undertakings.

In tawdry finery, with presuming gait,
As though the world were made for them alone;
Their liveried Lacquey, half-concealed in lace,
The vulgar wonder of an upstart race.
How heartlessly they pass that mourner by,
The poor lone Widow, with her death-struck load.
In speechless poverty, she courts the air
To give its blessing to her suffering babe;
Not asking it herself; for life, for her,
Has, now, no charm—her refuge is the grave!

Here comes the moral Almanack of years—
The prim old maid, and, by her side, her Niece,
Full of bewitching beauty, health, and love.
See, how the tabby watches Laura's eyes,
Lest they should smile upon some pleasing spark,
And violate grim prudery's tyrant ties.
With icy finger, she her charge directs,
To view the faithful dial of the sun,
Whose moral tells how tide and time pass on.
See, there—the fated victim of mischance;
Read, in that hollow eye, and altered look,
The deep anxiety which gnaws the heart,
Incesant struggling 'gainst a tide of care,
Which wears his life away;—and there, again,
The empty, Lucky Fool, who never thought,
Nor ever will, yet lives and smiles, and thrives!
Mark ye, that Ready-reckoner's figured face?
Cold calculation in his thoughtful step;
The heartless wretch, who never trusts his kind,

And never is deceived!—And, next him, comes
Laughing Good-nature, with ruddy cheeks,
And welcome look, determined to be pleased.
He comes to ask—or go with friend to dine;
His labour but to dress—to eat, to sleep:
He knows no suffering equal to bad wine.
There—the prig-Parson, with indented hat,
And formal step—demanding your respect—
Yonder, the lovely insect-chasing Child.
His is, indeed, a life of envious joy;
Hope and anticipation, on the wing,
To him, no sad realities e'er bring!

And, now, the humble Quaker, plain and proud.
Humility, is this, indeed, thy type?
(I know it is not, for I know the man.)
His lovely Daughter bears an angel form.
And mind, that glorifies her sex's charms;
Meekness and charity her life employ,—
A seraph sorrowing for a suffering world!
Lo! too, the Matron, with her household gods,
The deities she worships night and day.
Affection has no bounds, nor language words,
To tell a mother's tender ceaseless charge.
Children! can all your future love repay
The nights of watchfulness and days of care,
Which a fond parent gives?—
See, last, sad sight! the hardy British Tar,
Cutlass unsheathed, unlike the truly brave,
Here, watching, night and day,—degenerate lot!

To seize a fisherman, or stop a cart,
Or "fright the wandering spirits from the shore."
His "brief authority" has just detained
A boat of cockles and a quart of gin!
The smart Lieutenant's epaulet, methinks,
Blushes at this degrading, pimping trade.—
For deeds like these—let objects be employed,
Who never shared their country's high renown!

Adieu! vast Ocean, cradle of the brave,
Tablet of England's glory, and her shield!
To thee—and those dear friends who lured me here,
With hospitality's enchanting smile,
And chased away a little age of woe,—
Gratefully,—I dedicate these *tuneless lays!*

TIME, HOPE, AND MEMORY.

BY THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.

I HEARD a gentle maiden, in the Spring,
Set her sweet sighs to music, and thus sing;
"Fly through the world, and I will follow thee,
Only for looks that may turn back on me;

Only for roses that your chance may throw—
Though withered—I will wear them on my brow,
To be a thoughtful fragrance to my brain;
Warmed with such love, that they will bloom again.

Thy love before thee, I must tread behind,
Kissing thy foot-prints, though to me unkind;
But trust not all her fondness, though it seem,
Lest thy true love should rest on a false dream.

Her face is smiling, and her voice is sweet;
But smiles betray, and music sings deceit;
And words speak false;—yet, if they welcome prove,
I'll be their echo, and repeat their love.

Only if wakened to sad truth, at last,
The bitterness to come, and sweetness past;
When thou art vext, then, turn again, and see
Thou hast loved Hope, but Memory loved thee.

THE

TOMB OF MADAME LANGHANS,

In the Church of Hindelbanck, two leagues from Berne.

Executed by Nahl,

SCULPTOR TO THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

THIS lady, one of the most beautiful women in Switzerland, died at Hindelbanck, during her first confinement, in the twenty-eighth year of her age. Her husband, the pastor of the village, inconsolable for her loss, found, in Monsieur Nahl, an artist worthy of perpetuating his grief, and the memory of his beloved partner. This excellent sculptor, who was then employed upon a monument for the Bailiff d'Erlach, in the same church, affected by the despair of the pastor, (at whose house he had taken up his abode,) determined to exert his talents for the consolation of his friend, and executed the monument, of which the following description gives but a very inadequate idea. The infinite variety of these

memorials of human fragility seemed almost to have exhausted all the resources of Genius and Art; but Monsieur Nahl did not content himself with ordinary accessories. Madame Langhans had died on Easter Eve; and this circumstance inspired him with an idea, at once so simple and so sublime, that the eye is never weary of contemplating its execution. The figures, as well as the tomb itself, are composed from a single piece of stone.* The sepulchre is represented as bursting open, "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," according to our idea of the great day of the Resurrection, when the graves shall have to give up their dead. The shattered stone discloses to view the young mother, arising with her child. She has awakened from the sleep of Death, and is about to take her flight towards the skies.

The consciousness of a blessed immortality is depicted in her joyous and majestic countenance. With one hand, she seems to put aside the stone which still confines her; with the other she presses her infant to her bosom; while he, awaking like his mother, stretches out his little hand, as if to assist her in emerging from this abode of darkness. The cleft, which divides the stone into three parts, is so

* It is much to be regretted, that this stone is of a very soft and crumbling nature, and that the monument has already been considerably defaced.

naturally executed, that, on beholding it, one expects, every instant, to see the whole sepulchre breaking up. The tomb is sunk a little below the pavement of the church, and covered with two shutters of wood. The inscription and epitaph are by the celebrated Haller. The following is a literal translation of them:

"Lord! here am I! with the child that Thou hast given me.

"I hear the voice of the trumpet. It reaches even unto the depths of the tomb. Awake! thou child of my sorrow, put off the garments of mortality. The Saviour calls thee—Time and Death flee away at his presence, and Sorrow is lost in an eternity of Joy.

"In this blessed hope,
her afflicted husband,
George Langhans, Pastor of Hindelbanck,
has here deposited the remains of
Marie Madeline Langhans,
born Weber,
who was born on the 8th of August, 1723,
and died on Easter Eve, 1751."

LINES

On the Tomb of Madame Langhans.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

> To a mysteriously consorted pair,
> This place is consecrate; to death, and life,
> And to the best affections that proceed
> From this conjunction.
>
> WORDSWORTH.

How many hopes were borne upon thy bier,
O bride of stricken love! in anguish hither!
Like flowers, the first and fairest of the year,
Pluck'd, on the bosom of the dead to wither:
Hopes, from their source all holy, tho' of earth,
All brightly gathering round affection's hearth.

Of mingled prayer they told; of sabbath hours;
Of morn's farewell, and evening's blessed meeting;
Of childhood's voice, amidst the household bowers,
And bounding step, and smile of joyous greeting.
—But thou, young mother! to thy gentle heart,
Didst take thy babe, and meekly so depart.

How many hopes have sprung in radiance hence!
Their trace yet lights the dust, where thou art
sleeping!
A solemn joy comes o'er me, and a sense
Of triumph, blunt with nature's gush of weeping,

As, kindling up the silent stone, I see
The glorious vision, caught by faith of thee.

Slumberer! Love calls thee, for the night is past;
Put on th' immortal beauty of thy waking!
Captive! and hear'st thou not the trumpet's blast,
The long victorious note thy bondage breaking?
Thou hear'st, thou answerest—* "God of Earth and
Heaven!
Here am I, with the child whom thou hast given."

---

* Part of the monumental inscription.

A CONTRAST,

BY T. K. HERVEY, ESQ.

I SIT in my lonely mood;—
No smiling eyes are near,
And there is not a sound in my solitude,
Save the voice in my dreaming ear
The friends whom I loved, in light,
Are seen through a twilight dim,
Like fairies beheld in a moonlight night,
Or heard in a far-off hymn!
The hopes of my youth are away,—
My home and its early dreams,—
I am far from the land where I used to play,
A Child, by its thousand streams!
Yet, now, in my lonely hour,
What visions of bliss are mine!
For my spirit is ruled by a spell of power,
And the spell and the power are thine!
I have mixed in the courtly throng,
And smiled with the smiling crowd,
When the laugh was light, and the revel long,
And the mirth was high and loud!

I have watched the lightning-flash
Of beauty's playful eye,
As it gleamed beneath the long, dark lash,
Like a star in a moonless sky!
I have been where gentle tones
Grew gentler for my sake,
And seen soft smiles—those lovely ones
Which make young bosoms ache!
Yet, in those brightest hours,
What lonely thoughts were mine!
For, the heart has but *one* spring of flowers,
And my heart and its flowers were thine!

THE CONTADINA,

Dictating her Love-letter.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLY.

COME, thou old, unloving Scribe,
Thou shalt have a noble bribe:
Choose it,—medal, coin, or gem,
Topaz ring or coral stem;
Take thy pen and tell my love,
How, to earth, and heaven above;
How, to every sainted maid,
I have watch'd, and wept, and pray'd,—
O'er him, with their wings, to stoop,
Where he steers his bold chaloupe;
O'er him, in the sullen night,
When the storm is in his might;
O'er him, in the fearful day,
When the lance and sabre play;
And the soldier's hour is knolled,
Stretched upon the sanguine mould;
Him on surge, or him on steed,
Still to spare, and still to speed!

Listen, now !——'Tis vain, 'tis vain ;
What can read the burning brain ?
What can tell the thousandth part
Of the agonies of heart,
Secrets that the spirit keeps,
Thoughts on which it wakes and weeps ;
To the mortal ear unknown,
Kept for night and heaven alone !

Old man, tell him of the tale
Written in this cheek so pale :
Wild, and often, has the tear
Washed the rose that once was there.
Tell him of my heavy sigh,
Deep as from the lips that die ;
Of my eyes' decaying beam ;
Life, departing like a stream.
Tell him of my weary day.
Bid him, Oh, do all but stay :
If he would not see my tomb,
Bid him come, and——swiftly come !

A REVERIE.

BY JOHN GALT, ESQ.

THE stars were out, and the moon was up,
And the gentle summer sea,
In the moonlight, lay, like a baby's eye,
That, mindless, floats so free.

'Twas then—in that still hour of rest,
On the ghastly cliffs alone,---
As I look'd where the tombs were in moonshine drest,
Pageants of feasts where the worm is the guest,
And for mirth is the epitaph's moan;

At my side, and within my shadow, there,
I beheld an aged man:
His eyes, methought, were like mine own—
But his face, though shrivelled with eild and care,
And in lineaments seeming like one I had known—
Was the wreck of a nobler plan.

"O, why dost thou sigh?" said that mystical one,
And I shook;—for his voice was like mine—

"Look here!" and he opened his bosom, and lo!
I beheld a broad mirror, and, in it, a show
Of phantoms—O life! such are thine!

The hopes of the schoolboy,—the blossoms of spring,
The dews of the morning, all sparkling and gay,—
All thoughts that invite, and all fancies that bring,
Shone there—like the vapors that omen the day.

Anon, dim o'er the wizzard glass,
As clouds obscure the April scene,
With dark eclipse, slow shadows pass,
And veil the sunshine that hath been.

Then other sights, and visions fair,
Dawn'd in the mirror, bright and true:
But many a flower fell withering there—
The promises that youth must rue.

The bloom, the smile, the eye of light,
Th' Aurora of th' impassion'd heart,
With all that charms the youthful sight—
All—that we all so soon with part.

But ere the flood of fond regret
Had risen o'er my saddened eye,
The glass was chang'd, and, darker yet,
New phantasies were gliding by.

Towering amidst that gloomy show,
I saw Ambition's minion ride,

To conquer and to overthrow,
In panoply of manhood's pride.—
Alas! by some inglorious chance,
The challenger of fate and fame
Shrinks to a thrall—quakes at a gla nce—
In servitude and shame.

"Wherefore is this?"---indignant rous'd,
I turned, and to the Geni said,---
"That, still, at each new turn of life,
New auguries of woe and strife
Should fated man be doom'd to dread?"

His wither'd hand, of charnel hues,
He rais'd, and pointing to the tombs,—
Spoke echoless—" O, who would choose
To enter those funereal glooms,
Were hopes assur'd, were all the flowers
That bloom and brighten, in life's path,
To flourish in immortal bowers?---
'Tis Disappointment that disarrows Death."

STANZAS.

BY H. S. VAN DYK, ESQ.

THE day has open'd his wings of light,
  And comes, like a sea-bird, over the foam
Of the ocean-waves, which the winds of night
Arous'd, as they pass'd in their tempest might,
  And went, skrieking, on to their distant home.

The sky is calm,—tho' the waters swell
  As if proud of their giant sea,
Who bares his wide bosom; yet none can tell
What treasures are hid, and what mysteries dwell
  Beneath, in their lone obscurity.

But where is the Barque, that was seen to ride,
  At eve, o'er the smiling main ?—
She went, like a meteor, down the dark tide !—
And the beings who crowded her gilded side ?—
  They never will breathe again.

The mariner's song was loud and bold,
  As I listen'd upon the shore;
But the days of the mariner now are told;
His eyes are dim, and his heart is cold,—
  And his song will be heard no more.

The foam is gone from the waves, at last,
And the ocean is now serene;
And man might deem that no breath had pass'd,
And that darkling skies, and the tempest blast,
O'er the waters had never been.

'Tis even thus with our lives; and storms
May scatter mankind at will:
Yet, tho' millions die, and their lifeless forms
Be borne to the grave for the icy worms,
The world will be smiling still.

WITH A LADY'S PRAYER-BOOK.

When to the throne of grace above
Thy stainless spirit pours its prayer,
This earnest of an earthly love
Attend thee, as thou worship'st there.
Such is the parted spirit's aim—
Still to be near, where'er thou art;
Nor bear that Heaven itself should claim
The sole devotion of thy heart.

THE

WIDOW AND THE FATHERLESS.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

WELL, thou art gone, and I am left;
But ah! how cold and dark to me
This world, of every charm bereft,
Where all was beautiful with thee!

Though I have seen thy form depart
For ever from my widow'd eye,
I hide thee in mine inmost heart;
There, there, at least, thou canst not die.

Farewell on earth:—heav'n claim'd its own;
Yet when from me thy presence went,
I was exchanged for God alone;
—Let dust and ashes learn content.

* * * *

Ha! those small voices, silver-sweet!
Fresh from the fields my babes appear;
They fill my arms, they clasp my feet;
—Oh! could your father see us here!

Sheffield, 1825.

THE BROKEN HEART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SUBALTERN."

In one of the northern counties of England, at the distance of a mile and a half from the sea, and not farther removed from a well-known military station, there stands an old-fashioned red brick mansion, the architecture and extent of which hardly entitle it to be regarded as belonging to the class of manor-houses; at the same time that they may bespeak its proprietors as moving in a sphere considerably above that of ordinary yeomen. For upwards of three centuries, it was the residence of a family, of the name of Wilmot; a race, which, by some accident or another, contrived never, by exertion on the one hand, or misconduct on the other, either to rise or fall in the world. One generation received it from another, in precisely the same condition in which the first had received it from the generation preceding; the lands attached to it were not increased, neither were they diminished: no rooms were added, neither were any taken away; in a word, among the continual changes which affect sublunary things, it appeared as if the Toll, and the Toll alone, remained stationary.

The last of the name which inhabited that mansion, were a father and his daughter. The former, after serving for many years in the navy, married, in some distant part of the kingdom, a young wife; who lived only long enough to present him with a pledge of her affection, and to make him feel how much he had lost, in being thus deprived of her. Whether his domestic affliction had any effect in producing the measure, is not known, but Captain Wilmot went no more to sea, after he became a widower. On the contrary, he withdrew himself entirely from public life, and, taking possession of the Toll, devoted his undivided attention to the education and nurture of his child.

In this retired spot, Rose Wilmot grew up, to be the idol of her father's affections, and an object of love and esteem to all the surrounding neighbourhood. She was beautiful; yet her personal beauty constituted the least valuable of her attractions. Artless, gentle, and generous, Rose was never so happy, as when, by chance, she found an opportunity of adding to the happiness of others. To the poor, she was a warm, and yet a judicious friend; to her equals, a lively and cheerful companion; and to her parent, the very apple of an eye, without which, life would have had no value. Rose was not, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, accomplished; that is to say, she was no classic; and the only modern tongues with which she was acquainted, were the French and English. She played, indeed,

and sung with taste and feeling; but her sole instrument was the piano forte, and her collection of music consisted almost entirely of wild and simple national airs. But Rose was possessed of higher gifts than can be conferred by the ablest masters. Her heart was good, her understanding was clear, and her disposition just so far romantic, as to give a zest to the enjoyments of common life, without contributing, in any very serious degree at least, to magnify its petty grievances.

As it was generally understood, that Captain Wilmot, in addition to the Toll property, possessed something considerable, which he had acquired in the shape of prize-money, suitors were not wanting to Rose, as soon as she had arrived at the first dawn of womanhood. Many advantageous offers were made to her, but she declined them all; for her feelings were not interested, and her father had too much regard for her society, to look forward to the period of her marriage with any thing like impatience. Rose, accordingly, continued to lead a single life, and she actually attained to her nineteenth year, without having experienced the slightest symptoms of the tender passion.

Things were not, however, to be thus for ever. It was at the close of a September day, that a party, which had assembled near the Toll, for the purpose of celebrating, by a sort of fète champêtre, the sixty-ninth birth-day of Captain Wilmot, deemed it prudent to take shelter against a threatened

thunder-storm, under his hospitable roof. The rain had begun to fall in torrents, and the first flash of lightning had passed, when a loud knocking at the outer gate gave notice, that others, besides themselves, were in need of shelter. The signal being answered, there was ushered into the parlour a person arrayed in the garb of a sportsman, of whom nobody present knew any thing, but who entered with that air of perfect self-command, which, widely removed from impertinent assurance, can be assumed only by the man of fashion and the gentleman. His age appeared to be about six or seven-and-twenty; he was remarkably handsome; had a fine, open, manly, expressive countenance, and, altogether, impressed the little party with a persuasion, that he was, at least, qualified to remain among them as an equal. He apologised for having disturbed the privacy of a family circle, by stating, that he happened to be sporting in the fields adjoining, when the storm overtook him; and the apology being readily received, he speedily took part in the conversation, as if he came an expected and welcome guest. Being pressed to partake of their evening meal, he did not decline the invitation; and the moon was shining bright in a cloudless sky, when he rose to depart. Nor did he go unregretted. In the course of one short and accidental visit, he contrived to make himself so agreeable to his new acquaintance, that the Captain permitted him not to retire, till after he had given a promise that no

great while should elapse, ere his visit was repeated.

The gentleman, whom accident had thus introduced to the family at the Toll, was the Honourable Major Elliot, commanding officer of the —— regiment of foot, at that time quartered in the neighbouring barracks. Being a keen sportsman, he spent much of his time in the fields; and, as he afterwards confessed, had seen and admired Rose, at times, and in situations, when she little dreamed of being an object of curiosity to a stranger. He had now seen her under circumstances which enabled him to judge whether the impressions, made by his former stolen glimpses, were justifiable; and his behaviour soon gave proof, that he did thus regard it. Major Elliot was not forgetful of his promise. He repeated his calls at the Toll, not sooner, certainly, than his company was desired, but, as certainly, a great deal sooner than it might have been expected. He called again and again; he was again and again urged to stay dinner, and he stayed. In short, his visits became, in a very little while, every-day occurrences; and, before a month had expired, he offered himself to be the husband of Rose.

It has been stated, that, in Rose's disposition, there was just so much of romance, as to give a peculiar zest to the ordinary occurrences of common life. Such an occurrence it surely was, to be addressed in the language of love; but to experience those sensations which her lover described, was, to

her, new and delightful. For, in truth, Rose had fixed her affections upon Major Elliot, irretrievably and inevitably, many days before his words, at least, justified her in so doing. They had met under circumstances so peculiar; he was, in his habits, ideas, language, and taste, so different from other men with whom she was wont to associate, that, if ever love did occur at first sight, it must be allowed to have occurred with her. Rose had no dissimulation about her; she did not, therefore, pretend to an indifference, which she felt not; but, referring Elliot to her father, frankly acknowledged, that, as far as she was concerned, no obstacle would be thrown in the way of their union.

Captain Wilmot was a plain, honest man; a gentleman by profession and descent, and too honourable himself to suspect others of being otherwise. He was not, therefore, so minute in his inquiries respecting the circumstances of Major Elliot, as a greater degree of prudence or knowledge of the world might have led him to be. From the Major's brother officers, he learned, that the lover of his daughter was a brave and good soldier; the army-list assured him, that he was, truly, the son of an Earl; and, as the individual himself never professed to be rich; as he avowed, on the contrary, that his portion was but slender, and that there was no other probability of its being increased, except by promotion in the army; Captain Wilmot saw no ground for suspicion. He freely gave his consent

to the proposed marriage, and freely received Elliot into his house, on the footing of a future son-in-law.

The faith of the lovers had been but a short time plighted, when, among many other little pledges of unalterable affection, the Major presented Rose with a beautiful Arab pony. The animal, as a matter of course, became a prodigious favourite with its mistress. It was gentle and tractable, not only permitting her to mount with the most perfect safety, but coming to her call, and eating peices of bread from her hand. Upon it, she was in the habit of daily riding abroad with her lover; and, truly, it would be a hard matter to discover a pair more lovely, or more manifestly formed for each other, than Rose and her pony.

Such was, now, the order of the lovers' existence; and time appeared, at last, to fly on in that state of holy and pure enjoyment, which never fails to accompany the progress of an honourable attachment.

But "the course of true love never did run smooth," as poor Rose soon found to her cost. The wedding-day was now but one short week distant, when Rose, who had agreed to meet Elliot, half way between the barracks and the Toll, set out, one morning, unattended, upon her Arab. Having reached the place of rendezvous, and finding that Elliot had not yet arrived, she determined to ride on a little farther; she, accordingly, proceeded, almost unconsciously, though full of apprehension,

she knew not why, till, at last, the barracks themselves lay before her. Observing that troops were on the parade, her delicacy would not allow her to approach nearer; so she reined in her little steed, and partly concealing herself behind the branches of a tree, she resolved to wait there, till the soldiers should be dismissed.

In the meanwhile, the battalion formed itself into a hollow square; a piece of timber, of a triangular shape, was erected in the midst of it. All was now silence; and Elliot, mounted upon a black charger, took his station without the ranks. A moment or two had only passed, when there came, from a part of the building, a guard of soldiers, conducting a man hand-cuffed, and arrayed in an undress, towards the battalion. This last body had hardly entered the square, when a wild shriek, and in a woman's voice, struck upon Rose's ear. A female, at the same instant, rushed from one of the houses, with hair dishevelled, and garments disordered; she held up her clasped hands, and falling down upon her knees, before Elliot's horse, seemed to urge some petition, with all the energy of profound grief. But Elliot turned away from her, and rode within the ranks. The woman rose, uttered another wild scream, and began to tear her hair; when, suddenly, as it would appear, her eyes fell upon Rose, and she ran towards her. Rose trembled exceedingly: "Oh, Lady," cried the woman, franticly seizing Rose's bridle; "Lady, surely, Heaven has heard my prayer.

and sent you hither!—Save him! For the love of God, save him! I know you have only to speak the word, and it will be done."—"Save whom, my good woman?" replied Rose, deeply affected. "Whom am I to save? and from what am I to save him?" "My husband! My husband!" exclaimed the unhappy petitioner, now dropping upon her knees; "Save him from the lash! They are about to flog him for a fault which he never committed.—*He* never did it, lady!—Indeed, indeed, he did not!—O, lady, save him! I know the Major can refuse you nothing; speak for him, good lady, and God will bless you for it!"

Rose was quite overcome, and burst into tears. "Heaven's blessing be upon those dear eyes!" cried the soldier's wife, as Rose put her pony to the speed, and made towards the square. But there was no need to enter it; Elliot saw, and flew towards her. "Rose," cried he, reining up his horse, when they met, "this is no place for you. Go, my love, go from the ground; you cannot stay to witness what is going forward."—"Nay, Elliot," replied she; "I will not go. I beseech you not to hurt that poor woman's husband.—He is innocent, he must be innocent! Indeed, indeed, I cannot go, till you promise me, that he shall not be punished!"

"You know not what you ask, Rose," rejoined Elliot. "Believe me, love! I am not cruel; I would not willingly injure a hair of his head. But the man is a criminal; he has been found guilty by a

court-martial, and discipline must be preserved. I would refuse you nothing, and that you know, which I could grant consistently with my honour; but you would not have me sacrifice that?"—"No, Elliot, I would not have you sacrifice your honour; for that is dearer to me than life: but what is there dishonourable in pardoning even a guilty fellow-creature? Is it not the noblest use we can make of power? Oh, Elliot, remember how much we ourselves stand in need of pardon! And, as you hope to be forgiven your own sins, forgive the offences of this criminal. Look to his wife, dear Elliot, and think what I should feel were her and my situation reversed."—"Rose, you have prevailed;" answered the Major; "but, in truth, I wish it had been otherwise,—you have exposed us both. But, yet, I will do as you desire, and follow you." So saying, he turned his horse's head, and gallopped back to the square.

As to Rose, her very brain swam round. True, she had performed a humane action, and, for that, her conscience rewarded her; but she had hurt, or offended, Elliot; and even an approving conscience was incapable of compensating for that. Besides, had she not, in some degree, overstepped the line of female delicacy, in appearing before a parade of soldiers, and openly exerting her influence over their commanding officer. Such were the thoughts which flitted across her mind, as she rode leisurely towards her home; but she was not suffered to pass thus.—

The noise of persons running was behind her; and, in a moment, the woman and her husband were at her side. "That is the lady, Will.," cried the poor wife; "that is she that saved you.—Bless her, Will., thank her and bless her, as she deserves!"—"I cannot thank you, as you deserve, young lady," said the man, "but Heaven will reward you. Ay, and even I may yet do you service. Lady, have a care of what you are about. I have seen you often, where I would not see you again; and have heard of you, what must not be again spoken. Farewell, lady! Your goodness shall not go unrequited; but beware of—"

The soldier looked as if he were about to give utterance to something of importance, when his speech was interrupted by the coming up of Major Elliot. "Begone, sir!" said the Major, addressing the man, in a tone more harsh and authoritative than appeared, to Rose, to be requisite. "Begone, to your quarters; and take care how you get into a scrape again. There may not always be a friend at hand, to save you." The man touched the point of his foraging cap, and, casting an anxious glance at Rose, walked away.

"What was that fellow saying?" asked Elliot, in a tone of voice which indicated not only a considerable degree of agitation, but an evident desire that the agitation should not be observed. "Nothing," replied Rose; "at least, nothing which is worth repeating. He only thanked me for having pleaded

in his favour. But he might have said something worthy of being listened to," added she, with a smile, "had you not sent him away so abruptly." "Indeed!" replied the Major; "and to what might the communication tend, which I unfortunately interrupted?"—"That," answered Rose, "I cannot tell; I only know, that the broken sentence was one of caution; but whether against people or things, or witches, or hob-goblins, you gave me no opportunity to discover."—"Humph!" said Elliot. A considerable pause here ensued in their conversation, during which, Rose cast a timid glance towards her lover; and beheld, with dismay, an expression of violent, and, as she judged, painful anxiety upon his countenance; such as it had never before exhibited. "What is the matter?" cried she, greatly alarmed. "You are ill, Elliot, or you are offended with me; and, indeed, I feel that I have done more than I ought to have done." The anxious look departed, instantly, from his visage, and his old sweet smile took its place. "Not so, dear Rose; I cannot be offended with you, though I may wish that this had occurred somewhat differently. But no matter: Rose has had her way; and she is convinced, there is nothing which Elliot would not do to make her happy. Let me, however, obtain one promise from you. Never act again, as you acted to-day; and take no further notice of the persons whom you have obliged.—He is not a good man; and she is a very bad woman; and they may impose upon you."—"I

promise," answered Rose, restored, once more, to her accustomed composure. The remainder of the ride passed, as their rides usually passed, and Elliot spent the day at the Toll.

There was one member of the family at the Toll, of whom no mention has yet been made; but who, if long and faithful services entitle a domestic to notice, ought not to be passed over. Old Bligh, like his master, had spent his best days in the navy. He was originally a cabin-boy, in the frigate of which Captain Wilmot was first lieutenant, and, as such, waited upon his officer. When the lieutenant obtained promotion, Bligh followed him to his own ship, where he filled the situations, first, of coxswain to the captain's barge, and, afterwards, of steward in his cabin; and, when the captain himself abandoned the service, Bligh did not forsake him. He now executed the joint offices of maître d' hotel, footman, and head gardener; and was as sincerely attached to Rose, and her father, as if he had been their relation. It is a curious fact, that, whilst others treated Major Elliot with confidence the most boundless, old Bligh could not be prevailed upon to regard him without something of suspicion. Civil and attentive to him, he invariably was; because he saw that a contrary line of conduct would have been displeasing to his master; but he took no liberties with him, nor addressed him in that familiar tone, which old servants are apt to employ, when they believe that they are addressing those

who have the interests of the family really at heart. Of this, the Major himself was not unobservant, and he more than once complained of it to Rose.

There was another singular circumstance remarked, at this time, by the friends of the family. Major Elliot had, for some weeks back, been more grave and thoughtful than appeared natural to him: and the nearer the wedding-day approached, the more frequent, and decided, his fits of abstraction became. Since the adventure with the soldier and his wife, in particular, his manner exhibited symptoms the most marked, of a state of mind very far from being composed. He would drop into fits of musing, even whilst Rose was by; and, when she was not present, he hardly attempted to speak a word.—For this behaviour, many reasons were assigned. Some imagined that, now, when the moment of trial was at hand, his family pride, or, perhaps, the positive interference of his relations, began to throw impediments in the way; others fancied that his own inclinations were changed, and that he repented of an engagement too rashly entered into. The only individuals, indeed, who neither observed the circumstance, nor hazarded a conjecture respecting it, were Rose and her father. Their minds were too busily occupied in contemplating their own approaching separation, to permit their seeing with eyes as clear as those of persons far less deeply interested; and they were too conscious of being themselves liable to fits of musing and forgetfulness, to look, with alarm

or suspicion, upon the musings and forgetfulness of the Major.

And, now, but one day stood between the wishes of the lovers, and their accomplishment. It so happened, that, on that day, a small party,—the curate of the parish, with his mother and sister,—had been invited to meet Major Elliot at dinner. Between the Curate (the reverend Abraham Williams) and Captain Wilmot, a close intimacy subsisted, and Miss Williams and Rose were bosom-friends. The party were in the act of discussing certain arrangements, which were to take place subsequent to the wedding;—the direction of the marriage-jaunt was under consideration,—when old Bligh made his appearance, and informed Rose, that a person in the kitchen desired to see her. Rose, instantly, obeyed the summons, and had reached the parlour-door, when the jingling of spurs in the hall, beyond, arrested her. Major Elliot entered; he seemed heated, and a good deal agitated. "Whither go you, love?" cried he, in a hurried tone, seizing Rose by the hand, and leading her back to her chair. "Some one desires to see me," replied Rose, smiling sweetly, and gently disengaging herself; "I shall be with you again in a minute."—"Do not go, love," exclaimed the Major, forcibly detaining her, and yet struggling to appear calm; "I know who has asked to see you. I saw her enter by the back way, as I came up the avenue. It is the woman with whom you promised to hold no farther intercourse. You

will not go, now."—"No, certainly," answered Rose. "Tell the woman, Bligh, that I cannot see her; but, if she has any thing to communicate, let her send in her message by you."

The awkwardness attendant upon such a scene had, in some degree, passed away, and all parties were recovering their wonted composure, when Bligh again entered: "The woman would hardly be persuaded to go, Miss," said he; "and though I told her how you were engaged, she was only the more desirous, on that account, to see you. At last, when I positively assured her you could not be spoken with, she asked for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote a little note, which is here."

"Read it not, Rose," exclaimed Major Elliot, starting from his chair, and grasping at the bit of paper. "It is some infernal petition, some imposture, to deceive your good nature;—read it not." Bligh, however, knew his duty better, than to permit a note, addressed to his mistress, to pass into other hands. He shrunk back from the Major's clutch, and held it tight. "Nay, Elliot," said Rose, "this is absolute folly. You must look upon me as no better than a child, if you imagine that a single note, or any other single communication, either with the husband or the wife, must necessarily expose me to danger.—But I have no desire to read her billet. Give it to my father, Bligh, or to Mr. Williams,—he is beside you."—"Give it to me," cried the Major, in a voice of thunder; at the same

time grasping Bligh, fiercely, by the collar, "as you value your life." The whole party were struck with astonishment; Captain Wilmot half rose from his chair; whilst Rose trembled excessively, the colour coming and going, upon her cheeks, in rapid succession. As to Bligh, he shook off the Major's hand with the coolness of a veteran, and, delivering the note to the Curate, stood, bolt upright, between him and his own late assailant. "Read, Mr. Williams," said Rose, in a tone of womanly dignity; "and read aloud, that all may hear you. There must be something singular, indeed, in that piece of paper, when it produces such effects." Mr. Williams did read; but, before he came to an end, Major Elliot was gone. The letter ran thus:

"I have followed you, dear lady, far and near, for the purpose of putting you upon your guard; but no opportunity of speaking has been afforded me: even now you will not see me. But, perhaps, you may read this, and, if so, the kind office which you rendered to me and my husband, will not go unrewarded. Oh, lady, beware of Major Elliot—he is a villain and will betray you. They say you are to wed him to-morrow. Wed him not, for he is married already; his wife now lives in the very county from which I and my husband came."

It were impossible to describe the effect which the perusal of the above note produced upon all who listened to it. It seemed as if sleep had suddenly fallen upon them; for all sat, or stood,

motionless, as if the Arabian tale had been verified in them, and they had all been changed into marble. Two seconds, perhaps, elapsed, ere their senses were suddenly and painfully recalled. Rose, who had been standing in the middle of the apartment, dropped, like one smitten by a deadly wound: not a sound, or motion, marked the workings of her feelings, but, at once, she fell flat upon the carpet. "My child, my child!" shrieked the Captain, roused by the situation of his daughter; "my Rose, my own darling child! Help! help! run! ride! fly! fly for medical assistance!—look to her:—and you, Bligh, fetch me my pistols!—O, the villain—fetch me my pistols, I say!—saddle the horse, and let me follow him. I am old, but there is strength enough left to draw a trigger, and he shall feel it." Thus the old man raved, alternately lamenting over his daughter's fate, and cursing her betrayer. Nor was it without great exertions on the part of the Clergyman, that he was prevented from immediately carrying his plans of vengeance into effect.—But the situation of Rose was even more pitiable than that of her parent—she was borne to her chamber in a state not of absolute insensibility, for her eyes opened and closed, and her hands occasionally moved; but no sleep came to refresh her; and the only word which she uttered, was, once or twice, that the name of Elliot passed, as it appeared, involuntarily across her lips.

Our tale is drawing to a close, and it is a melan-

choly one. The first dawn of the following day no sooner appeared, than Captain Wilmot, intent upon chastising the treachery of Major Elliot, set out, attended by Bligh, towards the barracks. It seemed as if, on the present occasion, the old man's strength, both of body and mind, were supernaturally re-nerved. But the pursuit was fruitless; Elliot had not returned to his quarters. It was afterwards discovered, that, immediately on quitting the Toll, he took the road for London; from whence, having obtained permission to join the portion of his corps employed on foreign service, he embarked for the East Indies. What ultimately became of him, whether he fell by the sword, or whether a pestilential climate carried him off, is not known. The only intelligence respecting him, indeed, which ever reached his ill-fated mistress, was conveyed in a letter from himself. It bore date ten days posterior to the discovery of his baseness, and was thus worded:

"How, or in what terms, I am to address you, most beloved and most injured of women, I know not. That you will condescend to peruse these lines, knowing from whom they come, I am doubtful; and if you do peruse them, where will be the benefit? Rose, canst thou forgive me? I deserve it not; that I know:—but you,—you were ever a being of purity and mercy!—Can that mercy extend even to me? I acknowledge myself to be a villain; but I am not a heartless one. I know that I could have

betrayed and seduced you; and that, had not Providence interfered to save you, you would have been, ere this, miserable, as I am now. All this I acknowledge, and so offer no excuse for it. I only write to say, that, go where I will, your image shall accompany me.

"I have loved but one; that one is yourself. My marriage was entered into as a means of extricating myself from pecuniary embarrassments; but the woman, with whom the hated connection is formed, I loathed at the time, and she has long ceased to be treated as my wife. You, Rose, you only have I loved. God is my witness, that I proceeded in my villainy, step by step; that, when first I saw you, I dreamed not of your ruin; that, at each visit, your influence over me became greater and greater; that, at last, I felt how worthless life would be without you; that—But why all this? Do I seek to palliate my wickedness? No, no, no! Farewell, dear Rosa, for ever! Your miniature hangs upon my bosom; and there it shall remain, till that bosom cease to beat. To-morrow, I embark for a distant land, from which I shall never return. But may you yet be happy!—May the image of one, who would have been, to you, all that man ever was to woman, cease to retain a place in your memory; and may another, and a more worthy, lover, restore to you that peace which I have basely taken away. For me, my only resting place is the grave!"

Rose, whose health had seriously suffered from

the shock which her nerves experienced, had just quitted her room, and was able to appear, as usual, in the parlour, when the preceding letter reached her. It had a powerful, but not an agonizing effect, upon her feelings. She wept, bitterly, over it; but never, except at the moment, was she observed to allude to its contents. The name of Elliot, indeed, soon ceased to be heard at the Toll; and, to a stranger, it might have appeared as if no such person had ever visited it. The only remembrance of him, and of the scenes connected with him, not positively set aside, was the Arab pony. That little animal, at his mistress's express desire, was still permitted to browse and play about the paddock; he was still as great a favourite as ever; and still cantered up to the gate, at the sound of her voice, to receive his little portion of bread, from her hand; but she never mounted him again. No saddle, indeed, was put upon his back, till after the last scene in this sad drama had been acted.

Rose Wilmot was a strong-minded and pious girl, but she was a girl of deep and enthusiastic feeling. She never complained; and she did her best to assume that cheerfulness, which, now, she, no longer, experienced. But the exertion, necessary to effect that end, was too great, not to be apparent; and at no moment was she an object of livelier commiseration, than when she most strenuously endeavoured to appear happy. Poor Rose! she was smitten where wounds are always the most severe; and her's was mortal!

For several months, strong hopes were entertained, that youth, a naturally good constitution, and change of air and scene, would work their customary results, and restore her to herself. To secure for her the last-mentioned benefit, Captain Wilmot chalked out, and carried partly into effect, a tour through several of the most interesting counties in England.—But all would not do. The maiden became, daily, weaker and weaker, and, at length, entreated to be conveyed home, that she might die in the abode of her fathers.

Alas! what a change was now visible in Rose! The delicate hue, which was wont to tinge her cheek, had given place to an alternate hectic flush, and deadly paleness. Her fine hazel eye was still bright and expressive; but the brilliancy was that which consumption never fails to produce, and the expression was one of unchanging pensiveness. She was no longer the lively and cheerful creature, whose very step gave evidence of a contented mind, and whose playful conversation communicated happiness to those with whom she associated, but "the ghost of what she was;" she could only crawl from her chamber to the parlour, and from thence, when the sun shone warmly out, to a seat upon the lawn. Poor Rose! The first autumnal leaves were beginning to fall, when she returned to her home; the last were still upon the trees, when she was carried to her grave.

It is useless to continue such a narrative much

further:—nay, were there not a few details in possession of the writer, which were communicated by the clergyman who attended Rose, during her last illness, it might justly conclude here. But these we are tempted to give; and we give them in the language of the Rev. Abraham Williams, from whom they were received.

"The disease," says our informant, "gained ground upon her, rapidly; and, in a little while, she was no longer able to quit her room. A sofa was then placed for her, near the window, on which, for an hour or two each day, she reposed. But even this,—the exertion of being lifted from one place to another,—became, soon, too much for her; and she wholly kept her bed. The calmness and fortitude, which distinguished her from the first, never, however, left her. Feeling, indeed, that the hand of death was upon her, she no longer scrupled to speak of Elliot; but it was, invariably, as of one whom she had loved, and could still love, to idolatry. 'Surely, God will forgive him,' said she, on one occasion, when the sacrament was about to be administered to her. 'I say not that he was guiltless; oh! no, no! But I forgive him, freely, freely! oh, most freely! and here,' clasping her thin white hands together, 'I pray, that he may be forgiven by Him, who knoweth whereof we are made, and who is not extreme to mark what is done amiss.' Mortal man could not witness such a scene, and restrain his tears.

"I had sat with her till a late hour, one evening, in the latter end of October, and she appeared more easy and cheerful than usual. Our devotions being ended, we had talked, as we were accustomed to talk, partly of the unhappy cause of her sorrow, and partly of the children at the school, and the poor families whom she had been wont to relieve; and I was rising to depart, when she laid her burning hand, gently, upon mine, and besought me to remain a few moments longer. 'It is a strange fancy,' said she, 'but I wish to give a few directions respecting my funeral. Let no parade or show attend it. Let your sister, with five other of my most intimate acquaintances, (and here she named them,) carry me to the grave; and let no monument be erected over me. I should like that a few flowers, only, were planted. The Scotch rose was ever a favourite with me, in life; and I fancy that, even in death, I would have it blow near me. You will call me a silly girl for all this,' added she, smiling like a cherub, 'but you will indulge my whim.' Of course, I promised all that she required. 'Good night, Rose!' said I; 'you shall see me again on the morrow.'—'Good night!' replied she: 'but to that morrow, no night will succeed.'

"Except the last words uttered by Rose, as I was closing the door, I could not tax my memory with anything peculiarly solemn in our parting; yet something whispered that we should meet no more. Neither was the reverse desirable, that we should.

Of her recovery, all hope had long been laid aside; and however free from pain consumptive patients may be, in the early stage of the disease, towards the last, their sufferings are, usually, acute. Such had been the case with Rose. At first, her decline was smooth and gradual;—her life appeared to steal away like the sands through an hour-glass, or the waters of a quiet river; but, of late, she had experienced the pains of dying, in no ordinary degree: the kindest wish of those who loved her, accordingly, was, that her miseries might soon terminate. Nor were they of long continuance. The sound of the passing bell, at an early hour next morning, gave notice, that some spirit had returned to him who gave it; and, upon inquiry, it appeared, that Rose had fallen asleep! She died,—no one could tell when; for the nurse, who sat beside her, heard neither groan nor struggle; nor was it till after several moments spent in examining her countenance, that the female could satisfy herself, that she was no more."

There are few scenes more innocently or chastely affecting, than the funeral of a young female, in that part of the county where Rose Wilmot lived and died. The shell, instead of being muffled up in a pall, is covered with a damask cloth, white as the skill of the bleacher can make it; and is borne upon the shoulders of six young men, each wearing a white silk scarf over his shoulder, a white silk band about his hat, and a knot of white ribbon on

his left breast. By the side of the coffin, and arrayed in white, walk the six chief mourners, damsels of the same age, or nearly the same age, with the deceased; whilst the rest follow, two by two, either dressed in robes of the same virgin hue, or wearing white scarfs over their more sable habiliments. Then come the children of the school, provided, (as was the case with Rose,) the deceased had been a person of some consequence, followed by her poorer neighbours, carrying, each, a bunch of flowers, or a branch of yew or rosemary, to scatter over her coffin, as soon as it is lowered into the earth. Besides all which, there is, in the funeral service itself, something affecting, beyond all the formularies that have ever been compiled; especially, when both he who reads, and they who listen to it, are convinced, that the being, over whose mortal remains it is pronounced, was not unworthy of it.—Poor Rose! all these honours, both of thought and deed, attended her to the grave; nor was there a dry eye in the church-yard, during the progress of the melancholy ceremony.

Our tale is told; except, indeed, it be deemed proper to relate, how this fearful blow operated upon Captain Wilmot. He never recovered it; he pined and wasted, like a tree whose bark is stripped; and, in six months, was laid beside his daughter. Honest Bligh alone survives; and now keeps a respectable public house, in a market-town not far removed from the Toll.

ANSWER

To the Remark, " I don't like love made in that manner."

When on man's heart, as poets say,
 The kindling beam of beauty broke,
At once, before the inspiring ray,
 To life and light young Love awoke;

A humble suppliant, framed of earth,
 His form at Beauty's feet he flung:
True to the flame that gave him birth,
 His soul upon her glances hung.

At first, this pleased:—the lady reckoned
 He might be useful in some cases;
To choose a ribbon—sing a second—
 Or sit in judgment upon laces.

Then he might learn—most people can,—
 To throw a shawl, or hand a chair,
Or walk quadrilles, or flirt a fan,
 Or talk—when no one else was there.

What pity love should ever baulk
 A scheme so feasible and wise!
He could not dance, nor sing, nor talk,
 His breath was lost in burning sighs—

Soon tired of these, with looks askance
  Her mute adorer Beauty eyed;
And Love, beneath that freezing glance,
  Caught cold and ague—coughed—and died.

The lady did not shed a tear,
  One burning glance would kindle tinder:
She tried—and failed:—and, coming near,
  She could not find a single cinder.

Firm, changeless, bright in Beauty's smile,
  As diamonds in the solar ray,—*
Pent in the burning cruce, awhile,
  That heart had passed, like them, away!

Now vainly, for her lover dead,
  Comes sorrowing Beauty's turn for sighing:
In vain!—the soul of passion fled,
  Comes not again:—'tis no use crying—

This is the tale—and this the moral—
  Though you'll not mind it, I'm afraid:
Beauty with Love should never quarrel,
  But take it—just as it is made.

---

* A fact. See "Parkinson's Chemical Pocket Book."

J. D. Harding pinx^t E. Finden sculp

CASTLE OF MONACO.

MONACO,

ON THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Cradled by mountains—nurtured by the wave
That rolls o'er many an empire's mouldering grave;
Secure thro' ages in thy humbler fate,
'Midst storms that ravage kingdoms, isolate;
With passive towers and idly-frowning Keep,
Safe in thy solitudes, Monaco, sleep!
What though for thee no proudly-trophied claim
Gems the long annals of recording fame;
Though at thy beck no warring whirlwinds sweep;
No thunders wing thy vengeance o'er the deep;
Nor lordly sovereign's heaven-descended line
Curse thy fair fields with carnage—but to shine—
Yet, as the child, ere manhood's dreams molest,
That slumbers peaceful on a mother's breast,
Unstained by cares, unswayed by wish to roam,
Enjoy the sweets of that sequestered home.
Far from each fierce turmoil—the angry sea,
The tempest's rage, are strife enough for thee;
The billowy murmurs of thy bounding Var,
Wake dearer echoes than the din of war:
While sun-lit plains and mountain-splendors leave
A lovelier calm than prouder scenes can give.

THE SIEGE.

A Dramatic Scene.

BY MISS MITFORD.

Characters.

Bianca, Duchess of Mantua.
Celia, her young Maid of Honour.
Count D'Osma, her general.
Countess D'Osma, his Wife.
Silvestro, an Officer in the besieging army.
Novara, a Chamberlain.
Cornelio, a dumb Page.

Scene.—*The Palace at Mantua.*

Duchess, Celia, Novara.

Duchess. Now, my good chamberlain, I pr'ythee, send
And tell the governor, at six this evening,
We will attend the Council. Hark ye, sir!

Keep the door close. Let no one enter here,
Soldier or Statesman. 'Tis a day of truce:
For once the weary echoes sleep in peace,
Unroused by the loud cannonry; I, too,
Would fain, for once, be quiet. [*Exit Novara.*
Celia mine,
Sit down and talk to me, and comfort me,
My little faithful girl.

Celia. Ah! dearest lady!
I would I were a man, to fight for thee,
And kill this terrible cousin!

Duchess. Out upon thee!
Thou kill a man, my pretty lady bird,
My blossom of fourteen! I did not think
That thou hadst been so fond of fighting, Celia;
I've seen thee quake, and shiver, and turn pale—
Ay, as myself—at many a bloody sight
And warlike sound this siege hath forced upon us.

Celia. But if I were a man—— and even now,
Poor coward as she is, for her dear mistress
Would Celia die.

Duchess. That were no kindly service
To thy poor loving mistress! Rather wish
That thou and I, remote from all this coil,
Two cottage maidens, on some pleasant hill,
Dwelt peacefully. Celia, should'st thou not like
To sit at evening, working, in the porch,
Watching the sun set, whilst the vine-wreathed elms
Were richly gilded by his upward beam;

And thou would'st tell a hundred merry tales,
And I should sing sweet snatches of old songs,
The songs thou lovest so well?

Celia. Oh! we should be
As blithe as two young birds!

Duchess. Such joy may come,
But there will be much tumult and unrest
Before that blessed hour. Ah! woe is me
That ever I was born a princess, Celia!

Celia. That ever the ambitious Prince Lorenzo
Was born to claim your rightful crown!

Duchess. To win!—
Nay start not, Celia!—I have not a hope
Remaining. Here we are shut up in Mantua—
Mantua, which nought can save but speedy succour:
And where to look for aid! All my allies
Weak, wavering, treacherous, to my fortunate cousin
Inclining, as the sunflower to the sun;
My valiant general wounded, and a prisoner;
And she his wife, whose prompt and active spirit
Was well worth my whole council-board, she too
A voluntary captive.

Celia. The dear Countess!
How much we miss her quick and cheerful look,
Her frank and pleasant speech! Yet she was right
To tend her husband's couch. Was she not right?

Duchess. Oh yes!

Celia. And she will soon be back. I dreamt
Last night that she was here, and the lord Cardinal,

Your wisest uncle, and another lord,
But not a Cardinal, so noble looking,
So lovely yet so grand; and he and you—
I must not tell your highness what I dreamt,
But I will wager that the Cardinal
Will speedily be here.

Duchess. Now Heaven forefend!
That wise lord Cardinal, as thou call'st him, girl,
He is my grief of griefs. I have a letter
Of that wise lord's inditing.

Enter Novara.

How now, sir,
Did we not say we would be private?

Novara. Madam,
The Countess d'Osma! [*Exit.*

Duchess. Laura! my own Laura!
Thou comest at a wish. Celia and I
Were talking of thee.

Celia. Nay, I dreamt of her.

Countess. And be it for good or evil, Celia's dreams
Do still come true. Say'st thou not so, my sweet one?
How the dear child clings to me! Let me pay
My love and duty here;—my royal mistress!
My dearest friend!

Duchess. I ask not for my general;
To see thee here, and smiling, is to know
That he is better.

Countess. Better; but still weak.

Duchess. And may we hope to see him? Will they hear
Of ransom? Celia, here, would pawn her jewels;
And so would I, even to my very crown,
Could we so purchase that bold faithful friend,
Whose presence was protection.

Celia. That we would.—
Shall I go fetch them?

Countess. My sweet simpleton,
There is no need. I have not words to thank you,—
But the fair Duchess will regain her servant,
Celia her merry friend, without the loss
Of one the smallest of those seedling pearls
That fringe the royal mantle. He will soon
Be here. This young and valiant gentleman,
To whom he hath been an honoured prisoner,
A most cherished and most grateful guest,
Will tell you on what terms.

Duchess. He brings with him
A welcome in your praises. Gentle sir,
What are these terms? Your prince can scarcely ask
That which we should refuse. What must we give
For our great captain's freedom?

Silvestro. Gracious Madam,
I am commanded to deliver him
Without exchange or ransom. He is now,
With a small escort, at the city gate;
He would remain there—a most needless form—
Till I returned;—a vain and needless form;

But one which well becomes the stainless honour
Of that bright ornament of chivalry,
Count d'Osma.

Duchess. Without ransom or exchange?

Silvestro. Without exchange or ransom; free as air.
The prince Lorenzo would not, for more worlds
Than roll unnumber'd in the midnight Heaven,
Degrade your general's old and noble name
By staking him 'gainst one of smaller note;
But he being free, I have a grace to crave
Of your free bounty. You have here, fair Duchess,
A prisoner whom my master fain would ransom
With aught that he—

Duchess. Talk not of ransom, sir!
Take him. I am too happy to repay
Some slender part of this amazing debt
Of courtesy and kindness to your prince.
I knew not we had any prisoner
Of note enough for ransom. Yester-night,
Some soldiers were brought in; and a young boy,
Dumb, as they thought——

Silvestro. Deaf from his birth, and mute.
That is the boy; Lorenzo's favourite page.

Duchess. His page! That poor mute boy Lorenzo's page,
The bold and fortunate soldier, who, men say,
Is rough as winds in March! What can he do,
With such a helpless innocent?

Silvestro. As the winds
Of March do with the violet, lap it round

And nurse it with a rude protecting love,
Into a stronger beauty, and a more
Exceeding sweetness. Prince Lorenzo found,
Five years ago, this young and tender boy
Hanging, all drowned in dumb and innocent tears,
Over his dying mother, who implored
Protection for her child with such a fond
And passionate earnestness, as might have moved
A heart of stone. He promised, and as yet
Hath kept his promise. This is the first time
Cornelio and his master have been parted.
Right glad will either be to see the other;
Right grateful to the fair and royal dame,
To whom they owe such joy.

Duchess. My Celia, send
To summon the mute page. [*Exit Celia.*
What is he like?

Silvestro. A lovely boy, fair, slender, delicate
Almost as that young maid; with curling hair,
Of such a brown as is the unsunned side
Of the ripe hazel nut; a ready smile,
Instinct with meaning; a quick varying blush,
Which is his prettier speech; a large blue eye,
Tenderly watching those whom best he loves,
And giving back their looks, as the clear lake
Reflects its shores.

Duchess. To you, too, he was dear?

Silvestro. Oh! very dear. So innocent, so helpless,
As made for love and pity! He was a sort

Of living gentleness, and gentle thoughts
Came with his presence. In the rough rude camp,
That peaceful spirit seemed a type of peace,
As a small bit, no bigger than my hand,
Of the exquisite blue sky looks out and smiles
From the dark stormy Heaven. For this, we loved
him.

Duchess. For this *you* loved him, that I well believe;
But surely, sir, the bold ambitious soldier,
His warlike master, loved him not for this?

Silvestro. I cannot read men's hearts; but surely, Madam,
I think he did.

Duchess. Can he love any thing?

Silvestro. He must be made of stubborn stuff, indeed,
That did not give some kindness to that kind
Affectionate boy. The most unloving heart
That ever froze within a coat of mail
Must have loved him. His pretty flattery,
Unlike all other flatteries; his apt
And constant service; and the stronger tie
Of his entire dependence; his so fond
And firm reliance. Speak, fair Countess d'Osma!
Did not Lorenzo love him?

Countess. I am sure
He loved him, sir, as fondly as yourself.

Re-enter CELIA.

Duchess. Well, Celia?

Celia. They have sent to seek him,
Madam.

Duchess. How came he taken?

Silvestro. He's a painter born;
And, as we guess, caught by some lovelier scene,
Some bright effect of sunshine or of shade,
Ventured too near the walls. He is absorbed
In his delightful art; Beauty, to him,
Is as a real goddess. Poor Cornelio!
How richly will his short captivity
Be paid when he shall see—Did you not say,
You had no picture? that she had refused?
Dear Countess, I will beg for you the next
Hebe or Flora that Cornelio paints,
And that will be her portrait.

Countess. Fail me not.

Silvestro. Have I your highness' leave to seek the gates
And bring Count d'Osma hither? I fear for him
This long exposure to the noon-day sun.
He will be better here. May I not say
'Tis your command? He must obey me, then.

Duchess. It is my wish. By that time, young Cornelio
Will be prepared to meet you. I would offer
An hostage for your safety; but I see
You doubt us not; the generous and the brave,
They know not what doubt means.—One of my chamber,
Attend this gentleman!—You will return

In half an hour?

Silvestro. In a less space, fair Duchess,
I trust to bring my captive to your feet.

Countess. Now is your wager won?

Silvestro. Lost. I have lost
Two hearts. [*Exit Silvestro.*

Celia. Oh what a gallant gentleman!
How noble and how stately, yet how gentle!
What a fine frankness, mixed with deep respect
And winning courtesy! What piercing eyes—
Such sudden laughter in them, when he glanced
Up at the Countess! What a gracious smile!
And then his voice—so sweet, so very kind
As if he loved all that he talked about.
Oh, he's the very creature of my dream!

Countess. Thy dream again! What was it, mistress mine?
Was he to wed thee?

Celia. Me! Oh no! wed me!
No, no: not me. Cannot you guess?—Wed me!

Duchess. Peace, dearest prattler! Tell me, my own Laura,
The story of thy absence; tell me all,
All that befel thee in that hostile camp.
But first—What is he called?

Countess. Who called?

Duchess. The youth,
That left us even now. Is he of rank?

Countess. High born, not wealthy; of the younger branch

Of an illustrious house; a gallant soldier,
High in your cousin's councils and the love
Of his brave army, is our kind Silvestro.

Celia. Silvestro! What a pretty pastoral name!

Duchess. Celia, be still. Now, Countess, for thy tale.

Countess. 'Tis summ'd up in two words. In yonder camp,
Our hatred and our fear, nothing I found
But noble kindness; I have brought away
Nothing but gratitude. He is so great,
So good!

Duchess. Silvestro?

Countess. Ay, and prince Lorenzo.
You know what fear possessed me when I sought
My husband dead or living; in that fear,
Growing upon me even to senselessness,
I reached the camp and fainted. I revived,
To hear a well-known voice call upon Laura,
His own dear Laura! and I found myself
Supported on a kind and manly breast,
Beside my husband's couch.

Duchess. Silvestro's?

Countess. Yes.
We were his prisoners;—No!—his honoured guests,
For so he loved to call us; and, as guests
Beloved and honoured, we have dwelt with him
Even till this hour. Never was sympathy
So touching and so true. He shared my watch,
Throughout the weary night, as soothingly

As mothers tend a sickly babe; he cheered
The painful day with reading, and with converse,
And hopeful happy smiles. He and Cornelio,
The sweet mute page, they were to me, Bianca,
Another dear Bianca and her Celia.
Can I say more? Is not this gentleness
Rare in a soldier? Then, the peaceful tastes
That dwelt so strangely in that warlike tent;—
Flute and guitar, and books in many tongues,
And drawings, above all, free, masterly,
Even as his dear Cornelio's. Not a map
Or soldier's plan but, on some vacant edge,
Betrayed the artist's hand.

Celia. Oh, what a man!

Countess. Has my sweet Duchess, then, no news for me?
Has she not letters from the cardinal?

Duchess. Such as I blush to shew thee. He would have me—
Me, born a princess!—He would have me, Laura,—
Me, trained by thee in whitest modesty
And delicate reserve!—he would have me
Cast off all maiden pride, all womanly shame,
And seek, invite, and win, if win I may,
This young Lorenzo. I would sooner die.

Countess. I would not have thee seek him, my Bianca,
And yet—

Duchess. Yet what?

Countess. I wish thou wert his wife.

Duchess. His wife! That fierce rough man, my enemy—
His wife!

Countess. Thou art mistaken in him, dearest!
Mantua must fall.

Duchess. Why, I can live unduchessed:
Celia and I were planning out, to-day,
A happy cottage life.

Countess. Poh! poh!

Duchess. Or thou
May'st give us shelter.

Countess. Never doubt of that.

Duchess. Yet it might injure thee with the new Duke
(How strange that title sounds!) to harbour me.
No! a pale nun, within some lowly cell,
I may defy life's changes. Thou wilt go
With me, my Celia? Oh, I still must have
Something to love!—the strong necessity
Of woman's heart. Thou wilt go with me, dearest?

Celia. Ay, to the end of the world. But my own Duchess
Will never be a nun. A happier fate
Is her's. She will find some one better worth
Her love, than poor, poor Celia—will she not?
A different love!

Duchess. My little faithful girl,
We'll to a nunnery. Countess—I know not
Why I should ask the question—What was that
Signor Silvestro gave you as ye parted?

Countess. A trifling toy.

Duchess. Did I not hear him say—
I scarce could catch his words—What was the toy?

Countess. A heart-shaped brooch of ruby, set with pearls.
See, here!

Celia. The pretty trinket! And he gave you
This for a keepsake?

Countess. No. I won it of him
In a fair wager.

Celia. About what? Do tell!

Countess. We two were talking gravely, yesternight,
Of beauty, of complexion. He preferred
Corregio's bright-haired angels, fair as light,
Soft as a summer cloud. I love, you know,
The lovely brown; and much I talked of eyes
Shining through long dark lashes; clustering curls
As dark as they, contrasting and adorning
The ivory forehead; much of dimpled cheeks
Coloured like damask roses, and of lips
Like parted coral; till, at last, I wagered
That, ere another sun-set, he should own
Himself my convert. He has lost his stake,
As ye perceive.

Duchess. And Celia's glossy hair
Is pale as undyed silk!

Celia. He's here again.

Enter Count D'Osma, *supported by* Silvestro *and* Novara.

Duchess. My gallant general, my faithful friend,

Welcome !—How weak you are ! Lie on this couch !
Yes, Celia, that is right ; shake up the cushions.
So ! so ! Lie down.

Count d'Osma. My sweet and gentle mistress,
This graciousness—

Duchess. Hush ! Hush ! go to him, Laura !
My Celia, thy caresses overpower him.
How pale he is ! How faint !—And I the cause
Of all this woe !—Novara, come to me.

Celia. Alas, how much he suffers ! Think you, sir,
He will be well again ?

Silvestro. Oh, doubt it not !
His painful languor springs from loss of blood ;
From this, his first exertion ; most of all,
From the deep joy to be again at home,
To meet his royal mistress, and to feel
Her touching tenderness.

Novara. The crown and keys ?

Duchess. Yes ; yes. [*Exit Novara.*
Signor Silvestro, we expect
The mute page instantly.

Silvestro. I can but bless
His absence, gracious lady.

Duchess. Once again,
Accept my thanks. Countess, I see we still
Must want our general ; he is too weak
To venture forth to battle.

Count d'Osma. Strong enough
To fight for you,—die for you. But, alas !
The sacrifice were vain. There is no hope.

The strength of yonder army, and the skill
Of its brave leader, and the gathering numbers
Of bold allies, that flock on every side:—
And we so few!—

Silvestro. I ought not to hear this.

Duchess. Yes, most of all, you ought. Signor Silvestro,
You are a generous enemy, a friend;—
I cannot call him less, to whom I owe
Count d'Osma—and, as a friend or enemy,
Hear me! I will no longer sacrifice
My faithful subjects, in this wasting war.
My cousin, howsoe'er we have been trained
To hate each other, is a gallant prince,
Wise, valiant, fortunate, and fitter far
To reign in Mantua, than I, a woman,
A timorous, friendless, most defenceless woman!

Re-enter NOVARA *with the crown, which he gives to the Duchess, and goes off.*

Bear thou to Prince Lorenzo, to the Duke
Of Mantua, this crown, the honoured crown
Of our brave ancestors. No braver man
E'er wreathed his hard-won laurels with the gems
That star its golden circlet. With it, bear
The city keys. Conjure him, to forgive
My bold defenders; their fidelity
To me is the best pledge of loyalty
To their new master. Oh, be they forgiven!
For me, I only ask to pass, unharmed,

As far as Naples.—Grieve not, my good lord;
Celia and I shall be as happy there,
As two young linnets freshly let abroad
From a fine gilded cage.—Nay, take the crown.

Silvestro. Duchess!—

Duchess. I am no Duchess. To that title
I'll never answer more. Signor Silvestro,
I am Bianca di Gonzaga, now;
I pr'ythee, call me so,—and take this crown.

Silvestro. Not yet; not yet. Fair Countess, hast thou said
Lorenzo's message?

Countess. No.—My own Bianca,
Thou hast done rightly, wisely; but this prince
Hath seen and loves thee, and will little prize
Thy crown, without thyself.

Duchess. It cannot be.

Countess. 'Tis so.

Duchess. And if it were, could I love him,
So long my foe, and now, and evermore,
A rude blunt soldier? I am no Hypolita,
To be conquered into love.

Countess. Thou knowest him not.
Truly, thou saidst that ye had both been trained
In hatred. He thought thee, my trembling fawn,
A youthful Amazon;—he's wiser now;—
And thou, when thou shalt know him, wilt confess,
Thou, too, hast been mistaken. D'Osma, say,
Is not the prince most amiable?

Count d'Osma. A hero—

Duchess. Why, there it is! I hate the very sound—
A hero! A mere fighter! Whose one virtue
Is o'ertopped by the lion. Pardon me,
My valiant friends; I do beseech your pardon!
You may, for heroes though ye be, you still
Are something more. It chafes my very soul,
To hear all manly qualities comprised
In that brute instinct, courage. If I wed,
It shall be one who joins to a bold spirit
A kind and tender heart; one who can love
All gentle things,—books, music, nature, art;
One who—But I shall never wed. I pray you,
Good Signor, take the crown. Where is this page?

Countess. All that thou hast described, is Prince Lorenzo;
Will not his friend plead for him?

Silvestro. On my knees,
I do entreat his fair obdurate cousin
To hear him plead himself. Admit him once!

Duchess. Thou, too!—My Celia, we will to a nunnery;—
Thou wilt go with me?

Celia. To the death.—How strange
And sad this is! My dream was different.

Enter NOVARA *and* CORNELIO.

Novara. Madam, the page.

Duchess. We'll to a nunnery.

Celia. Look there, look there, dear Duchess! See, he kneels
Low at his master's feet!
Duchess. We'll to a nunnery.
Celia. Nay, but look at him; he's so beautiful;—
He's risen now. And look, look, look, dear Duchess!
The poor rejected crown—look, he has placed it
Upon Silvestro's head. How it becomes him!—
How like a prince he looks!—Like! 'Tis the prince!
The prince himself!
Countess. Dear ardent girl, it is.
Silvestro. Canst thou forgive me, cousin? loveliest cousin,
And most beloved! Say, canst thou pardon me?
There is thy crown, Bianca! Thou art still
The Duchess! None but thou shalt reign in Mantua.
The sceptre is a bauble; my ambition
Soars higher. I would call the hand that sways it
My own, my very own. Speak, most beloved!
My lovely cousin, speak!
Duchess. Is all this real?
Art thou Lorenzo? And dost thou indeed—?
Do not deceive me.
Silvestro. Never, sweet, again,
So help me love!
Celia. Now, is not Celia's dream
The very truth? You'll see the cardinal
Will come to bless their union. Look! the page,
The lovely page, how earnestly he gazes

On our more lovely Duchess!—Look! he joins
Their hands;—and now he kneels to kiss those hands
United; and she blushes, and he smiles—
Heaven bless them both!—And this long siege is
o'er.

DER KUGELSPIELER,

Or the Emperor's Skittle-Ground.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE CHRONICLES OF LONDON BRIDGE."

"It were a small matter, sir, to you, to make an honest man of me;—if you would make me a present of one of the eight golden skittles you have left, since you gave the ninth to the Student from Prague for beating you at bowls."

MUSÆUS.

In the primitive simplicity of former times, it was not the custom for scholars to live wholly upon one spot, or to immure themselves in the solitude of a single University: and, whether the custom originated in their desire to converse with the literary men of other places, or from a deficiency of the food of learning in their own libraries, they usually travelled, to increase, at some distant seminary, that knowledge, which they had first acquired at home. It was in this manner, that Erasmus was journeying even till his death: and so charitable were the founders of the Dutch and German Colleges,

that, knowing the hapless fate of scholars in general, they ordained that all who sought their schools, should be freely received, hospitably entertained, and not unfrequently dismissed with a small donation, sufficient to carry them a stage or two onward. In consequence of this goodly custom, your students became a frank and social set of beings; not difficult of intercourse with strangers, and by no means unwilling to accept of courtesy, mirth, or hospitality, whenever they came in their way. Indeed, they thus very much resembled strolling players; for if they were one day weary, hungry, and but little esteemed, the next, they might chance to dispute before nobles and princes, receive magnificent rewards, be sumptuously feasted, and gorgeously clothed.

Some centuries ago, it chanced that one of these travelling Scholars stopped at a small Bier-Schenke, in one of the little towns, in the vicinity of the Harz Forest, which bore the imposing sign of the Maximilian's Head; though it was chiefly celebrated for possessing a fair *Kugelplaz*, or Bowling-green, in consequence of which, almost all the Harz inhabitants, for many a German mile round, were excellent skittle-players. The Scholar was travelling from the university of Prague, through Germany; a poor, but learned, and withal a merry wight, who could talk Latin, dispute, wrestle, drink, sing, and play at skittles or bowls with any man in Bohemia. At these games, indeed, he soon became the wonder

of all the simple Hanoverians who frequented the Maximilian's Head. He was almost a fortune to the Bier-schenke, for the bowling-green was daily crowded with opponents, who served but to increase the Bohemian Student's triumph. He grew so rich, too, by his numerous successful matches, that half his rivals were ready to denounce him for a wizard, and he was accused of having a magic bowl, which must roll truly, or, of giving a charm to the skittles to stand fast when his antagonists struck them.

He was just concluding a triumphant match at bowls, one beautiful afternoon in Autumn, with a crowd of wondering rustics about him, who were cavilling at his success. "It's a devil's bowl," cried one, "and that I'll swear to anywhere: why now, Moriz Bauer bowled with all his might, and didn't reach the jack by a full two yards; whereas this young springald throws me his bowl lightly out of his hand, and away it flies, as truly and swiftly as a charmed bullet from the rifle of a Freyschüz."—"What should you know about devil's bowls and charmed bullets?" said a tall, stout Iron-smelter, who stood leaning on his fire-prong and watching the match. "What should you know of such matters? *Thou* art no conjuror, I dare swear for thee."—"Why, saw ever any one such luck as this smooth-faced Schüler has, Master Schmelzer? answer me that: but I suppose you'll say next, that there's no such things as devil's bowls."—"Not I, indeed," replied his sooty companion, with a sarcastic leer, which looked doubly

scornful on his harsh black features; "Not I, truly; though methinks, as you live in the Harz, ye might give such lucky balls a civiller name. But here, because ye see a young fellow bowl like a man, and beat your child's play, you're ready to burn him for a wizard, directly."—"Well, friend Schmelzer," said the Student, breaking into the conversation, "You seem to know what a good cast should be; what say you now to a game for love? for, as I guess, thou hast not many groschens in thy pouch."—"Perhaps," returned the Iron-smelter, with the same scornful laugh, "I could even now tell down a golden ducat for every heller of thine, Master Schüler; for 'the iron takes the brass,' as the old philosopher said, you know: but come, as thou swaggerest so, I care not if I do stake a little coin against thee." A small bet was then immediately made, which the Scholar seemed secure of winning; but when the skittles were set, he thought the nine-pin-alley had never appeared half so long before. However, he gave one of his best casts, hoping to clear the whole at a sweep, and the Kugelplaz resounded with "Well bowled, scholar!"—"Well played, Latiner!" yet his bowls had scarcely a tithe of their former success. The Iron-smelter, on the contrary, delivered his casts with such strength of arm, that he swept half the skittle-ground at one stroke; and, in the course of his play, made such a powerful cast, that, even to this day, the mark of it is yet called by the rustics *Des Forsters Kugel*, or the

Forester's Bowl. The Scholar's luck, however, did not wholly forsake him, for though he lost the first game, yet the second was a drawn one; but whilst he was standing vexed at his defeat, the Smelter exclaimed, "Why, friend! what skill call you this? Who's gotten the devil's bowl now? Nay, man, be not astounded; I warrant that I could beat better men than thee. But what say you now to going home with me? and we'll have a game on such a skittle-ground as you never saw in your life before; nor ever will, unless I shew it to you. This a Kugelplaz! why it's only fit for infants to play at ball in."—"Ah!" said the Scholar, "you promise bravely, indeed: and pray who are you? and where's this dwelling of your's, that you ask me to?"—"Mine honest friend," replied the Smelter, "do you ask every one that you bowl with, all these questions? Take my advice, for I've been the longest in the world, he, who asks nothing, shall hear the fewest lies: and he who never inquires shall hear the less that he won't like. But come, as you're so particular about names, and so forth, you may call me *Forster der Wilder*, for I'm a mountaineer, as well as a Smelter; and I've a fresh name in every part of the country."—"And I," rejoined the Student, "am called Gottfried Von Manheim, a poor Scholar of Prague, who never feared any bowler yet; and, if it be but to have my revenge, I'll go with you."—"Well said, friend Fibelmeister," answered the Iron-smelter: "and now it's time we were on the

road, for the sun is going down; though the moon will light us bravely through the forest, and I know the path as well at midnight as at noonday. And so now, my masters, farewell: if any of ye will come with us for good fellowship, why do so, and welcome: I'll give ye a forester's fare."—" If friend Anton Schweichart cares not for a walk in the forest to-night," said one of the rustics, " I'll take a ramble, only to see these gallants play a match on this brave Kugelplaz; but I've known the Harz any time these thirty years, though I never saw aught of it yet."—" Well, Reichart," replied Anton, " I care not for the Harz, nor all the fiends in the Blockberg, and so have with you."

A romantic walk, in the wonderful scenery of the Black Forest, brought them, by nightfall, to the entrance of a dark glen, which they entered, and still proceeded. Notwithstanding the Student's late disappointment, he found himself insensibly enchanted by his companion's conversation, which turned upon the wonderful secrets of Nature, particularly as they exist in mines and forests. Von Manheim, too, was half astonished by the sound of his voice, which, from its former rude and brief tone, became sonorous and grand. In one of the wildest parts of the wood, Gottfried's conductor said to him, " So, we've footed it bravely: yonder turrets, which look so darkly, are the dwelling we are seeking, and were once the court of the Emperor Friedrich Redbeard; didst ever hear of him?"

—"Aye," replied Anton Schweichart; "and when the old crones get cowering over a winter's fire, they tell us how he yet keeps court after the ancient style of the Harz, and has all the stout champions of old about him."—"Yes, and you know, friend Anton," added Reichart, "that there's an old song about a knight who went to his castle once:—the tune's humming in my head even now, and I think it runs something like this:—

'King Friedrich Barbaross sat upon his golden throne,
And his beard to twenty ells in length so lustily had grown;
Which, ruddy as a fox, and as bristly as a boar,
Did broadly rest upon his breast, and swept the marble
floor.
Hurrah! Hurrah for Friedrich!
Hurrah for Barbaross!

There came a Knight to Freidrich's Court, the royal hand
to clasp,
And he placed a brazen battle-axe within the Monarch's
grasp;
'I rejoice,' the King replied, as he bent the axe in twain,
'That men of strength and valour yet in Germany remain.
Hurrah! Hurrah for Friedrich!
Hurrah for Barbaross!'"

"Aye," said Gottfried, as the rustic concluded, "I've heard that ballad before; but who believes a traveller's story, or the song of an old frau? And so, Master Forster, as no one has ever seen King Friedrich, why few people think that there is such a being, that's all, Mein Herr Schmelzer."—"Oh

the mighty wisdom of man!" exclaimed Forster, "who will believe only that which he sees, and doubts all things that he cannot understand! And so I dare swear now, that such of ye as have never seen the foul fiend, would fain deny that there is one: but ye'll be wiser some day. However, my Masters, here we are at the gate of my lodging, for lack of a better."

The grey tint of the moonlight, slightly obscured by mist, just served to discover to the party a large, but lonely, circular tower, standing almost on the brink of a high green hill, which they had been some time ascending, and below which lay a part of the Black Forest, in some places glittering with silvery light, and, in others, overcast by the deepest shadows. Around the turret were lofty and extended ruined walls, appearing, from the trees that rose above them, to enclose a kind of garden; the chief character of the building being that of a substantial antiquity;—

"Which time had tried his tooth upon, but had not yet subdued."

A ruined postern gate admitted them to a small Gothic apartment, having a good blazing wood fire, and a substantial repast set out, of venison and brawn, with several flasks of Rhenish wine. "Well," began Forster; "you see we're expected, so sit down and feed away, friends."— "This wine tastes well, Master Friedchen," said

Reichart to the Scholar; "it smacks of the Rhine vintage, and hangs about the glass like the juice of a honeycomb: Here's a health to all of ye!"—"Aye, aye, drink away! my mates, drink away!" replied Forster; "it comes from a brave distillery, that I can tell you: and when you've fed and drank what ye list, why we'll take a turn to the Kugel-plaz. In the mean time, here's a health to all good fellows!"

It was some time before either the Scholar, or his two rustic companions, were inclined to rise from so excellent and abundant a banquet; for, besides their own willingness to do honour to the wine and venison, their host continued most hospitably to press them. But, at length, they rose from the table, and he led the way through a ruined cloister, into a flat and extensive lawn of the smoothest and most verdant grass, surrounded by tall trees, and the dilapidated walls of the castle; where the moon was shining in all its brightness, casting the shadows in broad and intense masses. At the farther end of this Kugelplaz, which seemed to be kept with the greatest care, appeared the skittles already set up; but of so large a size, that, probably, none, either before or since, could be found to equal them; and they glittered with an uncommon lustre, as if they had been metal. When the party suddenly emerged from the dark cloister, full upon this unexpected scene of splendour, their wonder was unfeigned and almost unbounded; and when Forster had enjoyed

it, for some minutes, he exclaimed: "How now, my Masters, what say ye to King Friedrich's Kugelplaz? Said I not well, when I called yonder alley a baby's play-ground? Aye, aye, this was made when there were *men* in Germany: a grasp from their hands was like a gauntlet, and would bend an iron bar double!"

"Truly, I think so," said the Scholar, "and it's not for me to expect to reach half-way over this ground; but how comes the place to be so fresh and sheen, friend Forster? for, if the Red-bearded King ever lived at all, he died ages before our grand-dams were thought of."—"Indeed!" answered Forster, in an ironical tone, "did he so? Well, I suppose you know best, Master Schüler, because you can read, as the saying goes; but I thought otherwise. For the trimness of the Kugelplaz, why, that's my affair, and not your's; though you're the first who has seen it for many a long year: however, here's a bowl for you: so throw me stoutly, now, and let's see what you can do for yourself; your comrades can set up the skittles, as we knock them down."—"Well, then, here goes," said Gottfried, aiming, as he thought, a strong and skilful stroke, "here goes, in the name of St. Joachim!" But the bowl suddenly turned sideways, and passed on without touching a single skittle. "Missed, by St. Nicolaus, after all!"—"How should it do otherwise," answered Forster, scornfully, "when you talk about Saints, as you bowl?

What have we to do with them here? But now it's my turn, so look out there, comrades; I always like a good stave when I play:—

> 'The goblin-light is on Kufstein's towers,
> And Hellequin's horns are sounding:'—

How many down?"—"All the nine," called out Reichart, from the end of the Kugelplaz. "That's well! come, try again, friend Gottfried," said Forster; and then continued his song:—

> "Through fires and floods, through clouds and woods,
> The wild Night-Host is bounding."

Only two for the scholar, by the grave of Halkelberg, the Hunter! Nay, man, never take it in dudgeon; thy luck may change anon."

For some time, however, Gottfried was as unsuccessful as his adversary was fortunate; but, towards the conclusion of the last and decisive game, both of the bowls rolled into the darkest part of the shade. With a vexed and mortified air, he carelessly caught up one of them, and, as he was about to throw it, Forster exclaimed, "Now, bowl away, in the Fiend's name!" when, what was his astonishment, to find it roll swiftly and truly along the ground, and, casting down the whole of the skittles, secure to him the victory. His companions shouted, and Forster, with a thundering laugh, cried, "Won! won! won! Hurrah for the magic bowl!" The words seemed to be repeated by a thousand echoes of different tones, and Reichart, long afterwards, asserted that he saw

several gigantic figures in antique armour, standing round the Kugelplaz, shouting, and pointing at the players and fallen skittles. One in particular, he added, sat at the upper end, on a throne, with an immense red beard; but they appeared faint and vision-like, and almost instantly vanished.

"Bravely done, Master Schüler!" said Forster, coming towards him, "bravely done; but that bowl never misses, and in the dark you mistook it for the other: so, as a token of your victory, take the king-skittle away with you, if you can carry it."—"But," rejoined Gottfried, who now began to look upon the Iron-smelter with a good deal of suspicion, "is it lawful to——?" "Is it lawful," interrupted Forster, with his sarcastic laugh, "to pouch one's own winnings? Fear not, man, fear not; for whom do you take me? And for you, comrades, break off two branches from this pine-tree, an ye list; for some people say they're lucky. Now, follow me through the passage."

They, again, entered into the gloomy cloister; but, after proceeding for some time in silence, it seemed so much darker and longer than it did before, that the Student could not forbear exclaiming, "Halloo, friend Forster, where are you taking us?" but no answer was returned; and though all the three united their voices, the Iron-smelter was never heard of afterwards. When they had wandered, for some time in darkness, cautiously keeping together, the fresh air began to breathe upon them; and they, at length,

emerged from a deep glen, in one of the wildest parts of the forest; but the moon had gone down, and the ruined tower was no longer visible. To rest themselves till morning, appeared to be their only course; the Student and Reichart having carefully preserved their trophies; though Anton cast his from him, saying, that, "to bring a bough from a forest was no such mighty wonder." The day-break, however, which served, with considerable difficulty, to guide them out of the wood, shewed Gottfried's skittle and Reichart's bough to be of pure gold! but the branch of the other rustic could never again be found, though tradition reports that he is searching for it still.

As Von Manheim, and his other companion, became rich and prosperous men, their story formed a standing Legend, which was repeated to every guest of the Maximilian's Head. It was settled, beyond a doubt, that they had been to the Court of the Emperor Frederick the Second, one well known to be even yet exceeding fond of skittle-playing; whilst the Iron-smelter was set down to be no other than Riebezhahl, the humorous goblin of the Giant Mountains. Many persons, tempted by their good fortune, have wandered into the depths of the Harz; but none of them could ever yet discover the high green hill, the ruined circular tower, or the ancient Kugelplaz of the Emperor Friedrich Redbeard.

SERENADE.

BY J. BIRD, ESQ.

Love, art thou waking or sleeping?—
 Shadows with morning should flee:—
Love, art thou smiling or weeping?—
 Open thy lattice to me!—
Sun-light each sorrow beguiling,
 Youth should be fearless and free:—
Oh! when all nature is smiling,
 Wilt thou not smile upon me?

Think on our last blissful meeting,—
 Sunshine dissolving in tears;
Oh! when love's pulses are beating,
 Moments are precious as years!
Think on the hope that, soft-wiling,
 Lured me, unbidden, to thee:—
Oh! when all nature is smiling,
 Wilt thou not smile upon me?

Roses, thy temples once wreathing,
 Now on my bosom lie dead;—
In their pale beauty still breathing
 Fragrance of hours that have fled!
Thus, through my heart sweetly thrilling,
 Memory whispers to me:—
"Oh! when all nature is smiling,
 Ella will smile upon thee!"

TO MY DAUGHTER,

On Her Birth-day.

BY BERNARD BARTON, ESQ.

My child, this is thy natal day;
 And might a father's prayer
For thee inspire his votive lay,
 What blessing should'st thou share!

Shall wit, or wealth, or beauty, move
 Thy sire to bend his knee?—
I hold thee far too dear, my love,
 To ask these things for thee.

If wish of mine might prove of worth,
 Be *this* thy portion given;—
Thy Mother's blameless life on earth!
 Thy Mother's lot in Heaven!

MORALITY IN MODERATION.

'Twixt Wit and Wisdom, Beauty sat;
  Both strove to win her favour;
Wit gaily talk'd of this and that,
  But Wisdom's tone was graver.
The first, her ear with trifles took;
  The second, to advise her,
Said—"Take a page from Reason's book,
  And grow a little wiser."

"Not now, grave Sir;"—returned the maid;
  For, though I'm fond of reason,
'Tis much like venison, which, 'tis said,
  Is only good—in season.
I must not take the leaf, kind sage,
  You'll need its consolation;
And I have here a *single Page*
  That better suits th' occasion."

THE PROPER WORD.

The idea taken from a French Writer.

BY W. JERDAN, ESQ.

DIVIDED from his favourite fair,
A bard, his sorrows to bemoan,
Began a sad elegiac air,
But like to please himself alone.
"Oh, house, that holds my Sylvia dear!"
Ran the exordium absurd :—
"Pardon!" (said one ;) "to me 'tis clear,
That *House* is much too poor a word.

What think you of the loftier sound,
Of palace, castle, or château ?
From these, some term may, sure, be found,
Far fitter than a phrase so low."
The poet sighed :—"It cannot be—"
"Why not ? the sense the same will prove."
—"Ah ! no, they've sent, far, far from me,
To an *Hospital* the girl I love."

THE BROKEN HEART.

A Sketch from Life.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE.

Yes—I have seen thy once-lov'd maid—
Scarce had she seem'd a thing of woe,
If but by common eyes survey'd;—
Still round her lips the soft smile played,
Still on her cheek was that pure glow
Which thou wert wont, in other days,
To paint with such enraptured praise.

Yet, though her smile was loveliest still—
Though still the rose was on her cheek—
Oh! I had augur'd less of ill,
To see her eyes, unconscious, fill
With tears, a wounded heart that speak—
The sufferer, who in tears can grieve,
Time yet may heal, or art relieve.

But when her smile an instant fled,
Then shew'd the sickness of the heart;
Then round that hectic flush was spread,—
The ashy paleness of the dead;
I saw it with a shudd'ring start;—

Too well it told, that nought could save
The victim destin'd to the grave.

She spoke—but not of thee or thine;
  Her words were penitence and prayer.
She seem'd to suffer—not repine—
O! Henry! had the deed been mine,
  That doom'd to death a form so fair—
I should have read, in ev'ry eye,
The record of my infamy.

I would not—dared not—breathe thy name—
  I stood before the dying maid
In consciousness of silent shame—
She knew not why, nor whence, I came;—
  Thy parting words I left unsaid—
By one whose thoughts were all of heaven,
How could I doubt *thou* wert forgiven?

Henry! thou hast a beauteous bride—
  Rank, fame, and fortune are thy own—
But not for these, and all beside
That ministers to human pride—
  Not for a sceptre, or a throne,
Would I have done so foul a deed,
Or doom'd so fond a heart to bleed.

Farewell! thou art no more my friend—
  The love of years is ended here,
That else with life alone could end;—
How could my heart's affection blend
  With aught so frail and insincere?

How could I think of that lost maid,
Nor fear to be, like her, betray'd?

Farewell!—While fame and fortune shine
In all their brightness, think no more
Of him, whose heart was link'd with thine;—
But, when thine earthly hopes decline,
And pleasure's short-liv'd reign is o'er,—
Weep o'er thy guiltless victim *then*,
And know me for thy friend again.

TO THE DEPARTED.

Weep not for the spirit that's fled,
Her course, though transient, was bright;
Though her spirit may rest with the dead,
She shall rise as an angel of light.

And though short was her pilgrimage here,
And marked by affliction and pain,
Sully not her fair name with a tear,—
She shall ne'er know affliction again.

O'er the spot where her ashes repose,
Let nor yew tree nor cypress appear;
But the myrtle entwine with the rose
O'er the excellence treasured up there.

THE DEATH OF SUMMER.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND,

Authoress of "Worcester Field."

By the lengthening twilight hours,
By the chill and fragrant showers,
By the flow'rets pale and faded,
By the leaves with russet shaded,
By the grey and clouded morn;
By the drooping ears of corn,
Ripened now and earthward tending,
As man, when full of years, is bending
Towards his kindred dust, where he
Lowly, soon, shall withering be;
By the silence of each grove,
Vocal late with notes of love;
By the meadows, overspread
With the spider's wavy thread;
By the soft and shadowy sky,
By the thousand tears that lie
Every weeping bough beneath,—
Summer, we perceive thy death!
Summer, all thy charms are past;
Summer, thou art wasting fast;

Scarcely one of all thy roses,
On thy faded brow reposes.
Day by day, more feebly shining,
Sees thy glorious beams declining;
Though thy wan and sickly smile
Faintly lingers yet awhile;
Thrush and nightingale have long
Ceas'd to woo thee with their song,
And, on every lonely height,
Swallows gather for their flight;
Streams that, late, in sparkling course,
Rippling flowed, are dark and hoarse;
While the gale's inconstant tone,
Sweeping through the valleys lone,
Sadly sighs, with mournful breath,
Requiems for sweet Summer's Death.

THE PILGRIM,

At the Tomb of Shakspeare.

[*Written at Stratford upon Avon, April 12, 1823.*]

BY THE REV. W. L. BOWLES.

WITH silent awe, I gaze upon thy bust,
SHAKSPEARE! and think—not without starting tears—
Of my eventful way through many years,
Thus kneeling on the spot that hides thy dust!
For thou hast been, through that long pilgrimage,
In sunshine, or in gloom, from youth to age,
My heart's companion,—and I owe to thee,
Much that, through life, has charmed or solaced me;
Remembering most, the tenderness that fill'd
Mine eyes with tears, and through my bosom thrill'd,
At thy creative magic:—o'er this stone,
I bend and dream—not of youth's sun-shine gone—
But of that sweetest music, which beguiled
My various journeys, since I was a child;
Therefore, I kneel with homage at thy bust,
SHAKSPEARE! and kiss the venerated dust!

PARSONDAS.

The reign of Artæus, the Mede, was marked by the gradual refinement of his nation, owing principally to a more frequent intercourse with the conquered provinces of Assyria. Babylon had recovered a considerable portion of its former splendour, and, as the higher objects of personal interest were transferred to the metropolis of the conqueror, luxury had usurped in the former the place of ambition. Nanybrus, Satrap of Babylon, held the first rank at the Median court, and supported his dignity by a splendour and profusion that surpassed the means of his rivals, of whom the most considerable was Parsondas, a Persian, and the favourite of Artæus. The personal beauty and delicate form of Parsondas were ennobled by the most undaunted bravery and skill in all the martial exercises. But he abused his influence, and continually contrasted his active and vigorous life with the indolence and effeminacy of Nanybrus. Presuming, at length, on the favour he enjoyed, the pride of Parsondas led him to dispute the precedence with his rival; and though the royal will decided against his pretensions, his haughty bearing and scornful taunts sunk

deep into the heart of Nanybrus: he dissembled his resentment; but pretending, shortly after, to be recalled by business to the seat of his government, Nanybrus left the royal court, and set out for Babylon.—His departure caused no surprise, the occurrences of one province created little excitement in another; and communications were unfrequent till the long-subsequent establishment of the first regular post, in the days of Darius, the Persian.

Parsondas, no longer disturbed by the presence of a rival, resumed with the monarch the occupation of the chase. In one of these excursions, led away by his ardour, he was separated from the rest of the company, and, after wandering in vain for several hours, towards evening reached a small encampment. He was hospitably received and entertained by the strangers, whose chief persuaded him to delay till morning his attempt to rejoin his comrades. Parsondas accepted the proffered hospitality; a tent was assigned him, and female slaves of great beauty attended his commands. Upon waking, however, in the morning, he discovered that this hospitality was but a snare to entrap and deprive him of his arms. He was put into a covered litter, conveyed as a captive to Babylon, and brought into the presence of Nanybrus. "Is it thus," said the fierce Persian, "that Nanybrus entraps by artifice the warrior whom he dares not meet in the field? Woman as thou art, unworthy to command, and undeserving the rewards due only

to the brave :—resign thy kingdom into nobler hands, and seek in thy proper sphere the distaff and the loom."—"Parsondas," replied the Satrap, "the angry tongue of a woman suits well with a woman's face ;—that slender form ought not to be encumbered with the weight of a warrior's garb. —It is for this that I have had thee brought here, with a care and tenderness befitting thy delicacy of frame and complexion. Fear not want of attention in the palace of Nanybrus." At the Satrap's command, the Persian was divested of his garments; he was led to the bath, and afterwards compelled to put on the dress and ornaments of a female. His eyes were painted, his brows and beard plucked, and the bravest warrior of the Median court seemed no longer any thing but a beautiful girl.—The vengeance of Nanybrus however was restrained by scorn for his rival's situation, or dread of the king, from inflicting any actual injury. —Parsondas was led to the women's apartments, treated as a favourite of the satrap, but carefully watched. He was obliged to learn to sing and to play on musical instruments, like the rest of the ladies, and even excelled them in these accomplishments. He bore the infamy of this disgrace with seeming indifference, and even acquiescence in his fate, for the sternest passions bend most easily to attain their aim, and Parsondas nourished the desire and hope of revenge. The insult he suffered was to a Median the greatest that man could inflict, and he watched patiently for an opportunity

of atoning his wrongs. At length, in spite of the careful guard of the eunuchs, he contrived to exchange words with some of the female attendants, —and the discovery of his sex converted into love the admiration that Mirdanee had felt for his beauty. Parsondas promised her his hand and a kingdom, if she would second his views; and the fair slave, impelled by love and pity, contrived to escape from the palace, and reached the court of Artæus, to whom she related the cause of his favourite's absence. Artæus hereupon despatched a minister of high rank to Babylon, who claimed the prisoner from Nanybrus.—The Satrap denied the charge, but in vain: and at length promised to restore Parsondas in the morning. A sumptuous banquet was given that evening to the representative of the Median monarch, and the ladies of the palace waited, as usual, the beck of their master for the concert. When this was ended, the Satrap, according to Eastern custom, desired the envoy to select the fair one he most admired. One female of surpassing beauty, grace, and skill, was chosen by the minister, and advanced towards her new lord;—it was the redoubted Parsondas. In conformity with the commands of Artæus, who felt curious to behold his favourite in his disguise, Parsondas was taken in his actual dress to Susa, where he bitterly complained to the king of the indignities he had experienced, and demanded the life of Nanybrus in requital. Nanybrus was summoned to the court, but pleaded so effectually and bribed so

largely the principal eunuch, Mitraphernes, and through him, the king, that he was pardoned, and continued in his government.—Even Parsondas was compelled to assume the appearance of reconciliation, and this he did so effectually as to remove all suspicion. At length, having invited Nanybrus and Mitraphernes to a banquet, he plied them with wine till they were intoxicated, and then commanded his adherents to put them to death.

Fearful of the rage of Artæus, Parsondas, instantly assembling all the force he could muster, about 4000 men, fled to Armenia, the country of the Carduches, and, espousing the daughter of one of the principal chiefs, incited these fierce mountaineers to rebellion against his sovereign. The superior forces of Artæus were of little avail in a mountainous district. The monarch was defeated with loss, and compelled to retire into his own dominions; he was followed by the enemy, who gradually but constantly wrested his provinces from his sway, and he died, at length, amidst mortification and disaster. Parsondas lived to an advanced age, inculcating hatred to his nation against their late masters, with his dying breath. His fame is still celebrated in the romances of the East; the veneration of his people has shed a fabulous lustre round his exploits; and Parsondas, the liberator of the Persians from the Median yoke, is yet the favourite of a race of heroes, the Rustam of the poet Ferdousi.

SONG,

From the Spanish.

BY RANDOLPH FITZ-EUSTACE.

"Poor heart of mine," the Spanish maid,
In whispering accents, gently said;
And well might Inez' rose-cheek pine,
And she sigh forth "poor heart of mine!"
For Love, the boy, with venom'd dart,
Had aimed—(sad aim—too surely taken!)
And wounded sore the maiden's heart,
And joy had that young heart forsaken!
Then, damosels, take heed from this—
Bitter is, oft, Love's fount of bliss!

And Inez would have gladly sold
Her broken heart for yellow gold—
And with such balsam wished to heal
The gangrene, time would fain reveal!
But tottering Juan Zanthe sues—
Who, Inez-like, for gold is sighing—
And Julio brighter Cynthia wooes,
And from her black-eye shafts is dying!
So well may Inez' rose-cheek pine—
And she sigh forth, "poor heart of mine!"

THE MAID OF THE HALL.

BY JOHN CLARE,

The Northamptonshire Peasant.

Of all the fine lasses I've led down the dance,
I've ne'er seen her equal at all:
If ye search all the towns between London and France,
There's none like the Maid of the Hall.

Deck'd out like a lady, above all the rest,
She looked like the queen of the ball;
And all the young ploughmen that saw her, confest
'Twas a beauty that came from the Hall.

Her feet stept so graceful, so airy, and gay,
And so true to the fiddle did fall;
To see but her dancing, 'twould win ye to say—
There's none like the Maid of the Hall.

Her speech is so proper, so fine, and polite,—
Not a word in her talk she'll miscall:
The clowns, all conceited, who saw her that night,
'Twas the lady herself from the Hall.

I feign would have begged her my sweetheart to be,
But I fear'd that my chance would be small;
So many agreed in opinion with me,
That the finest lass came from the Hall.

She shewed such good humour and prattled so free,
We fancied she loved but us all;
We knew not behaviour from courtship, not we,
Which distinguished the Maid of the Hall.

I once thought on paper my suit to appeal,
And to send her a letter withal;
But ignorance then would my meanness reveal,
And disgrace the fair Maid of the Hall.

I once thought of telling my passion outright;
But then, if a word I'd let fall,—
So vulgar, it would have made sport for the night,
And ashamed the fair Maid of the Hall.

And as I do love her,—and win her I can't,—
I'll entice her with nothing at all;
As to come at her love, all beside it I want,—
Here's adieu to the Maid of the Hall!

BALLAD.

BY T. HOOD, ESQ.

SHE's up and gone, the graceful girl!
And robb'd my failing years!—
My blood, before, was thin and cold,
But now 'tis turn'd to tears:—
My shadow falls upon my grave,
So near the brink and stand—
She might have stay'd a little yet,
And led me—by the hand!

Aye, call her on the barren moor,
And call her on the hill—
'Tis nothing but the heron's cry
And plover's answer shrill;—
My child is flown on wilder wings
Than they have ever spread,
And I may even walk or waste,
That widen'd when she fled!

Full many a thankless child has been,—
But never one like mine.
Her meat was served on plates of gold,—
Her drink was rosy wine;—
But now she'll feed on robin's fare,
And sup the common rill
Before her steps will turn again,
To meet her father's will.

BAGATELLE COMPLIMENT.

BY W. JERDAN, ESQ.

SURE, Nature bungled in her trade,
When many kinds of folks were made ;—
Who, when from mortal life they rise,
To find a new abode,—the skies,
Would cost more trouble than enough,
To change and fashion from their stuff,
Angels or Cherubs, or such things,
As skim the air on glittering wings!

Not so with thee, my peerless fair!
Nature's great master-work and care,
Who—lent to earth too short a while,
To make all gay creation smile ;—
When, leaving us to dismal night,
Thou spread'st to heaven thy radiant flight,
Wilt need nor change, nor further aid—
But soar—an angel ready-made!

THE SUICIDE'S ADIEU.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ABBASSAH."

Sleep on—sleep on—unconscious boy,
Ere yet thy dream be past:
Sleep on—nor waken to destroy
The spell that binds thee fast!
Inhale in peace the gentle air
That fans that cheek, that bosom fair;
Or lightly waves the golden hair
On that pale forehead cast,
And breathes o'er all thy slumbering sense—
The silent charm of innocence!

Sleep on—sleep on!—unknown the woes
Maturer years impart;
Unconscious of the bitter throes
That burst a mother's heart!
Ah! once, like thee, by dreams beguiled,
With raptured hopes that mother smiled,
And fondly blessed thy birth;—her child!
Her being's dearest part!—
Thou wilt awake to life;—but she
Is sleeping—as I soon shall be!

Yes, thou wilt wake: but not to mourn
  Thy parted parent's fate:
And many a page of life shall turn
  Ere thou canst read thy state:
Yet when, to expiate thy birth,
Our ashes mingle with the earth,
In disappointed feeling's dearth
  Shall sorrow soften hate;
And they who spurned thy sire's distress,
In pity guard thy helplessness.

Farewell—farewell!—their hands may lend
  An aid to infancy;
But can their hearts such feelings blend
  As thou inspirest in me?
Image of love;—of that loved form
Whose life-streams still thy pulses warm!
Orphan, exposed to earthly storm—
  I dare not gaze on thee!
Thy waking glance too much endears—
This heart must weep—but not in tears!

ALL-FOURS.

BY H. S. VAN DYK, ESQ.

Author of the "Gondolier," "Theatrical Portraits," &c. &c.

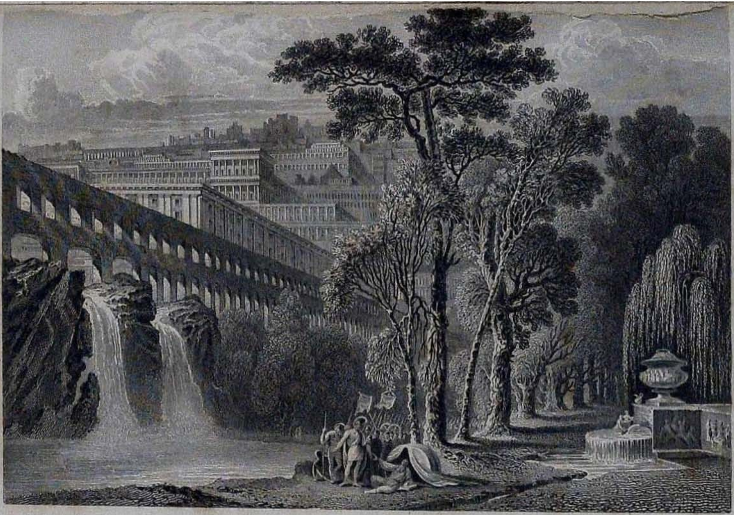
At cards, once Love and Avarice play'd,
"All-Fours" the game—the betting free.—
First Avarice, dealing, turn'd a spade;
Love *begg'd*—for not a trump had he.
Old Avarice, though his hand was fair,
Mistrusted still the Paphian son,
And would not for his life declare,
The awful words, "I give you one."

To change the suit the miser dealt,
And gave to either three cards more;
The trump was diamond, and they felt
As discontented as before.
Next clubs were trumps—*they* would not do—
Again the pack young Cupid parts;
Whilst Avarice deals the cards anew,
And, well for Cupid, turns up hearts.

"Ha! ha! (cried Love, with laughing face,)
Your cards will be of little use,

For here is high—(he play'd the ace,)
  And here is low,"—(he played the deuce.)
Love chuckled at the other's mien,
  And thanked him for the cards he gave :
He play'd the king—he play'd the queen ;
  Whilst Avarice only played—the knave.

" Since these are trumps, (cried Love) 'twere shame
  To let you gain a single rub ;
With diamonds you might win a game,
  And beat me with a spade or club.
But I must with the forest-brute
  Change natures, and degraded be—
Ere I desert my favourite suit,
  Or Avarice lure one heart from me."



J. Martin pinx^t

E. Finden sculp^t